

HIT COMICS

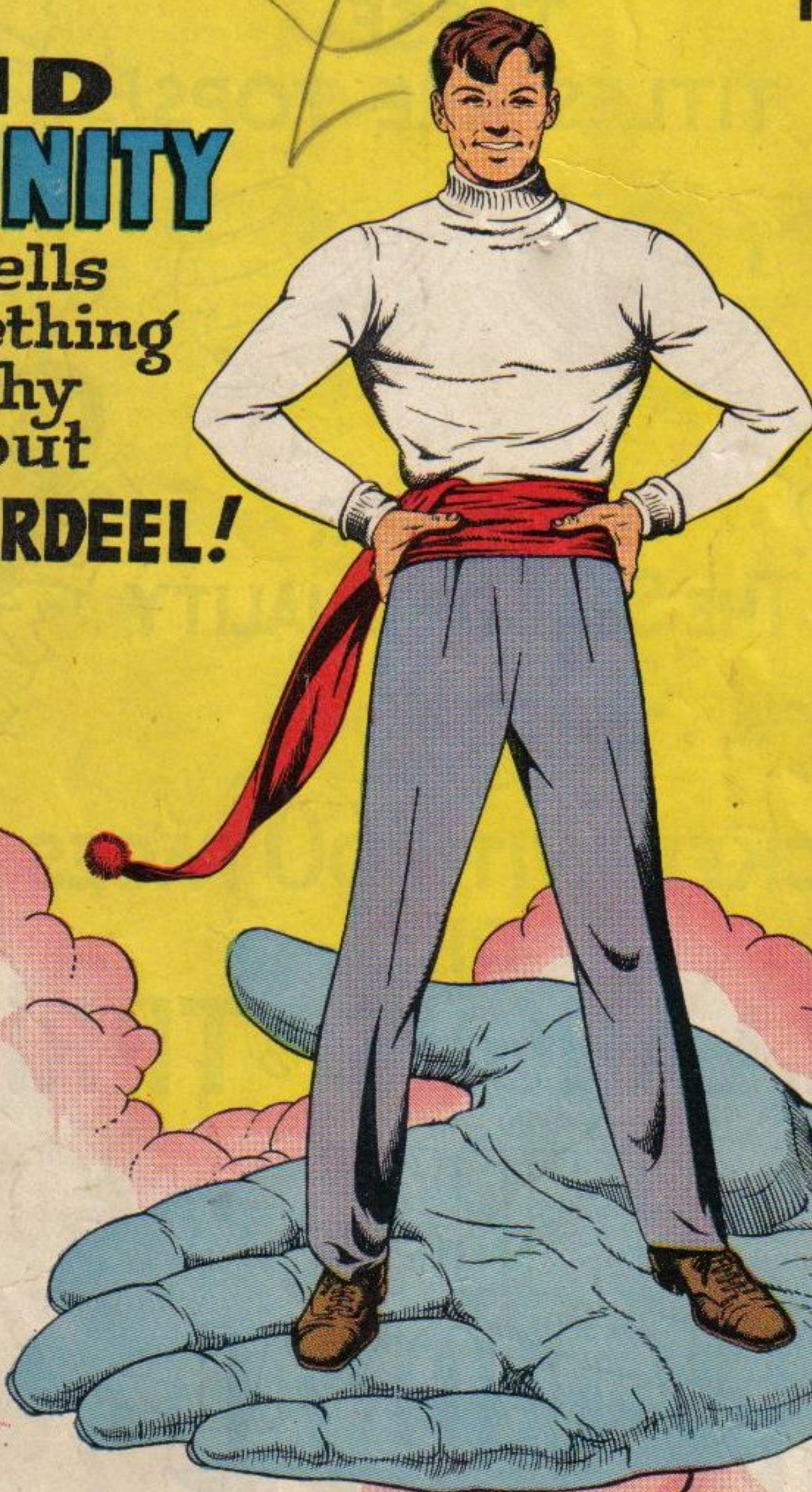
MAY
No. 46

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
SM
★
5

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

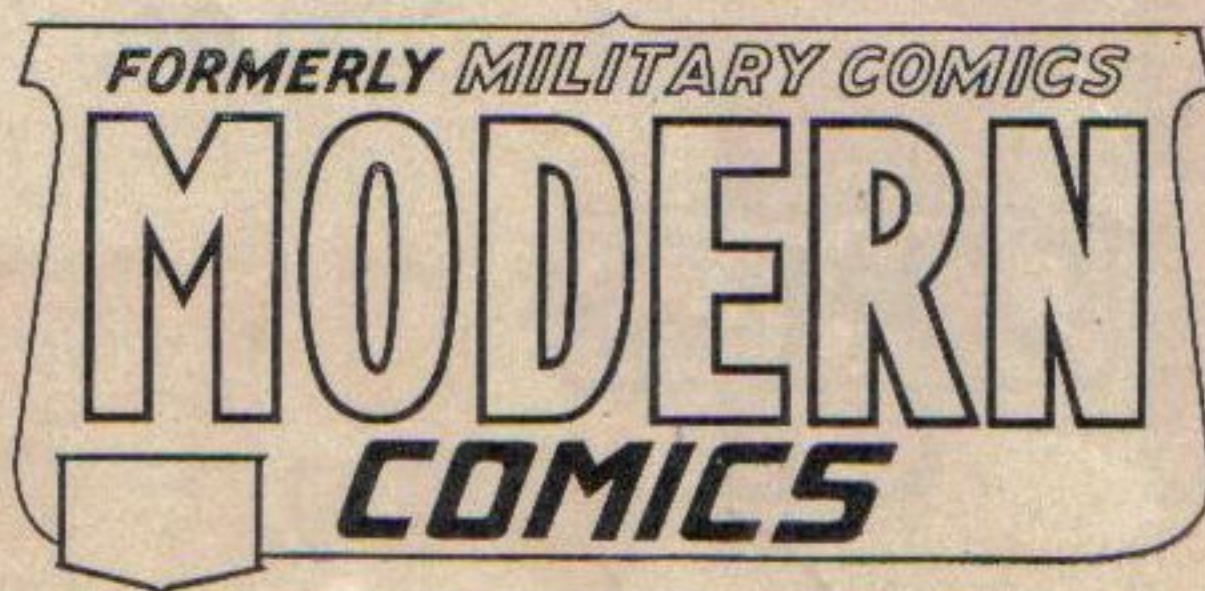
KID ETERNITY

smells
something
fishy
about
MR. HARDEEL!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH 60 PAGES
OF
ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

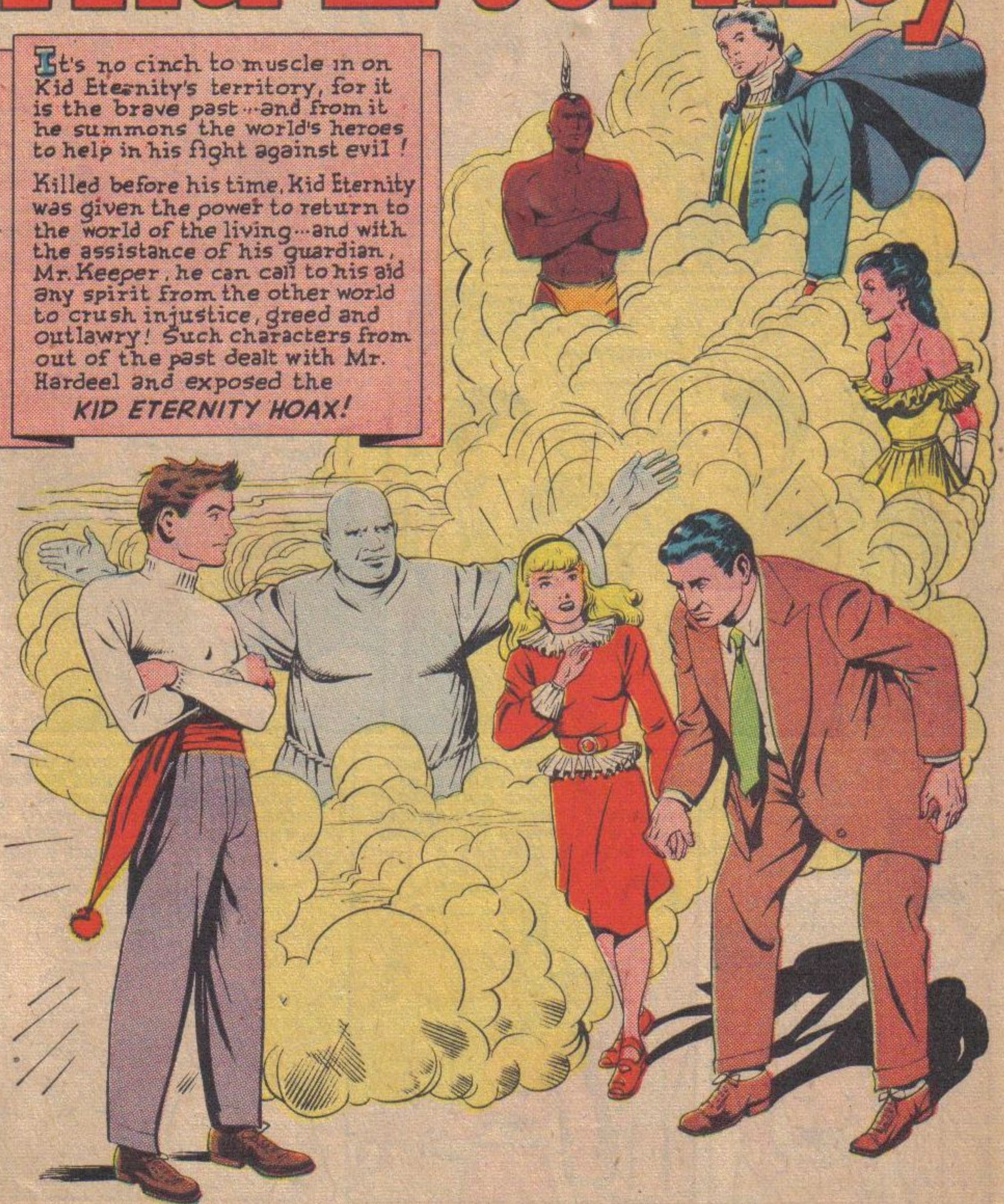
HIT
COMICS
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COMICS

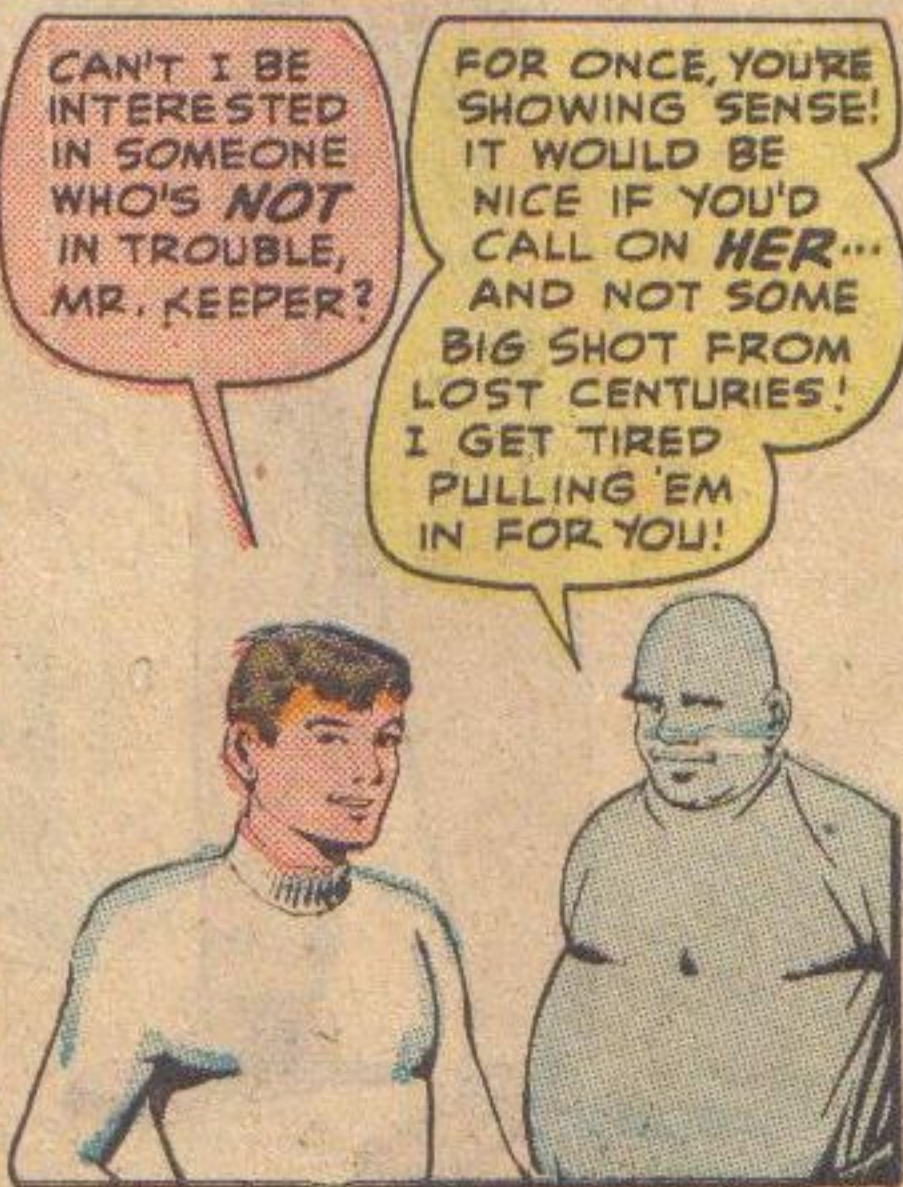
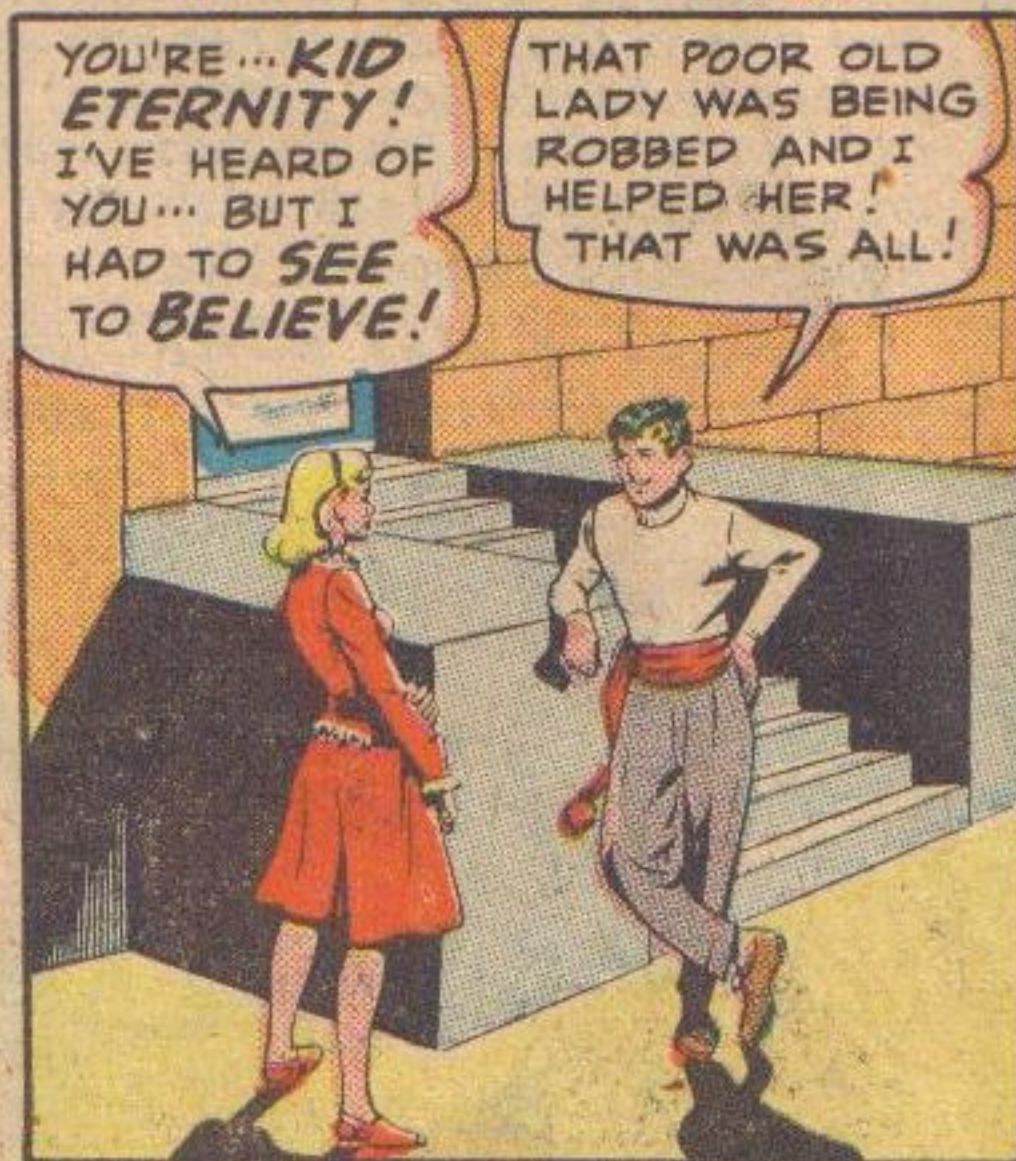
Kid Eternity

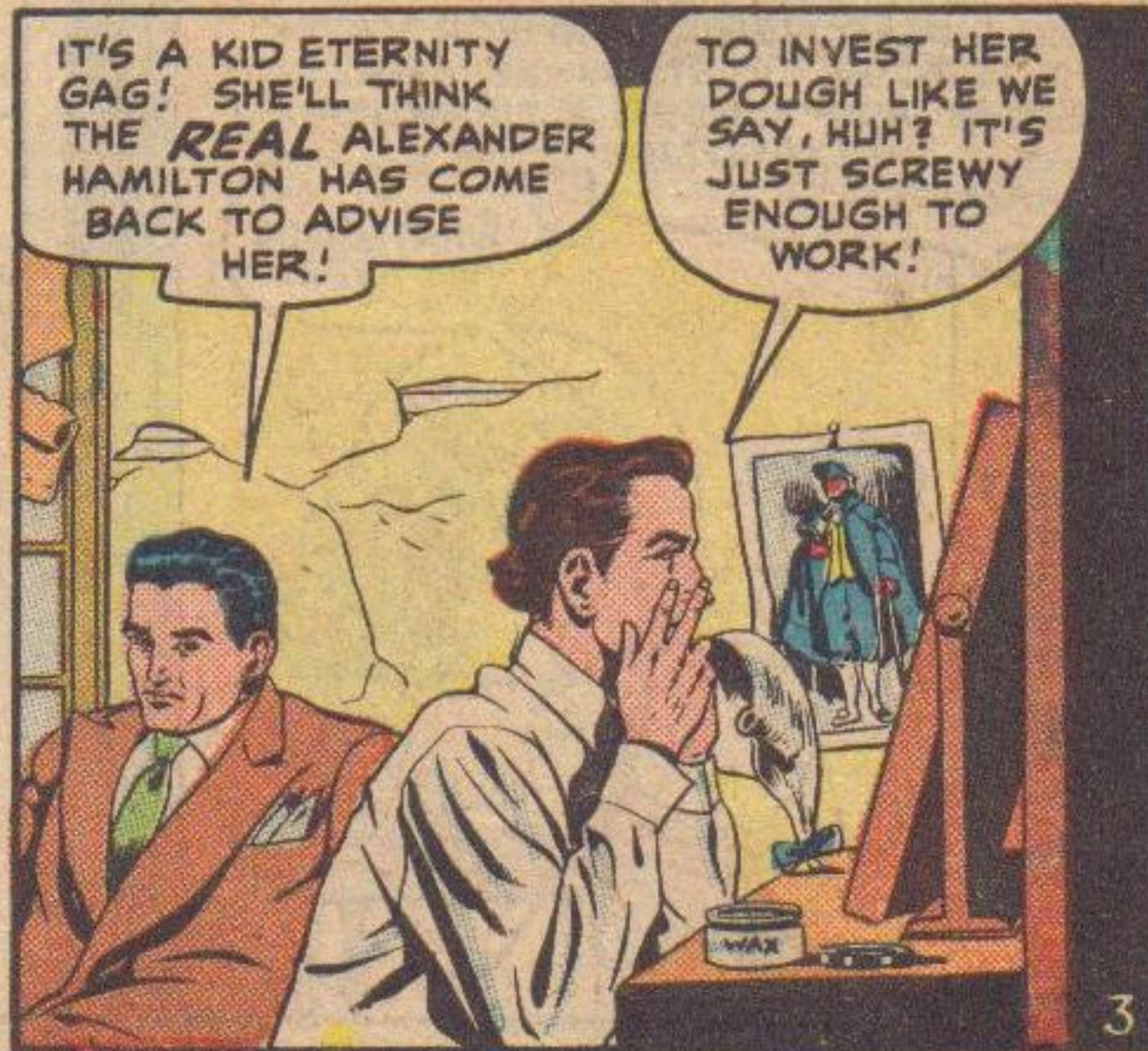
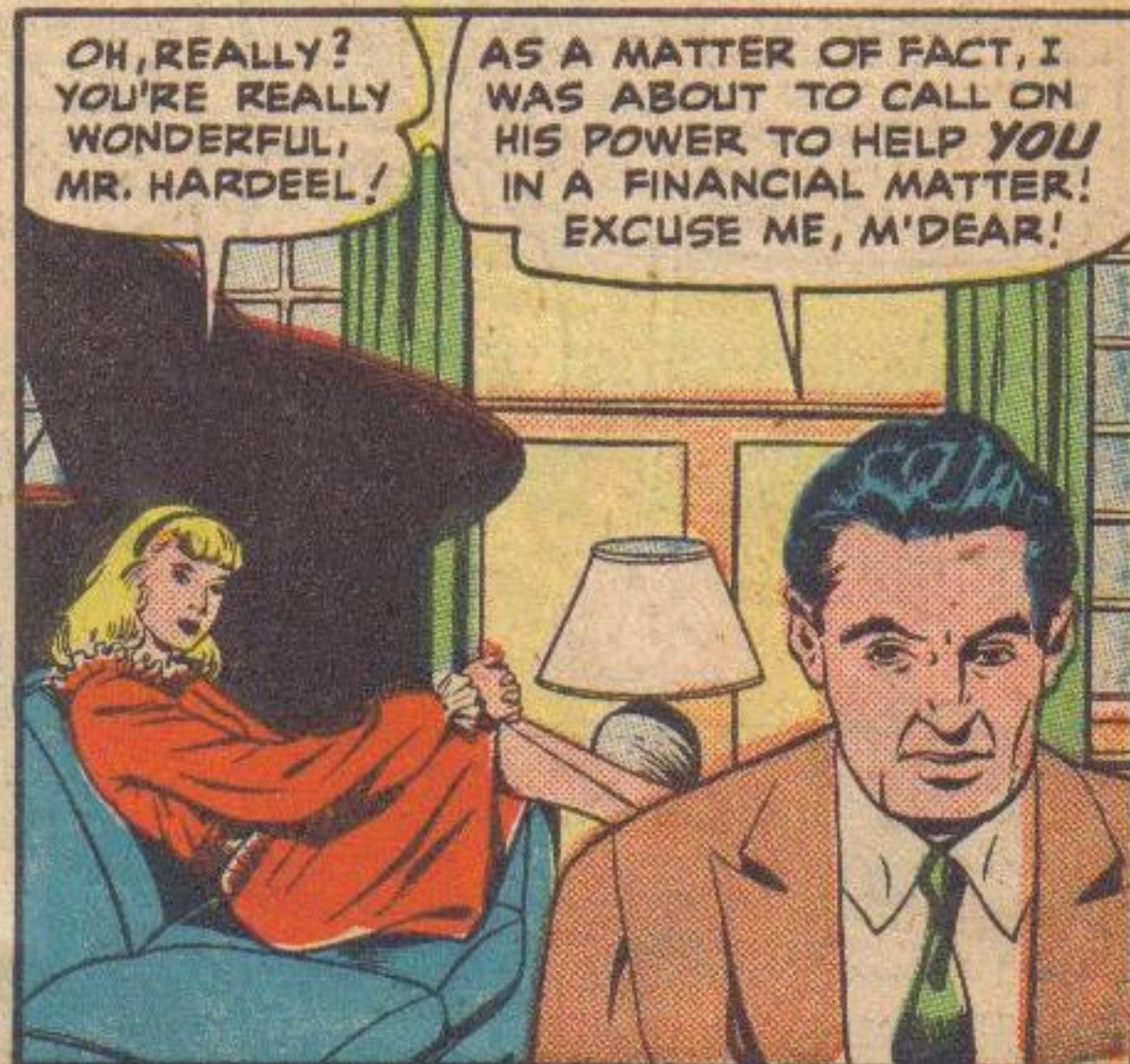
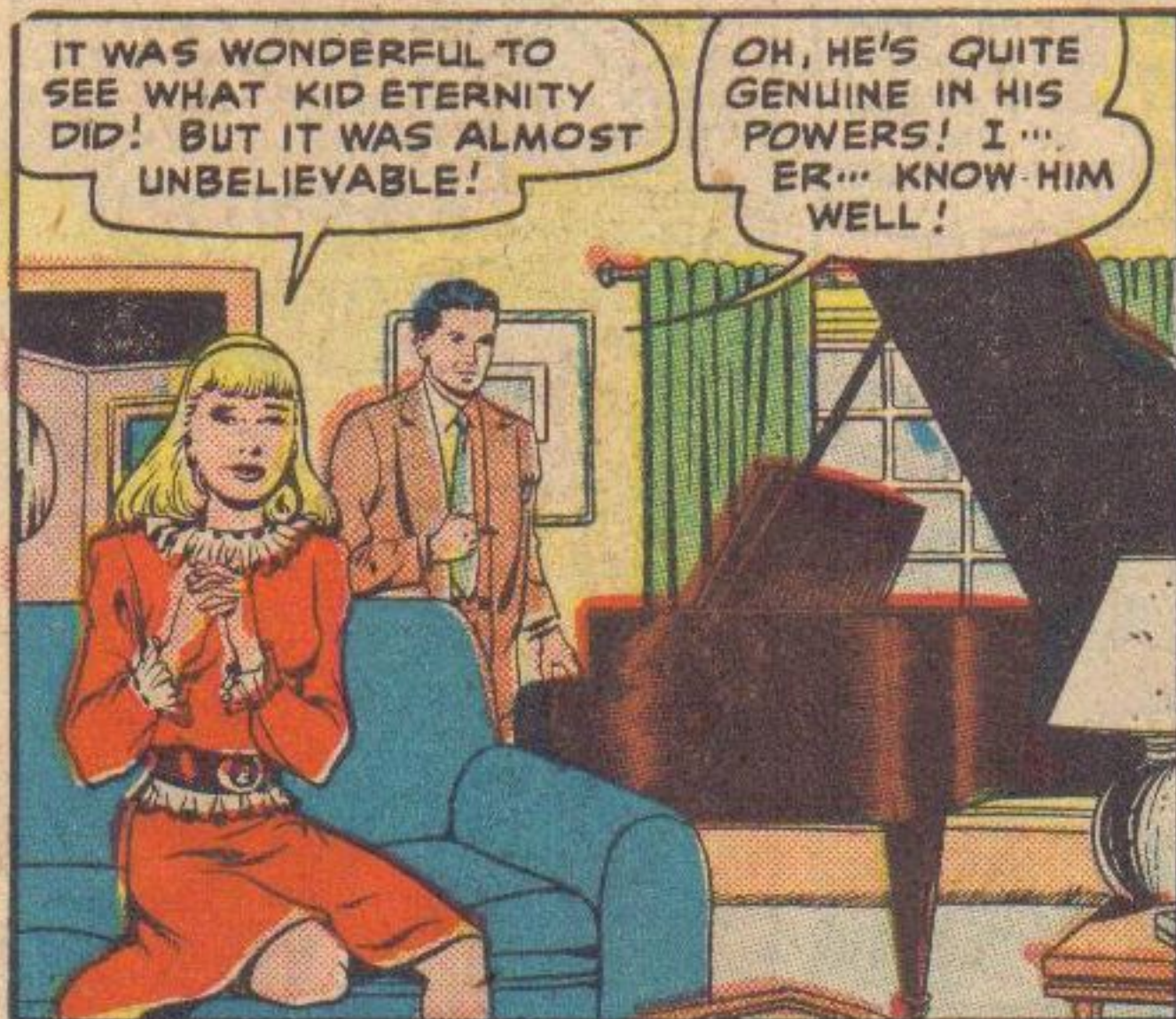
It's no cinch to muscle in on Kid Eternity's territory, for it is the brave past...and from it he summons the world's heroes to help in his fight against evil!

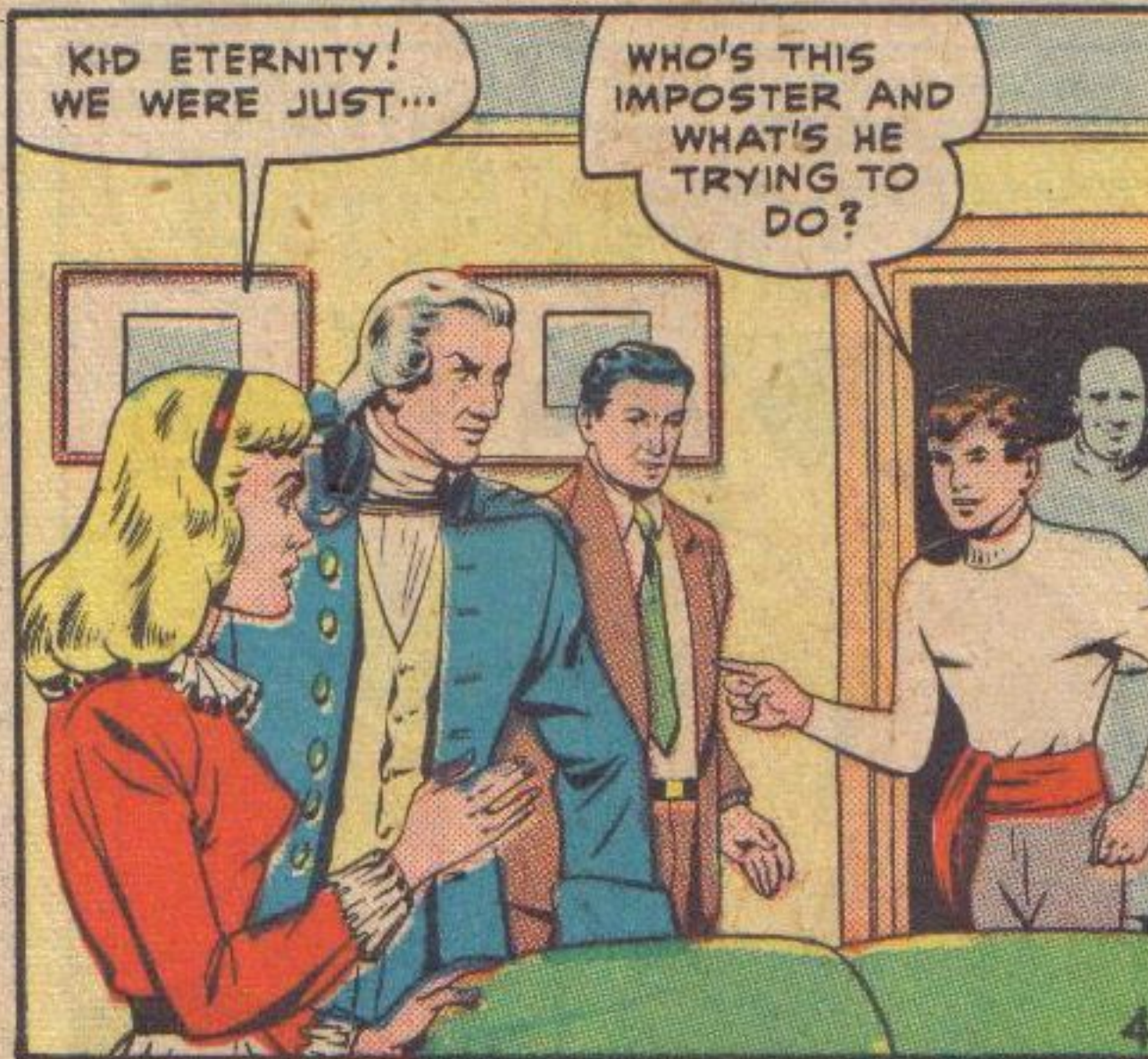
Killed before his time, Kid Eternity was given the power to return to the world of the living...and with the assistance of his guardian, Mr. Keeper, he can call to his aid any spirit from the other world to crush injustice, greed and outlawry! Such characters from out of the past dealt with Mr. Hardeel and exposed the

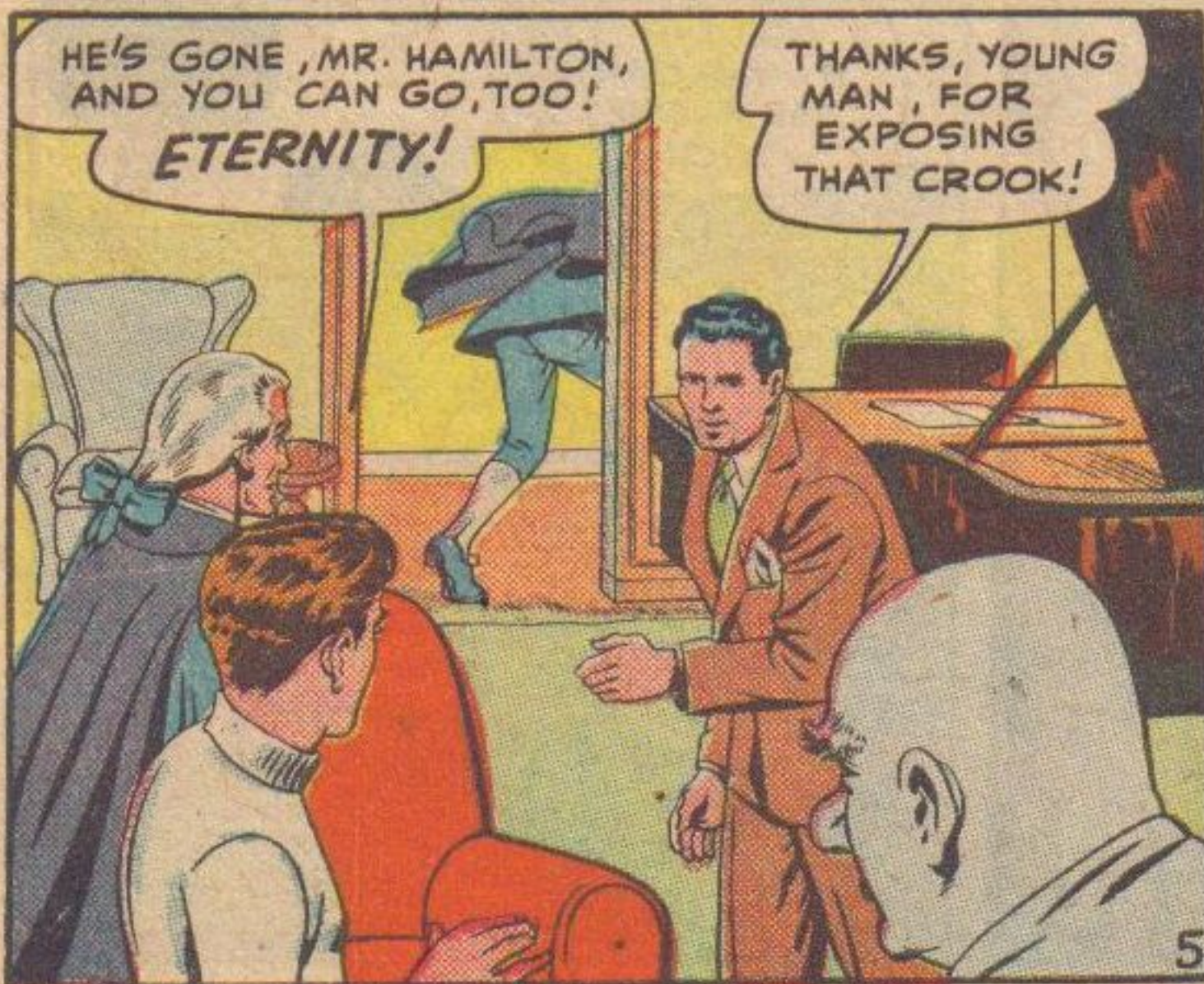
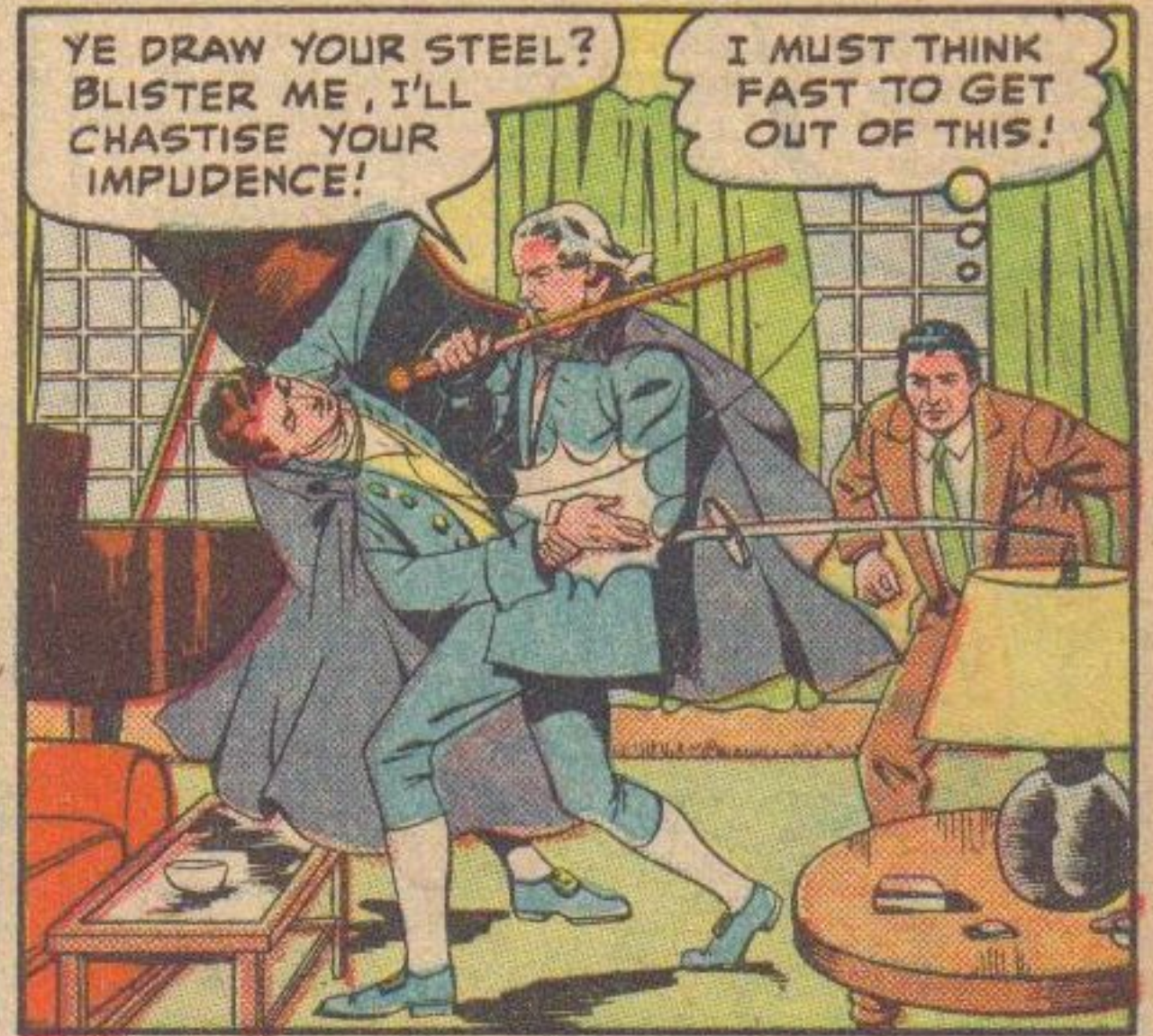
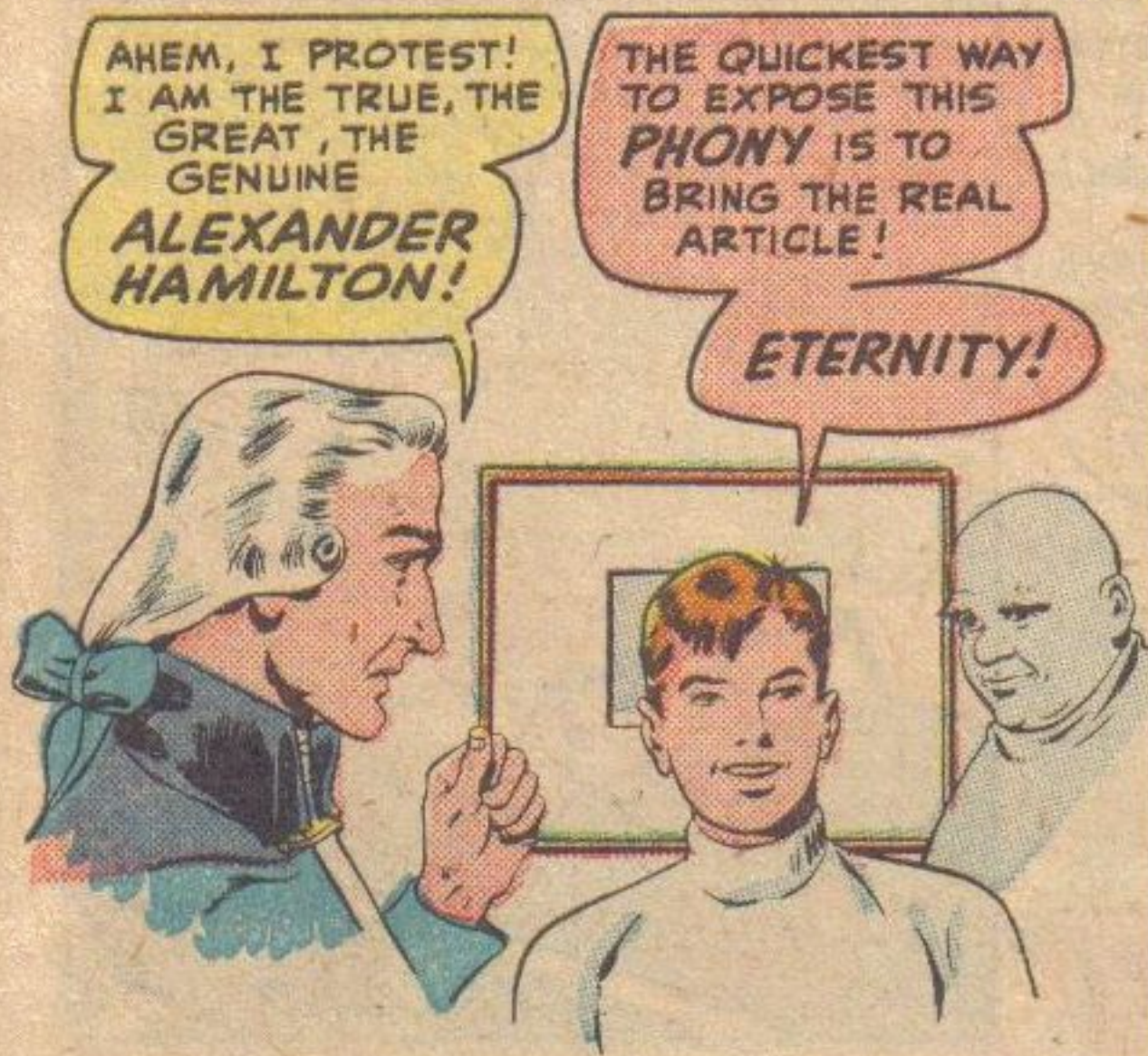
KID ETERNITY HOAX!











HIT COMICS

WHY NOT TAKE MY CAR, YOU AND LALLY, AND HAVE A PICNIC IN BUENA PARK? I WANT YOU TWO TO BE **GOOD FRIENDS!**

OH, THAT WOULD BE SUPER!

YES, CHEESY, THEY'VE JUST LEFT! HAVE THE BOYS GRAB HER IN BUENA PARK! THEN, AS HER GUARDIAN, I'LL HAVE AUTHORITY TO PAY A **BIG** RANSOM FROM HER FUNDS AND WE'LL SPLIT!

KID ETERNITY, TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF! YOU'RE LIKE A **HERO** OUT OF A BOOK TO ME!

POOR KID! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO HER... AND I WAS NEVER THE ROMANTIC TYPE... CAN'T COACH HIM!

I'LL SET OUT THE LUNCH WHILE YOU GET THE WATER!

PSST, KID! I THINK YOU NEED ADVICE AT A TIME LIKE THIS... THE RIGHT THING TO SAY AND SO ON... SO I CALLED UPON SOMEONE ON MY OWN RESPONSIBILITY! COME WITH ME!

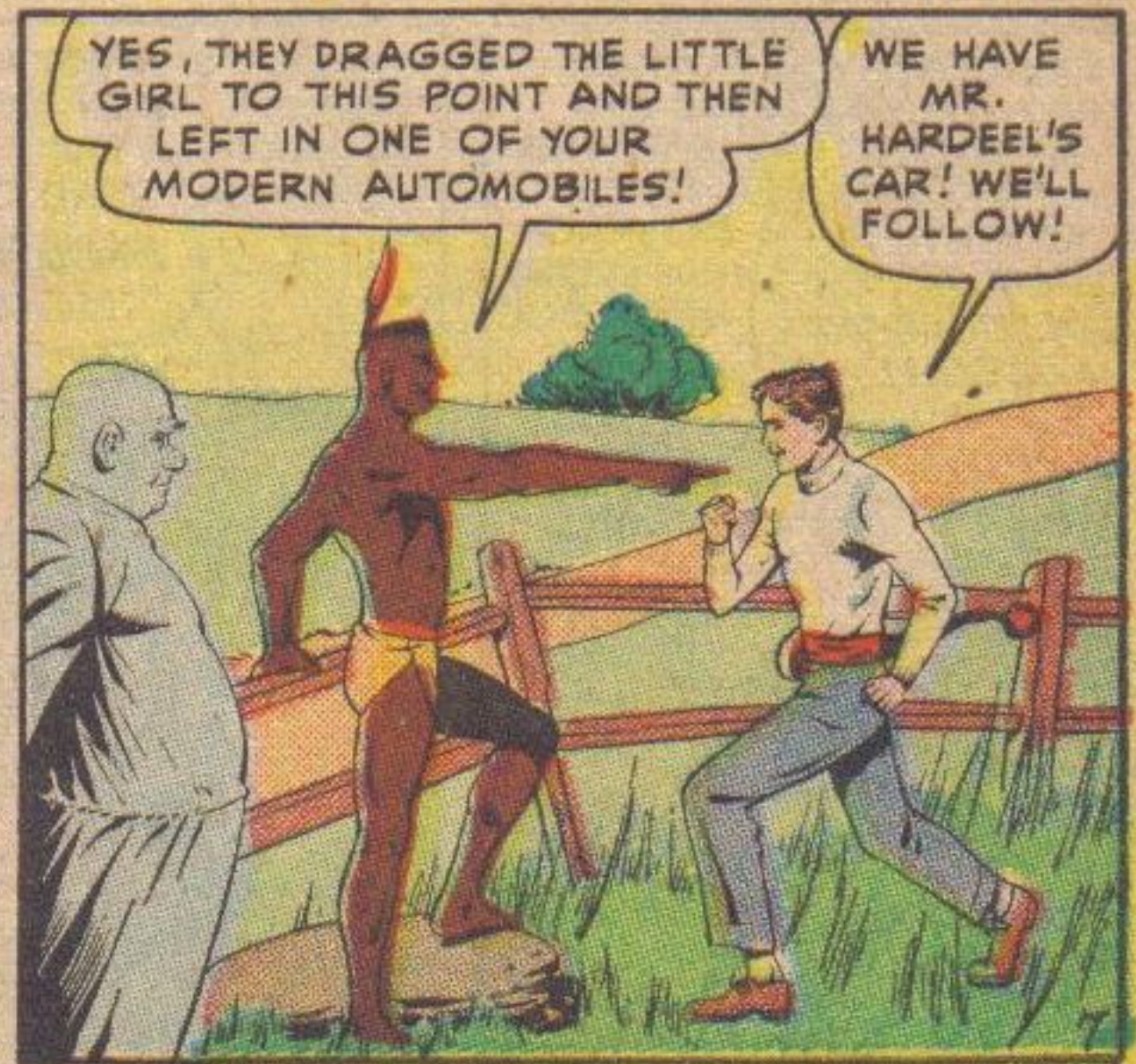
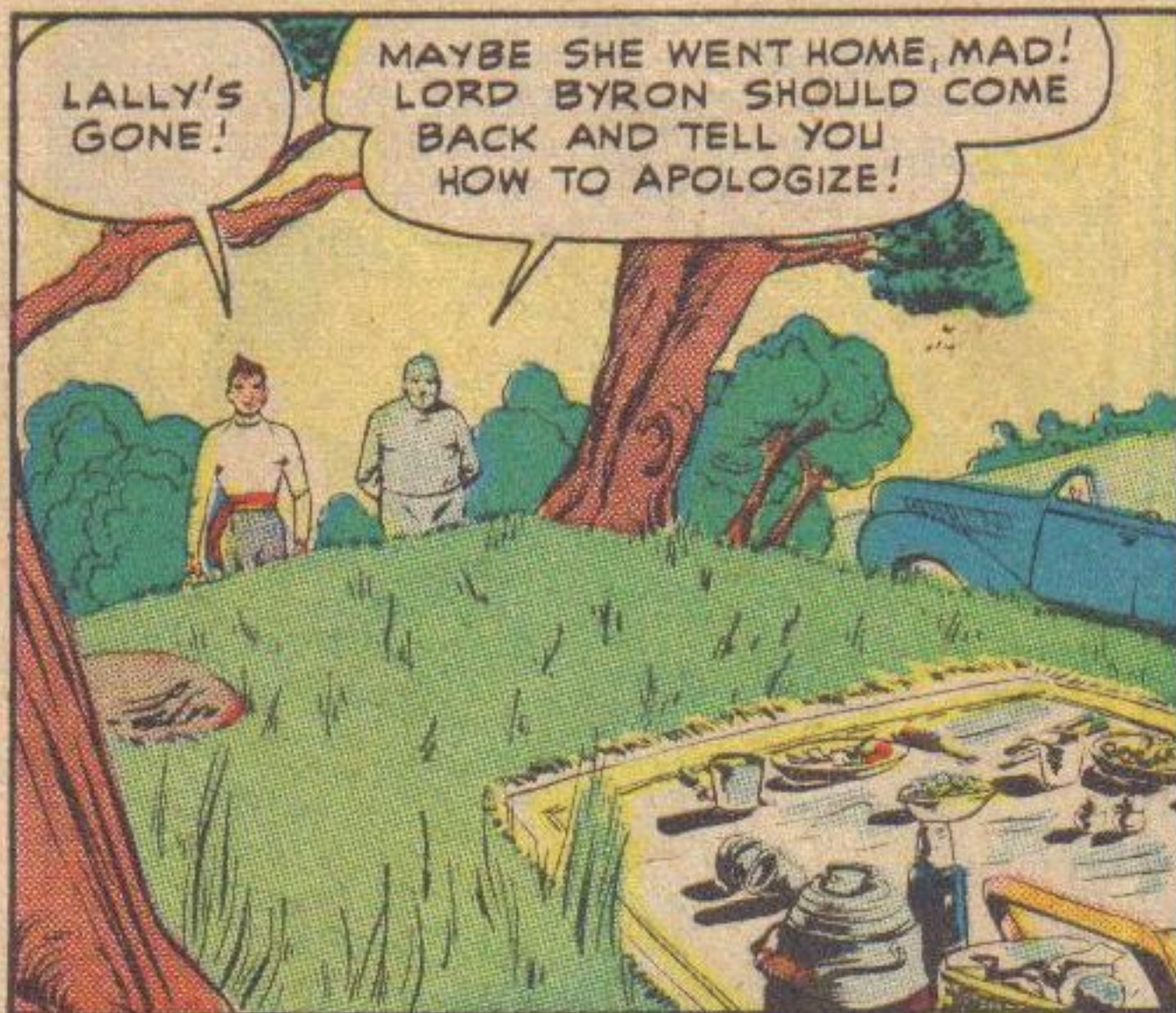
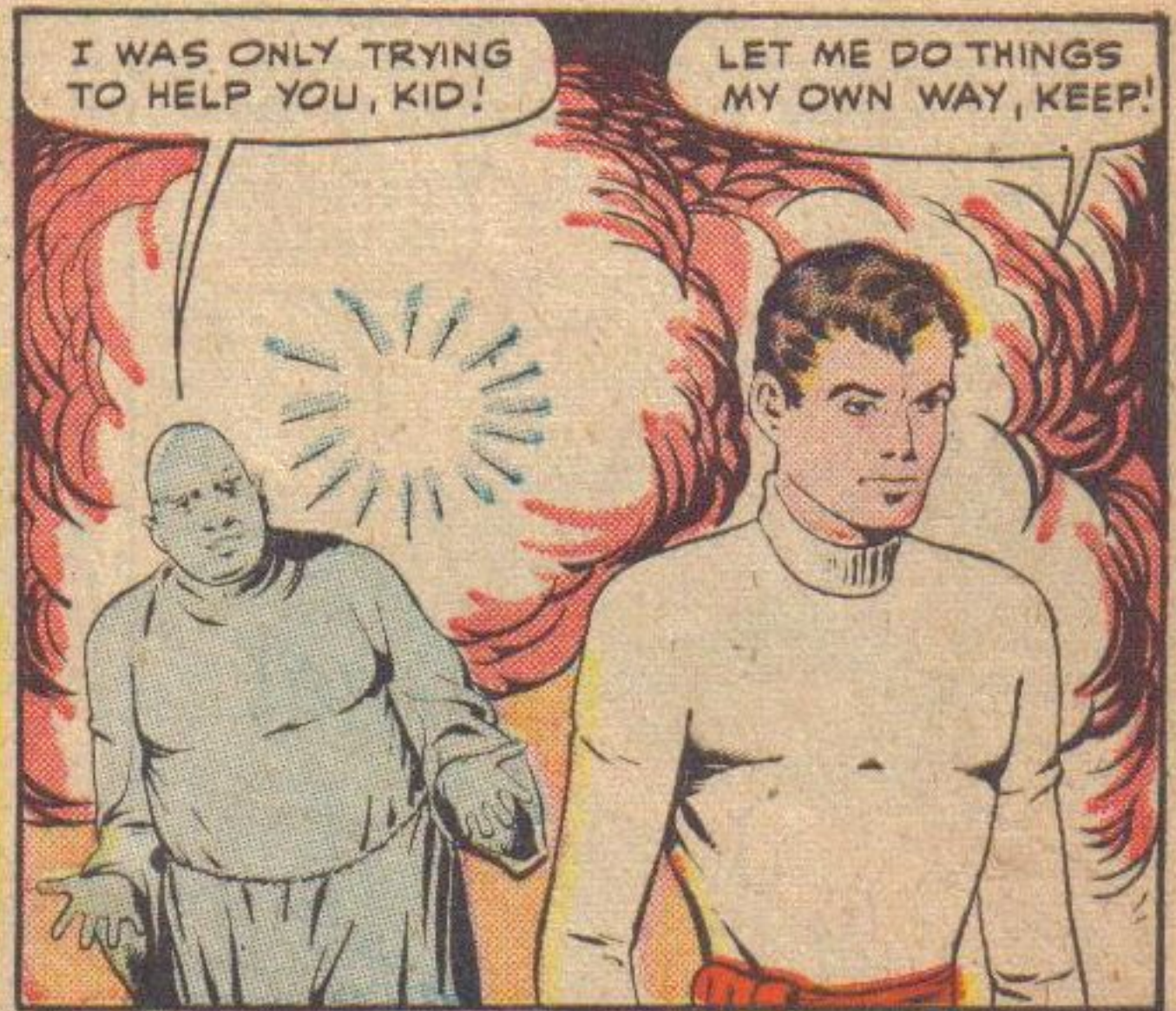
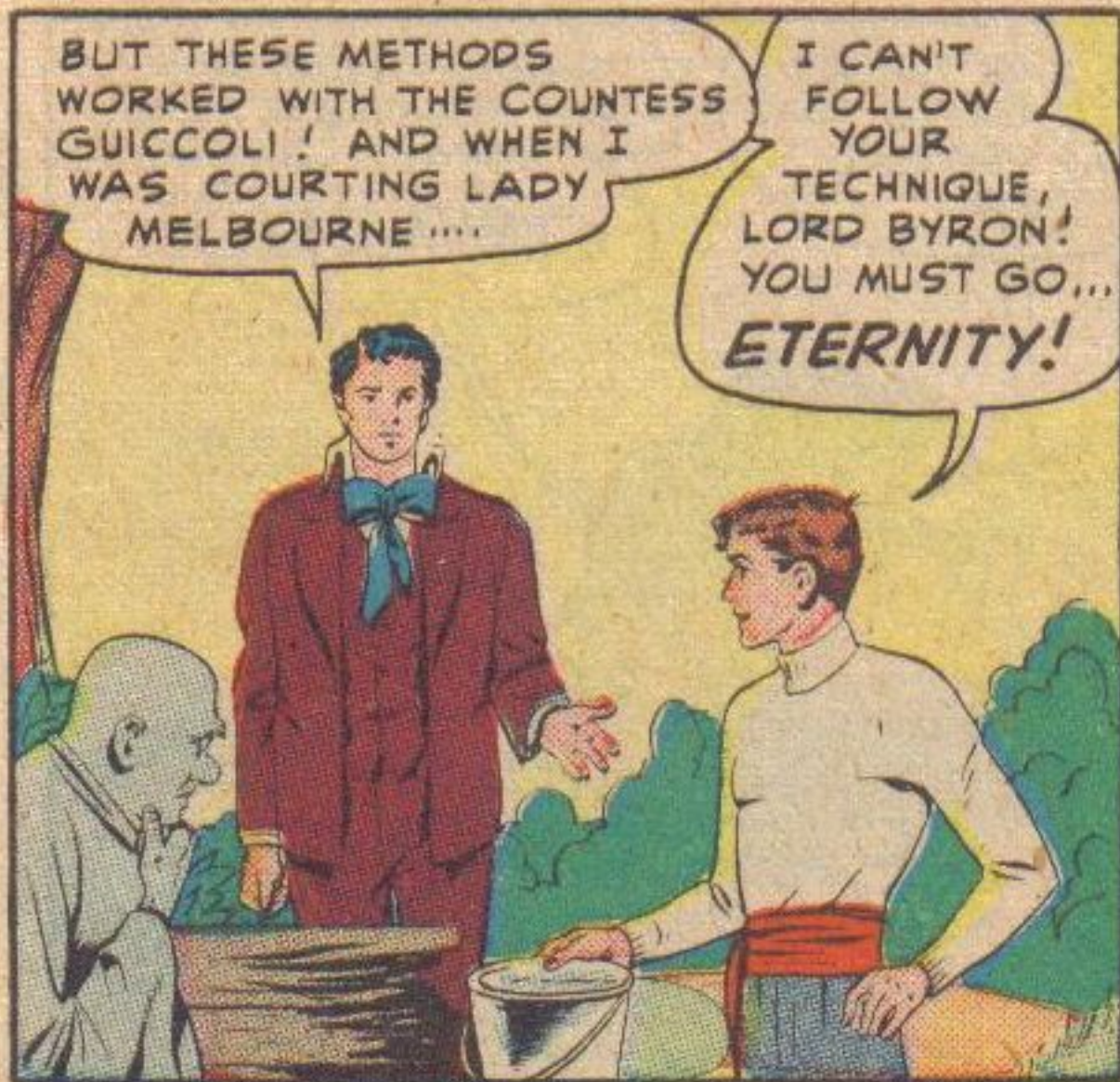
HERE'S THE MAN... **LORD BYRON**, THE GREAT POET AND HEARTBREAKER!

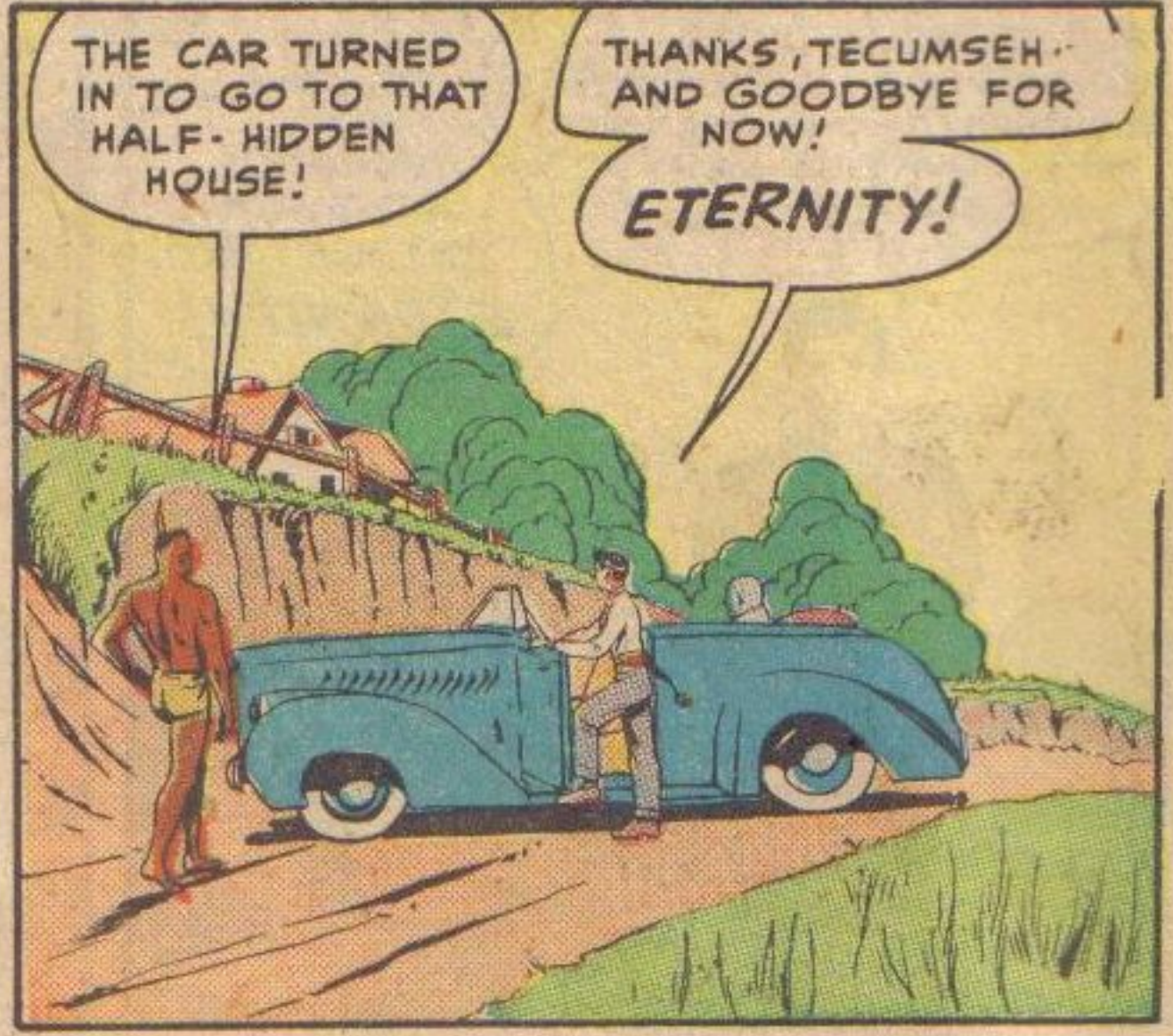
IT'S A PLEASURE, KID ETERNITY! YOUR PROBLEM SHOULD BE SIMPLE!

THE BEST STRATEGY IS TO MAKE THE LASS JEALOUS! TELL HER OF YOUR MANY **OTHER** SWEETHEARTS!

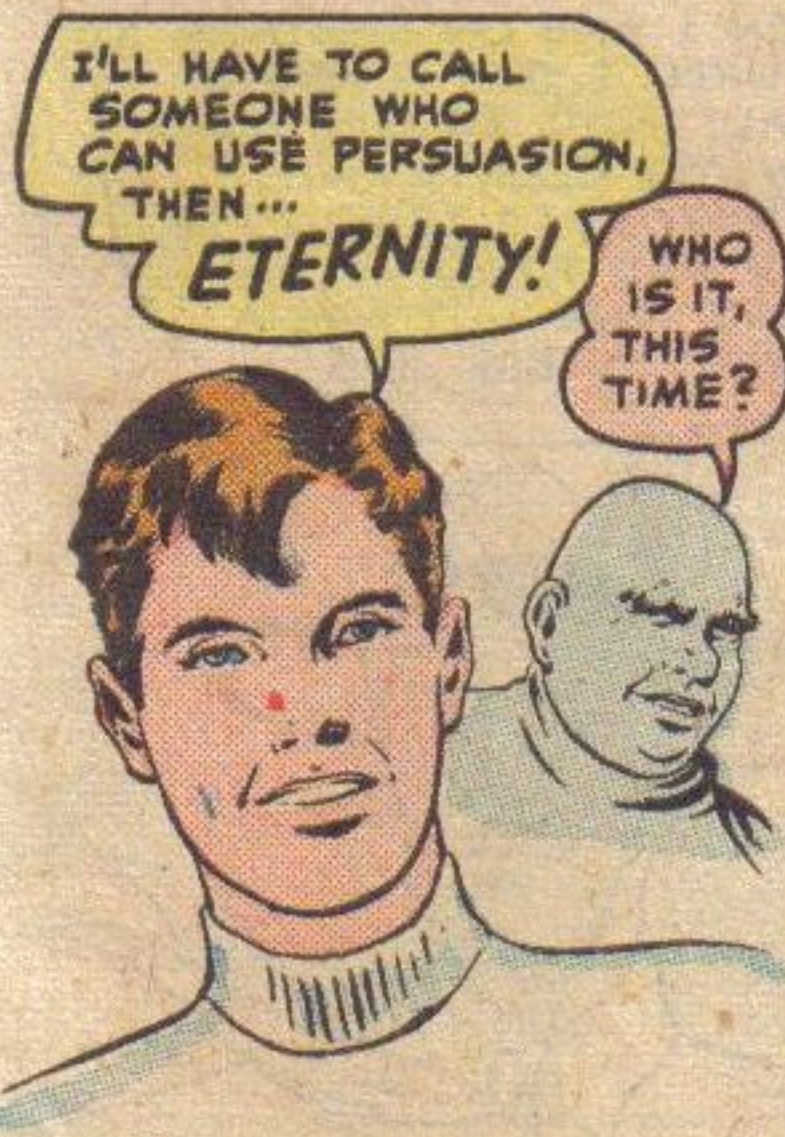
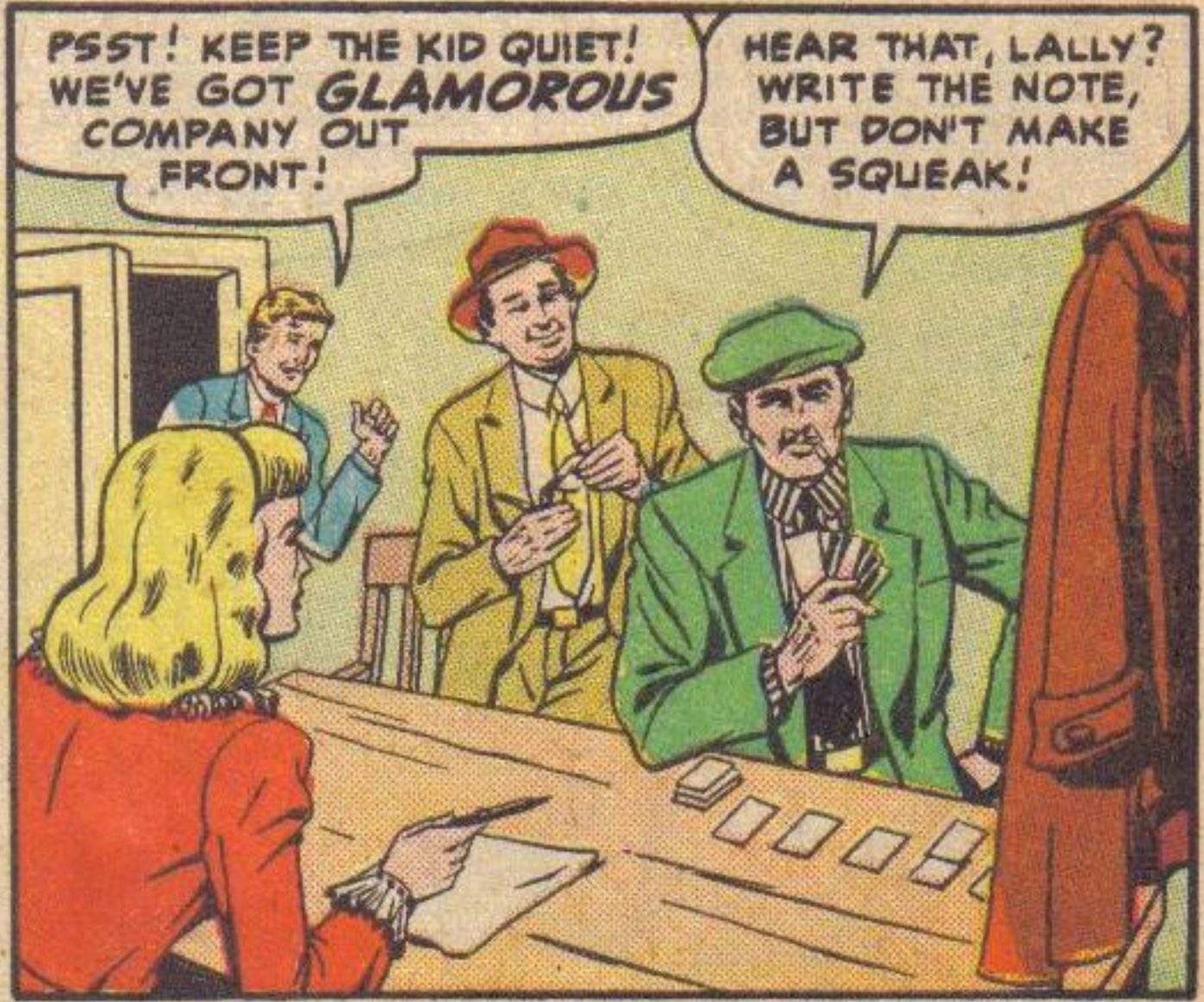
BUT I DON'T EVEN HAVE **ONE** SWEETHEART!

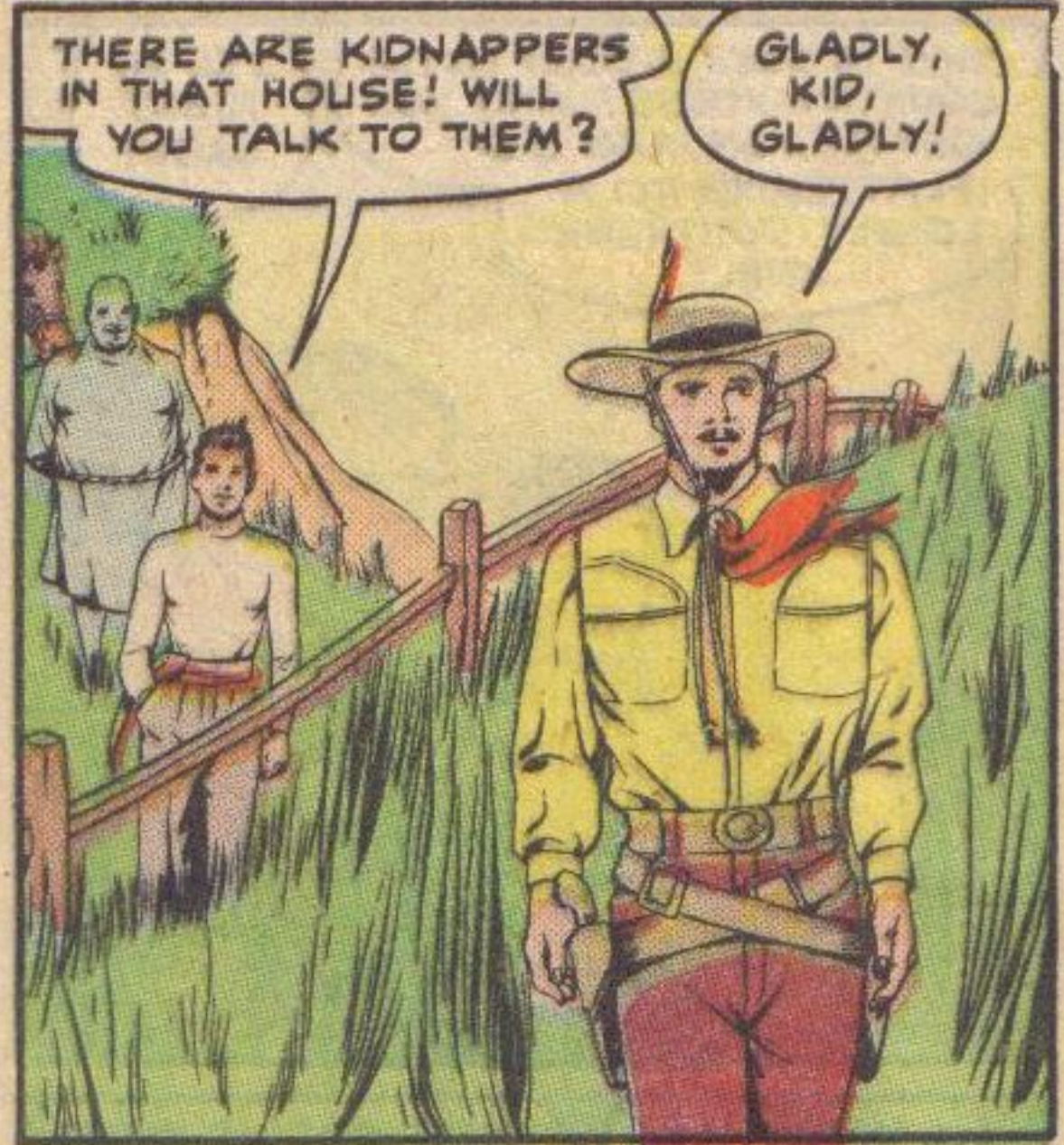
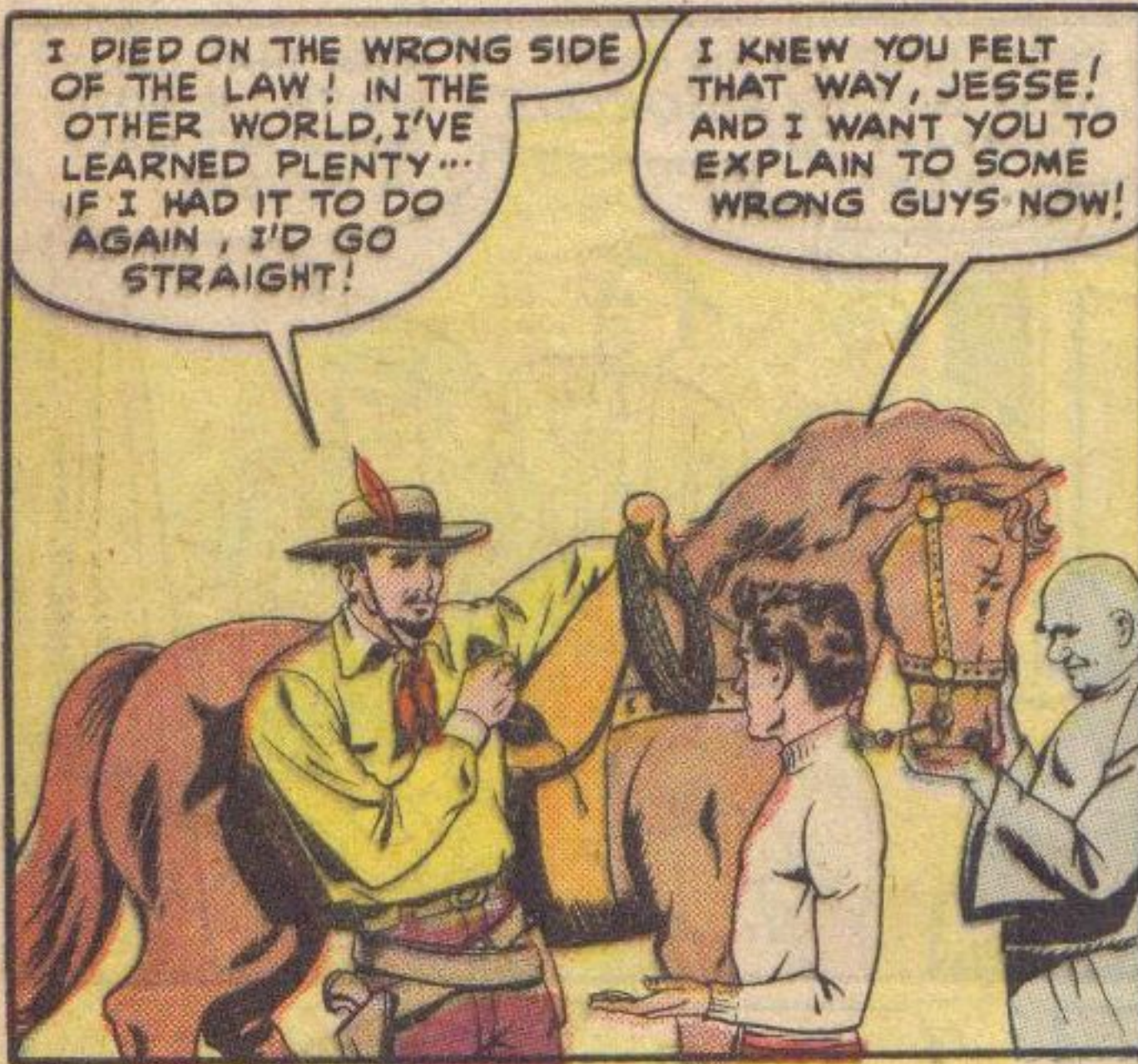
I SEE THE GIRL BY THE CAR... ALL ALONE, TOO!

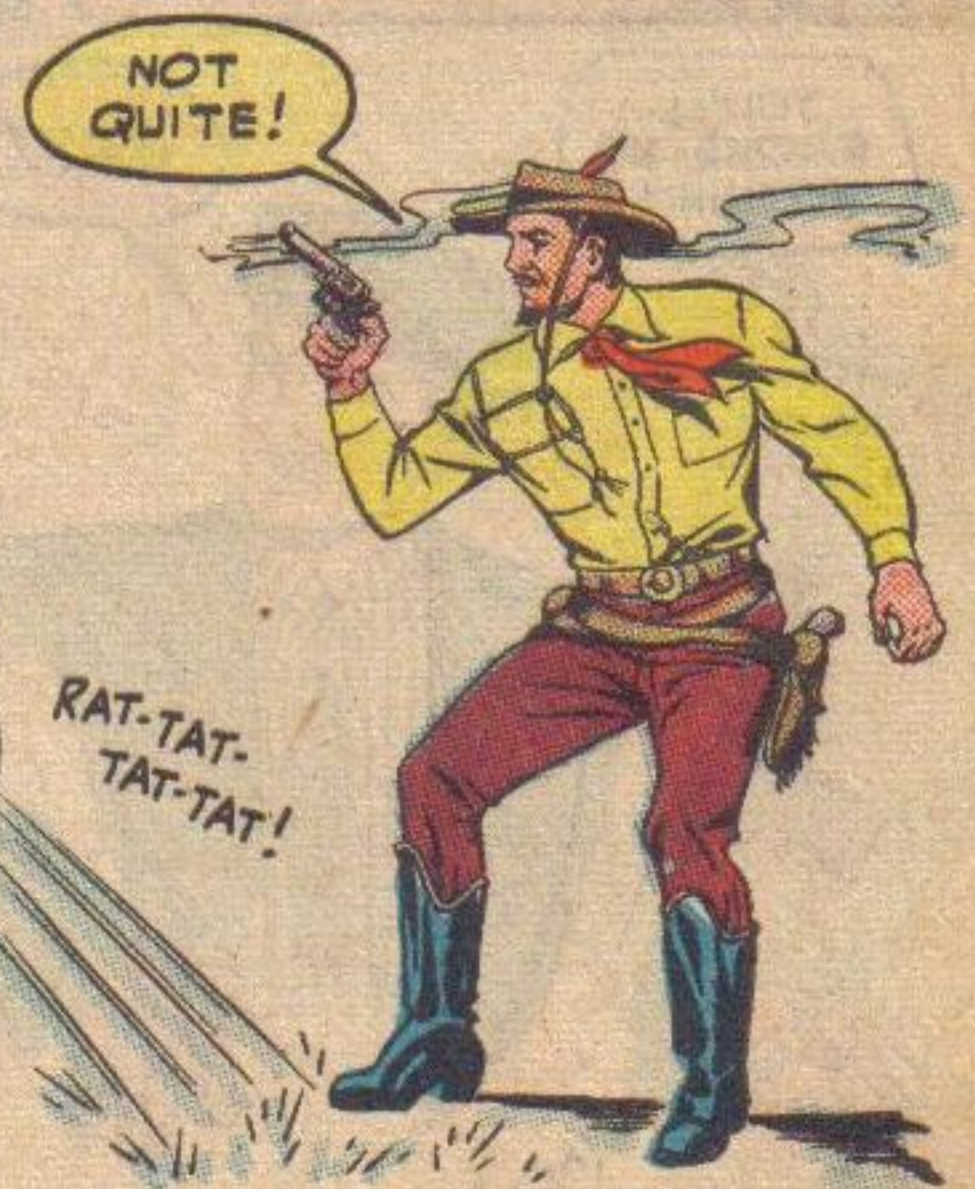
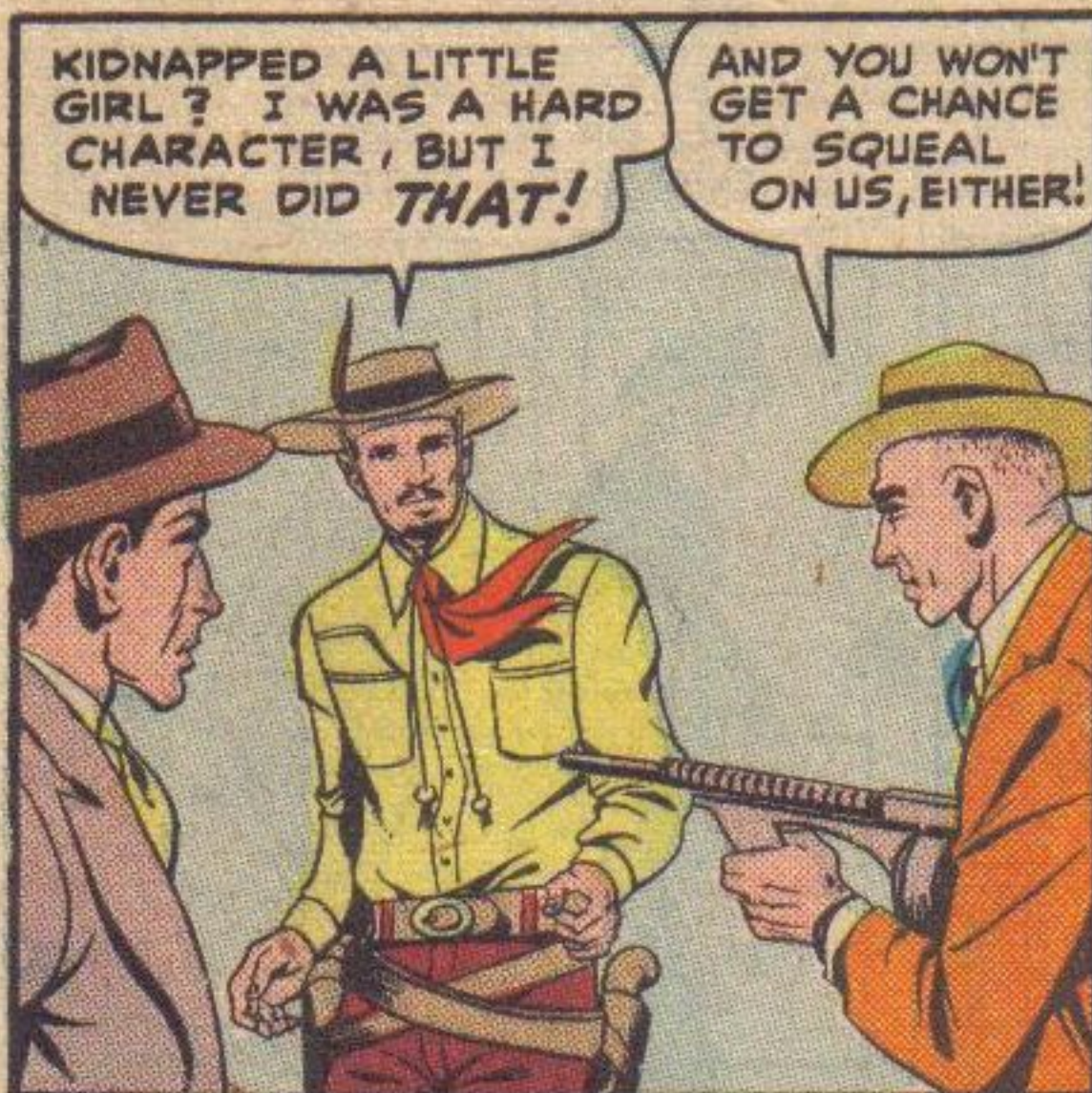
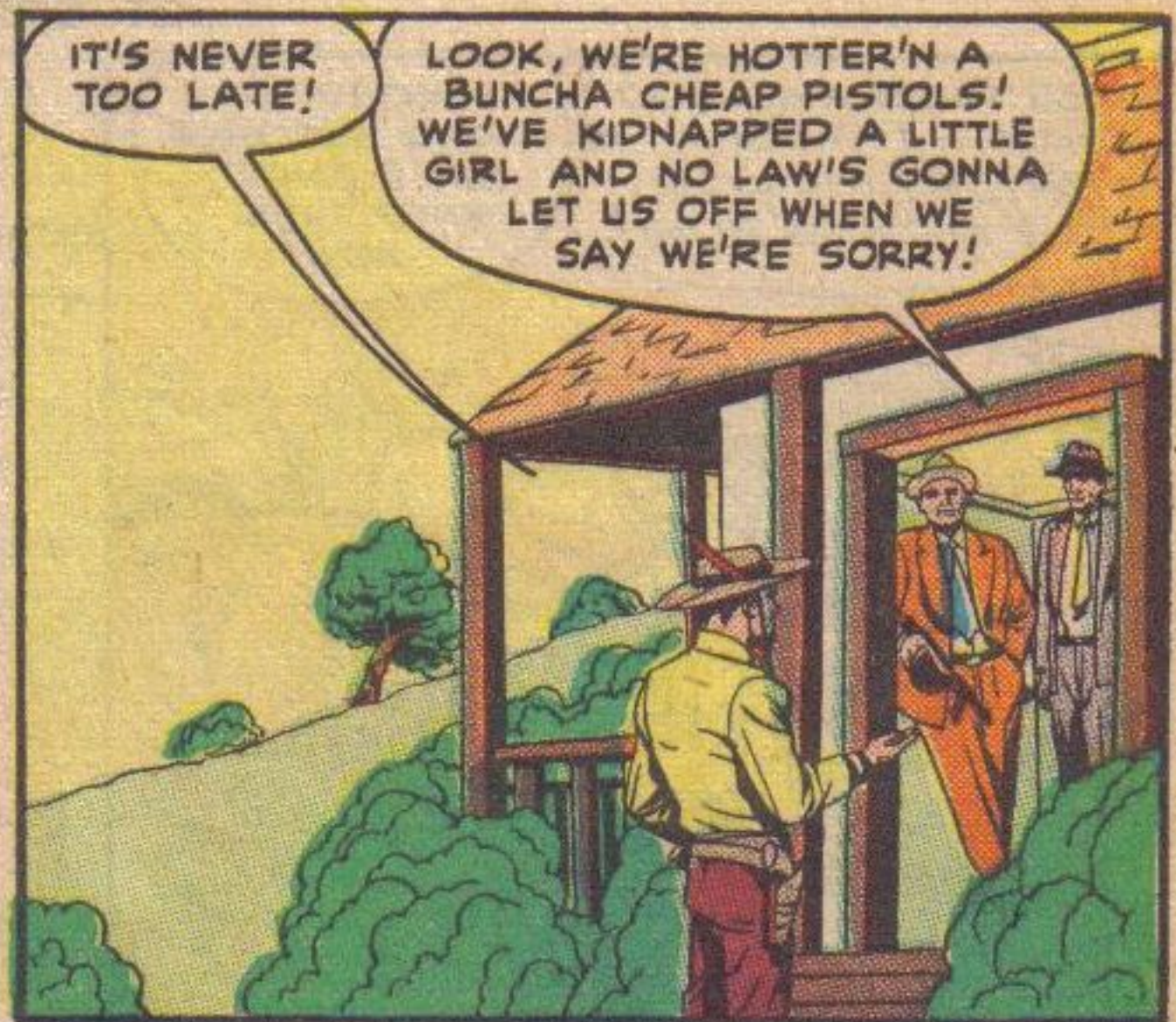
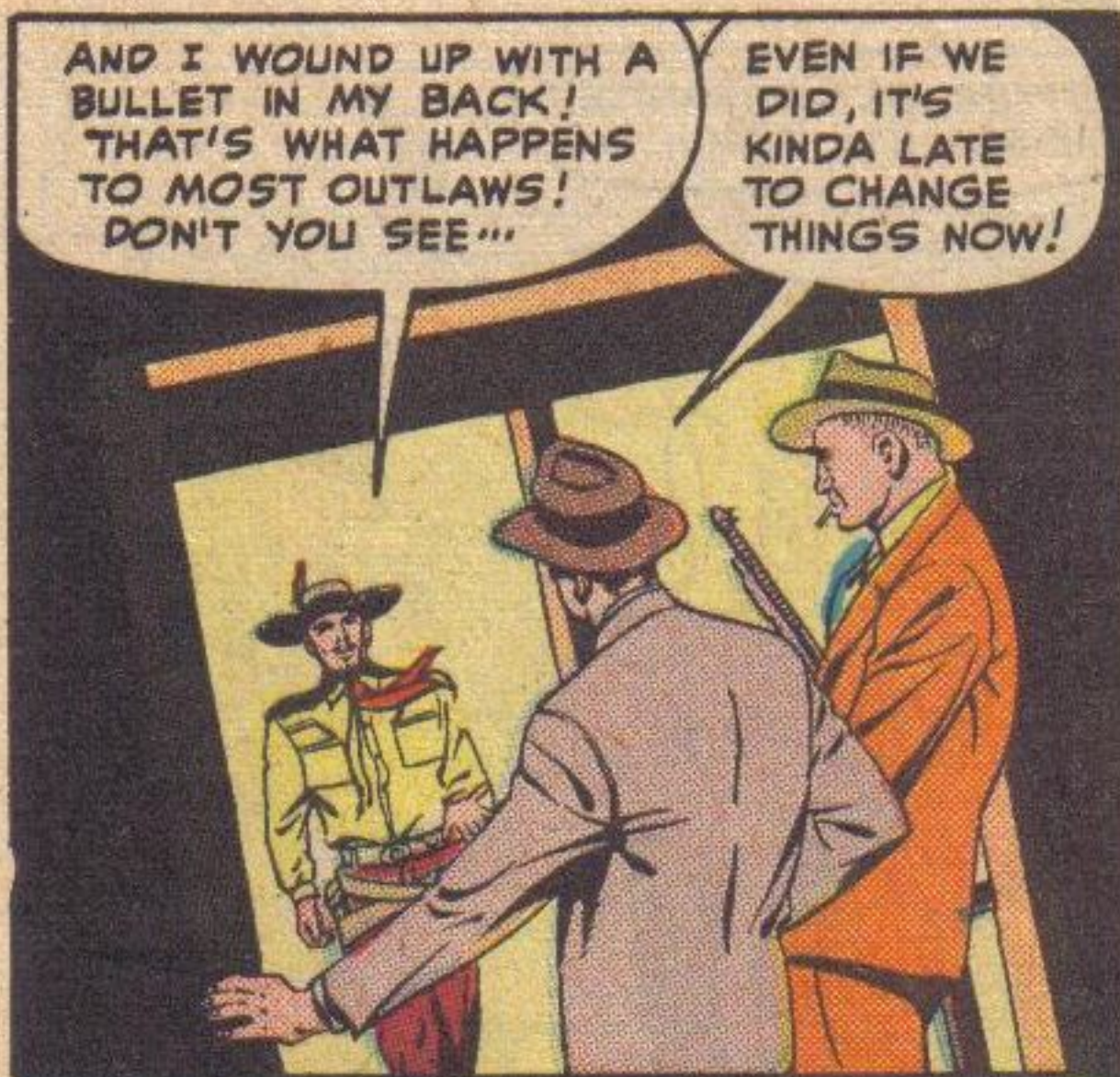


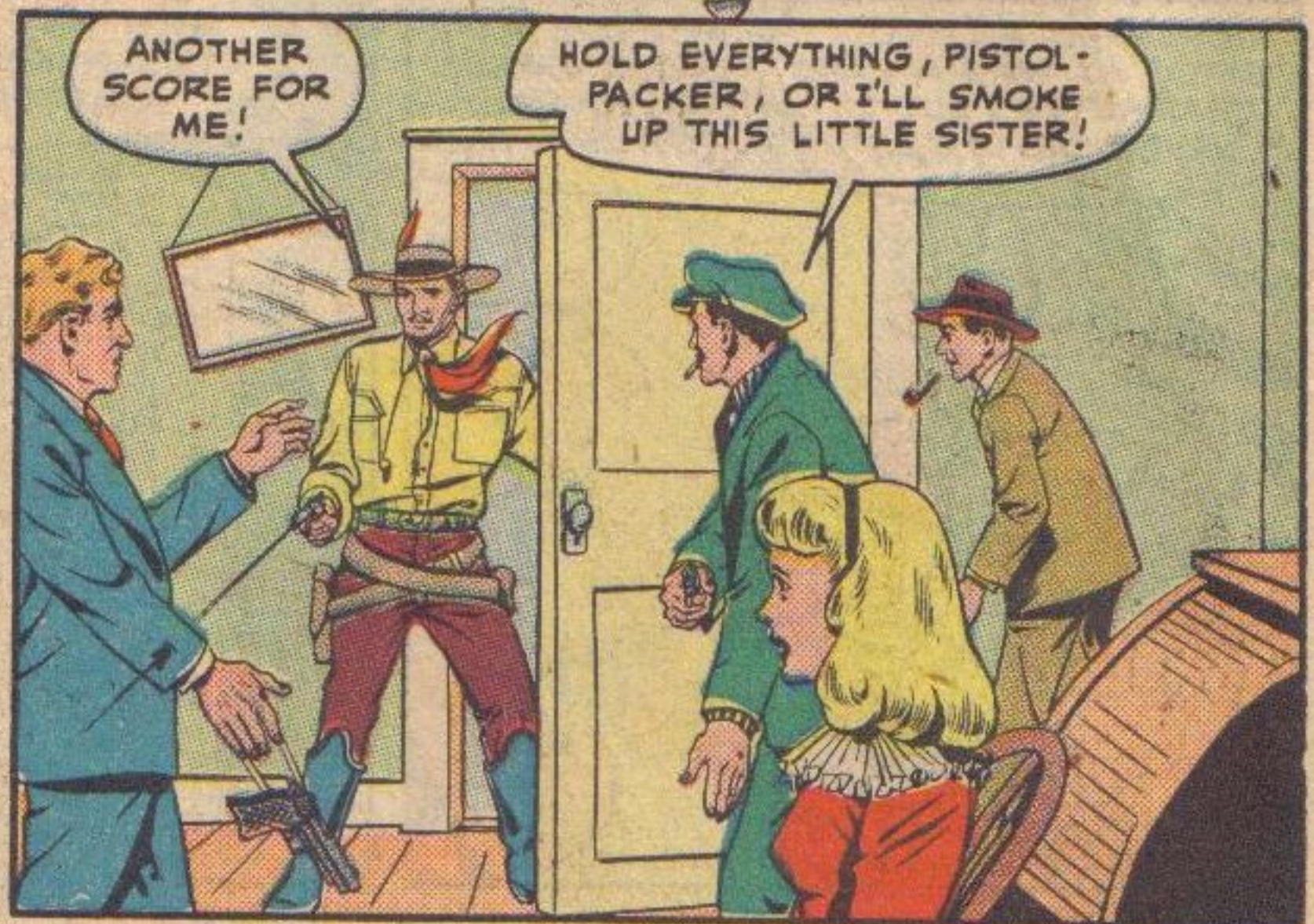


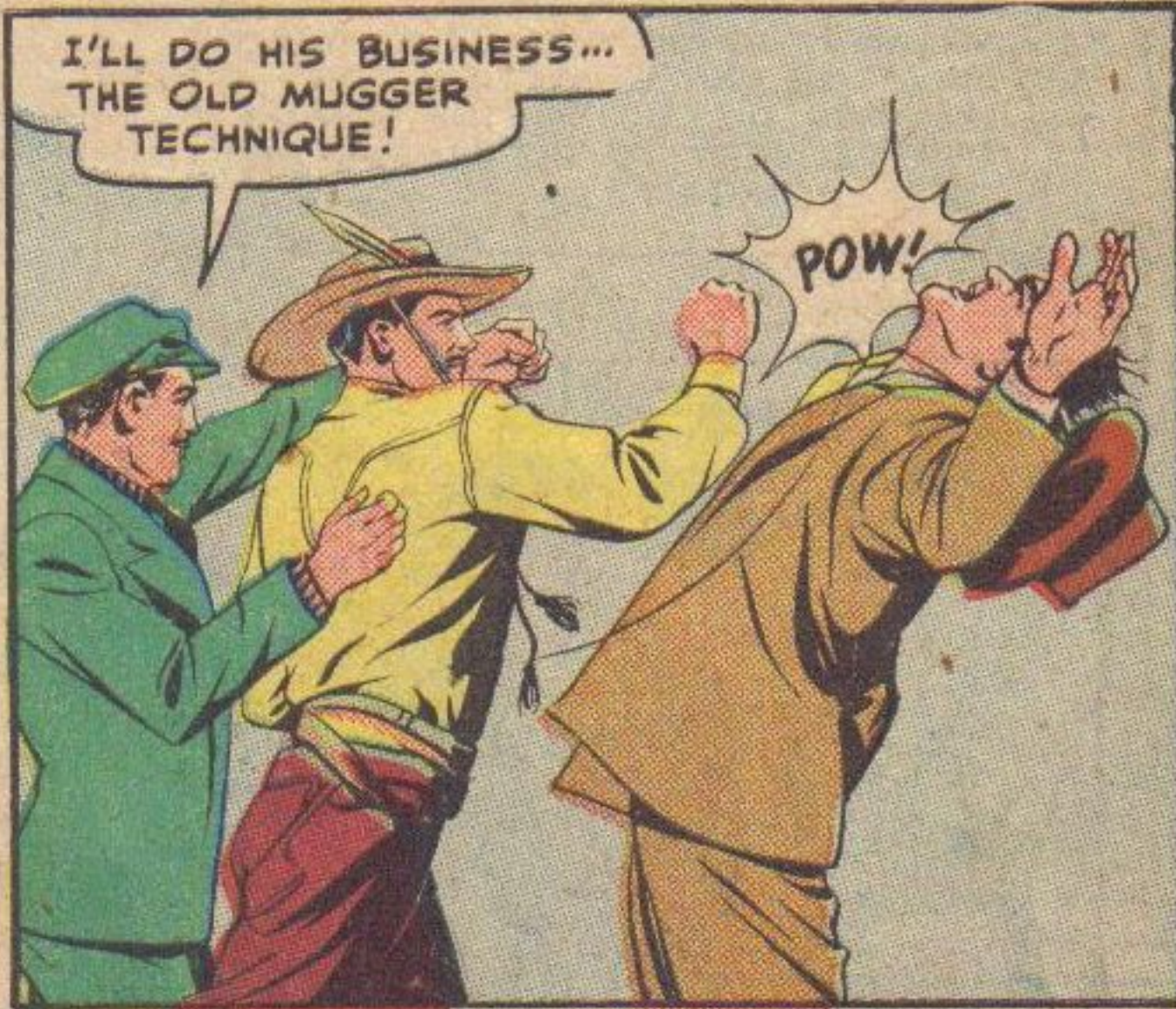
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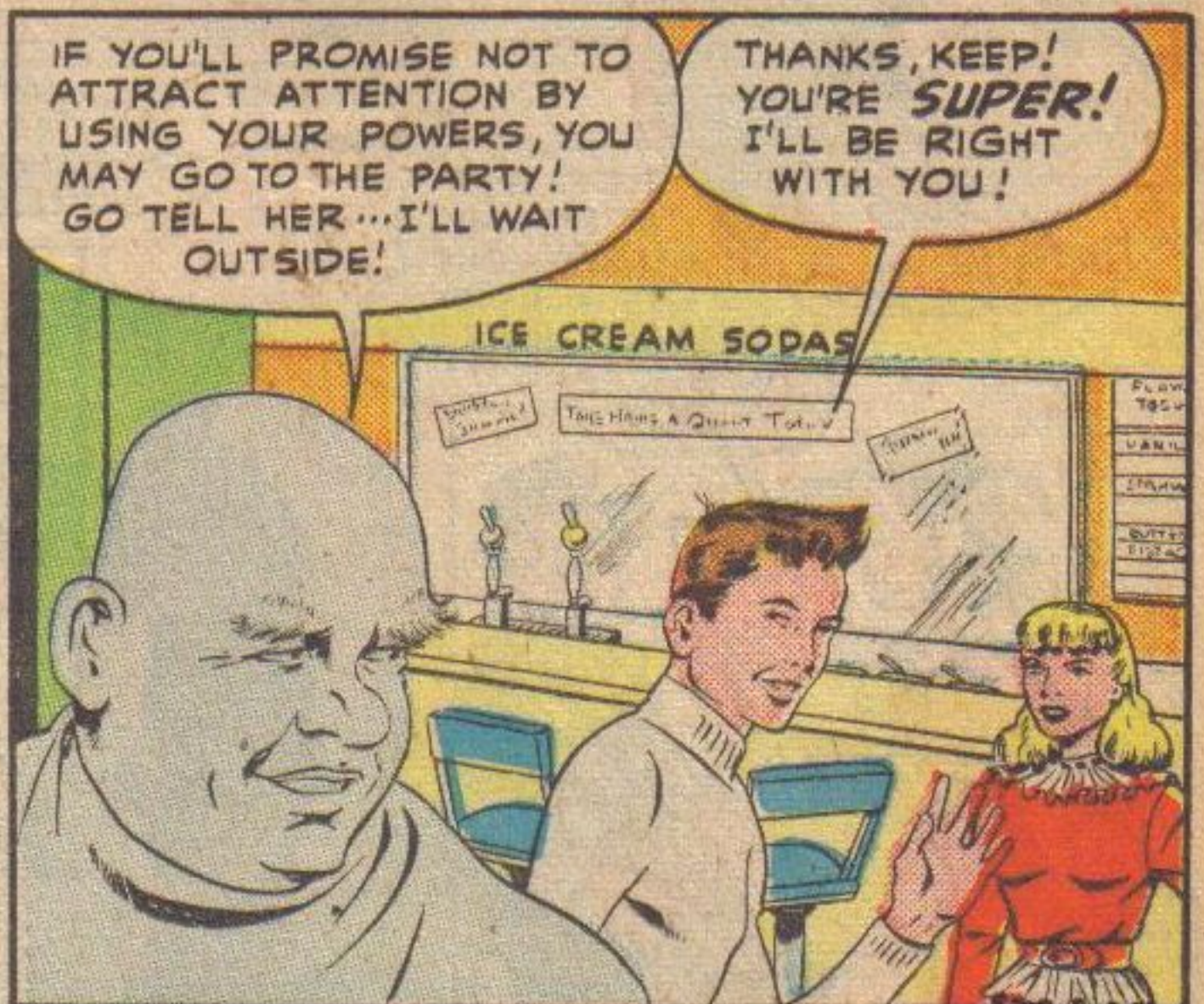








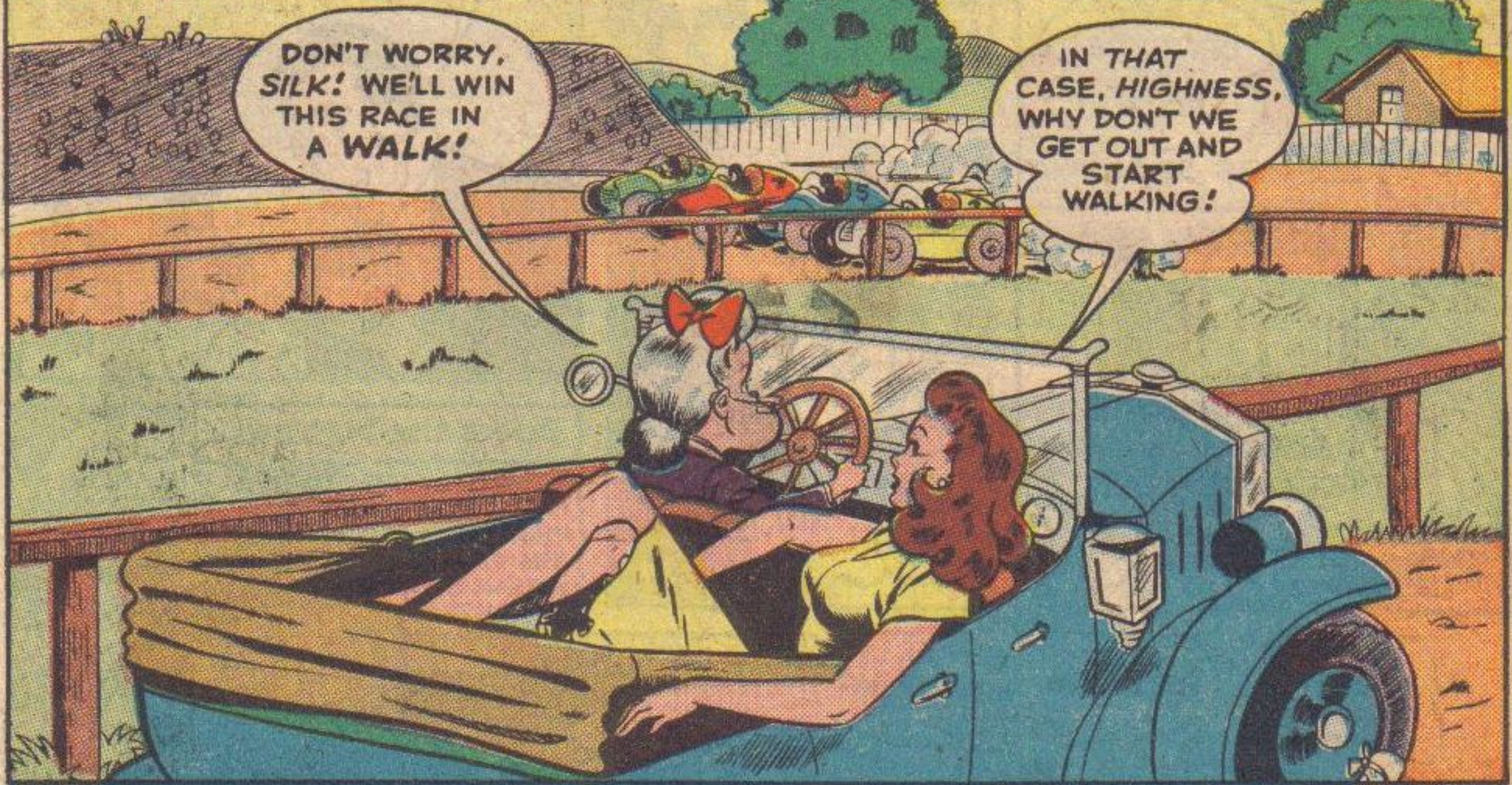


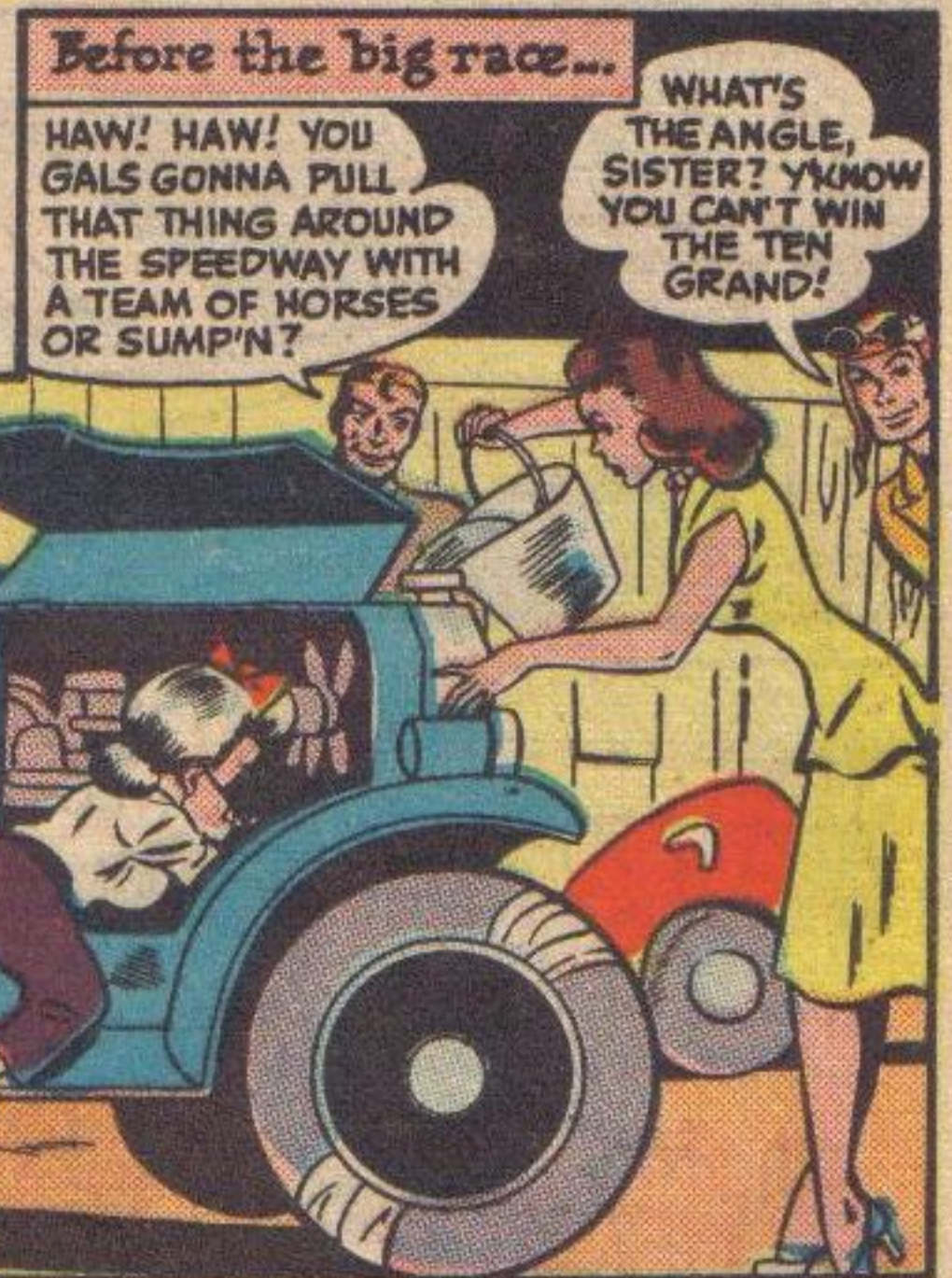


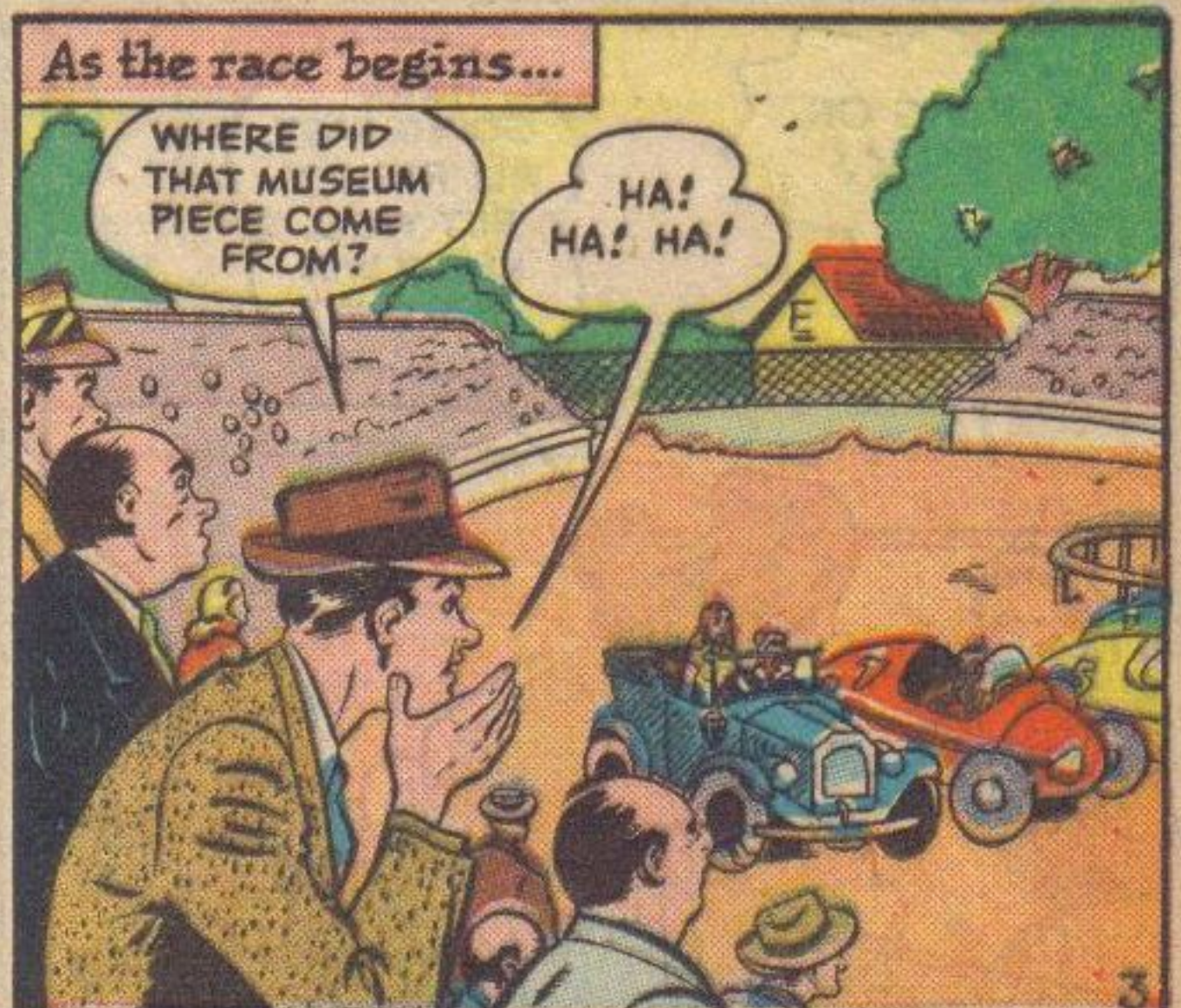
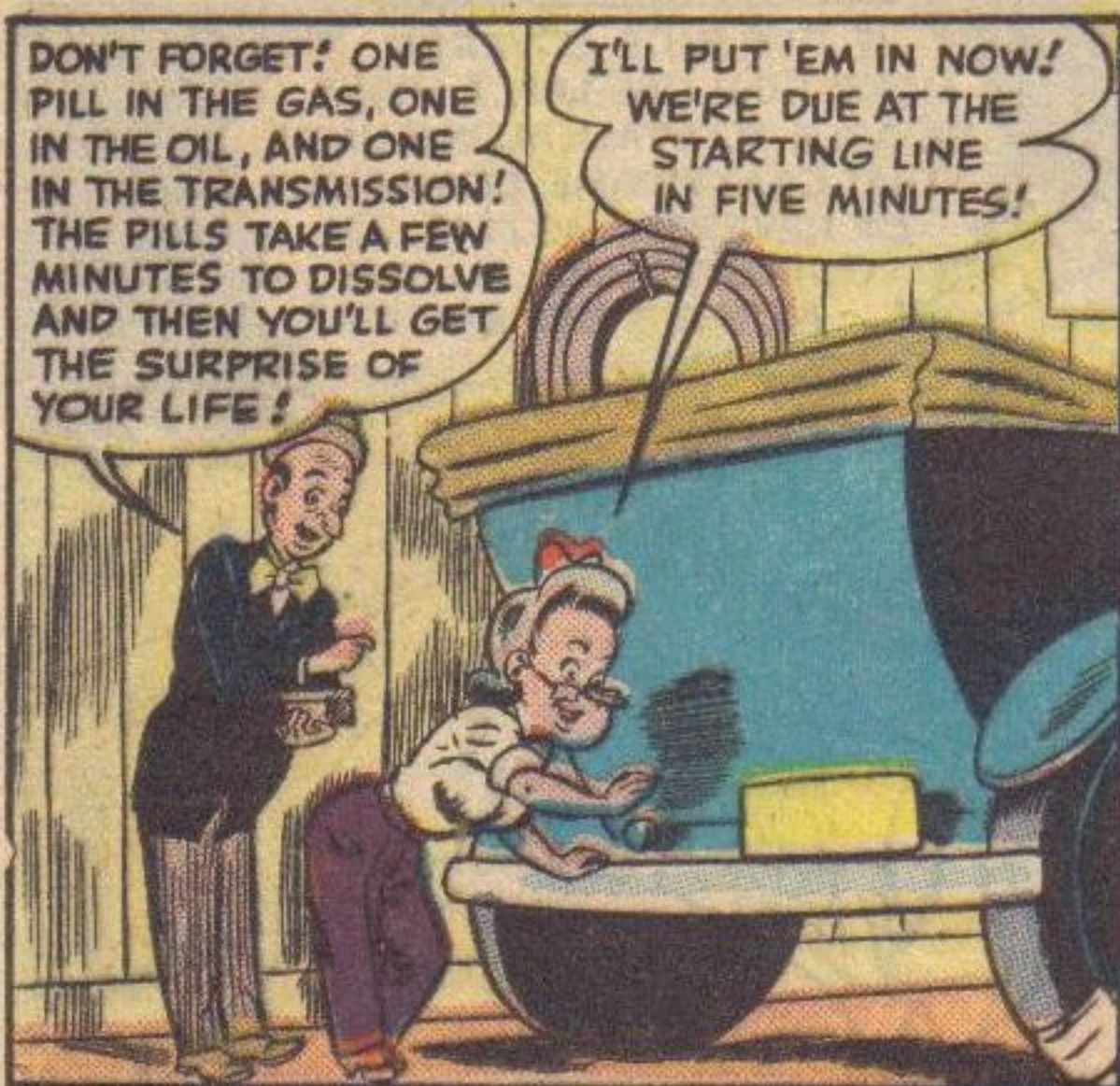
JONES'Y

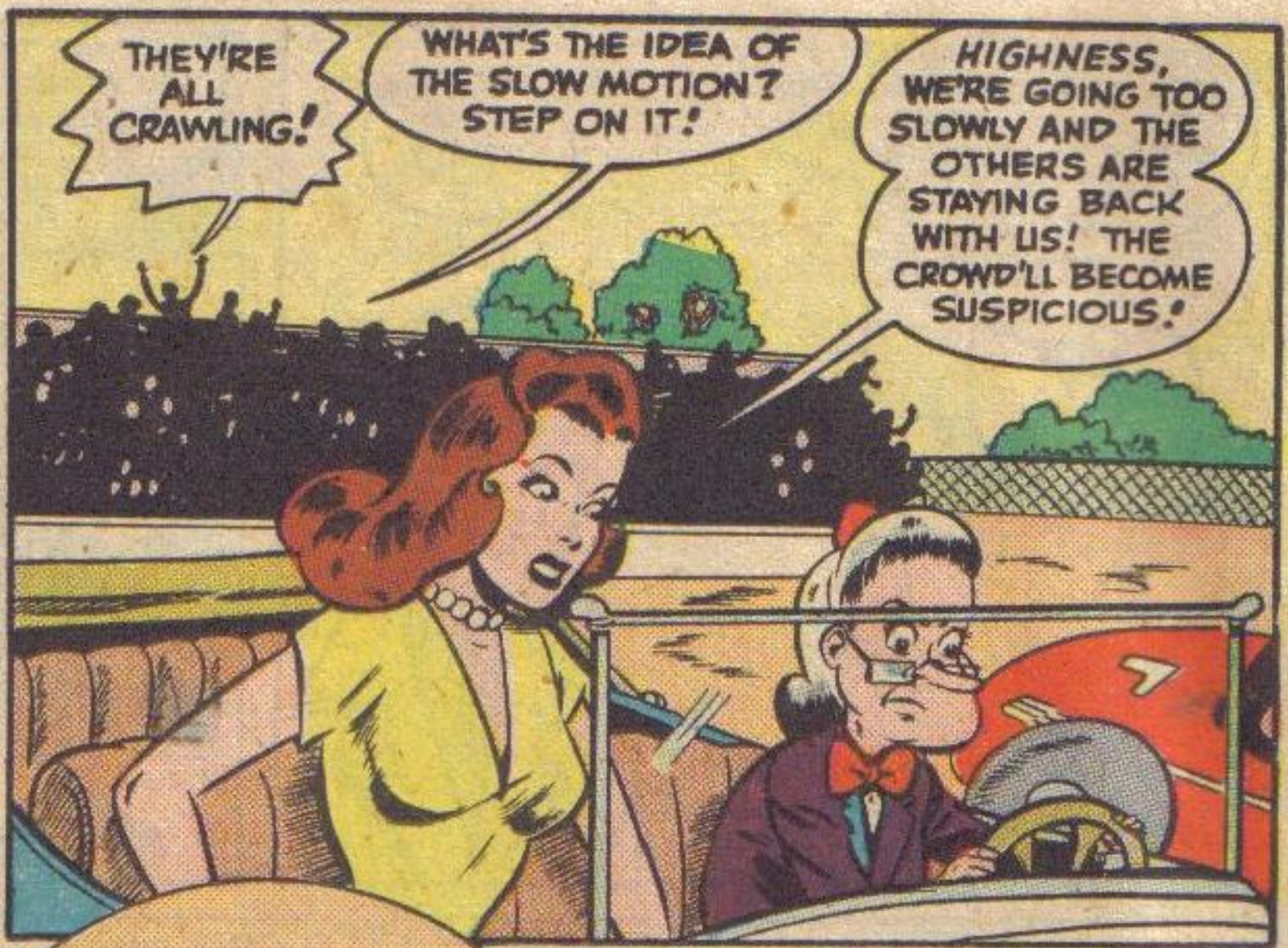


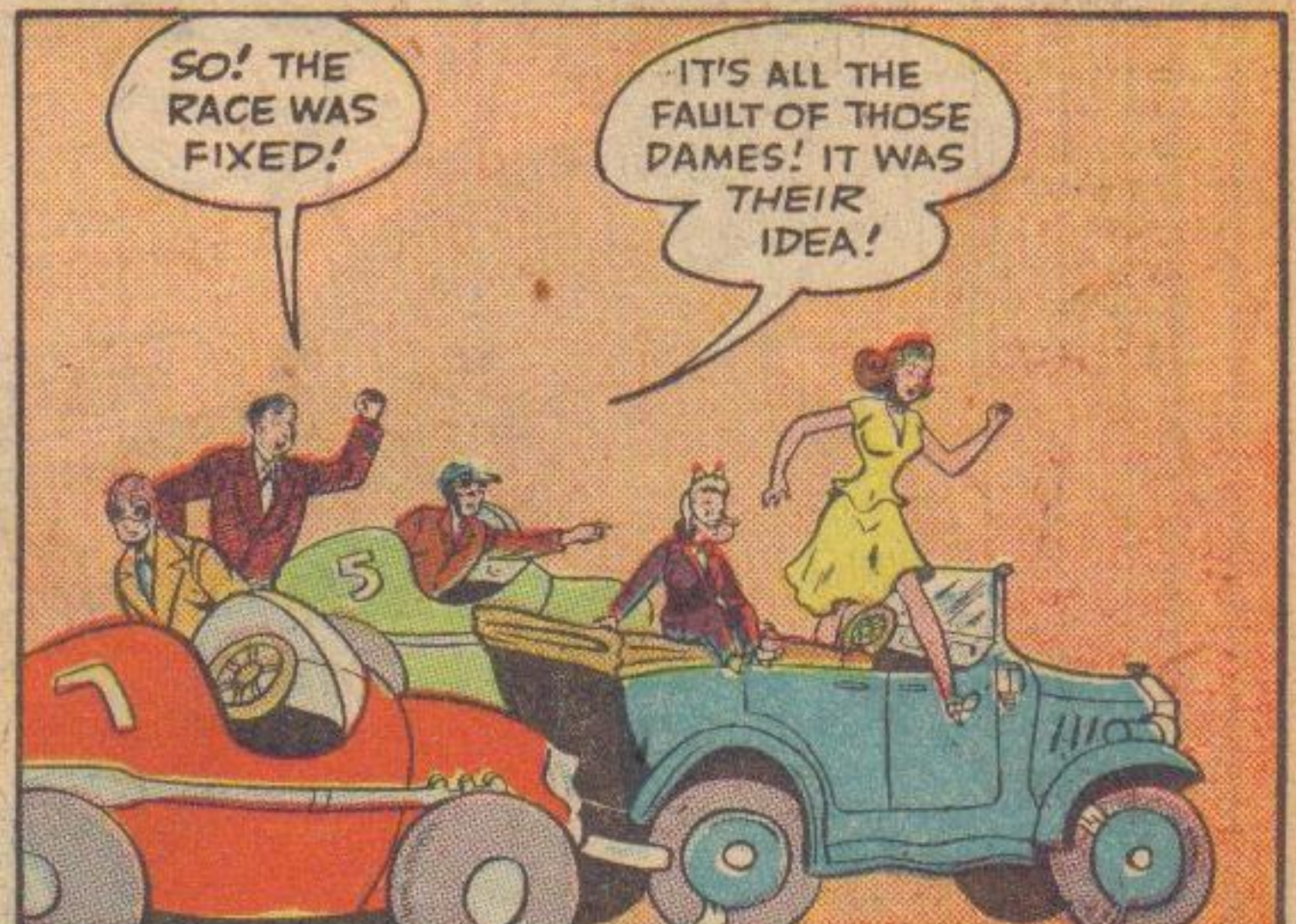
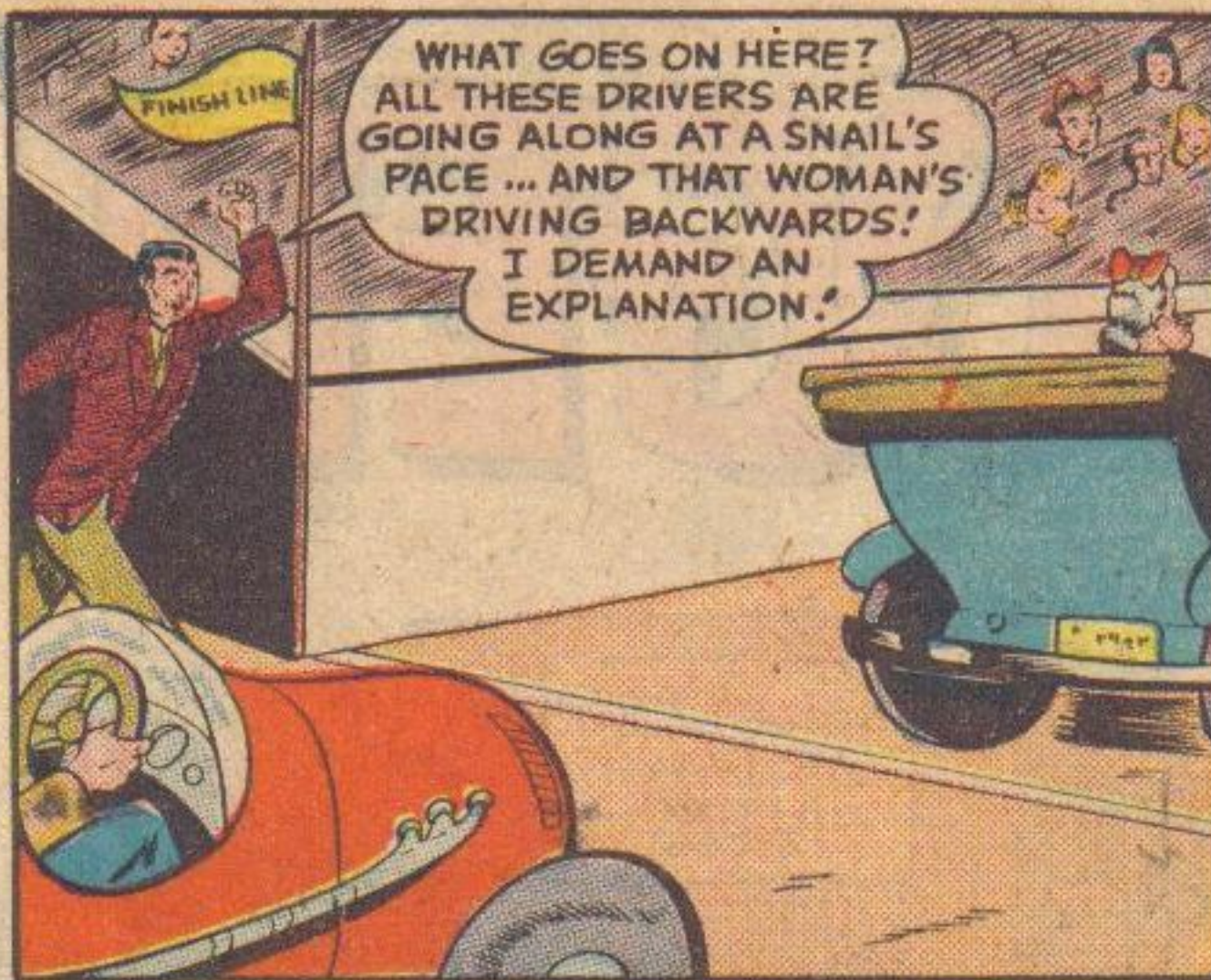
HER HIGHNESS





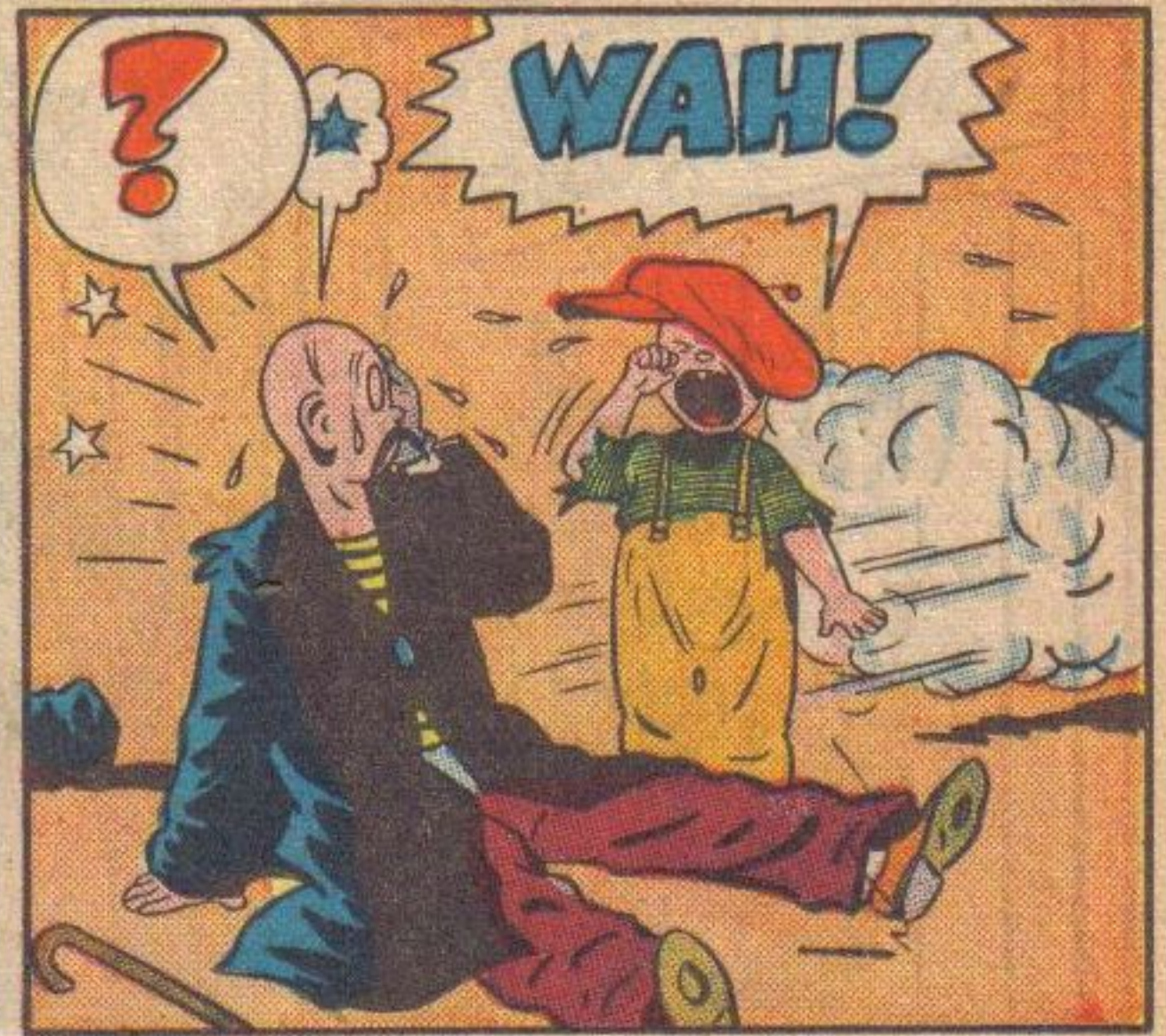
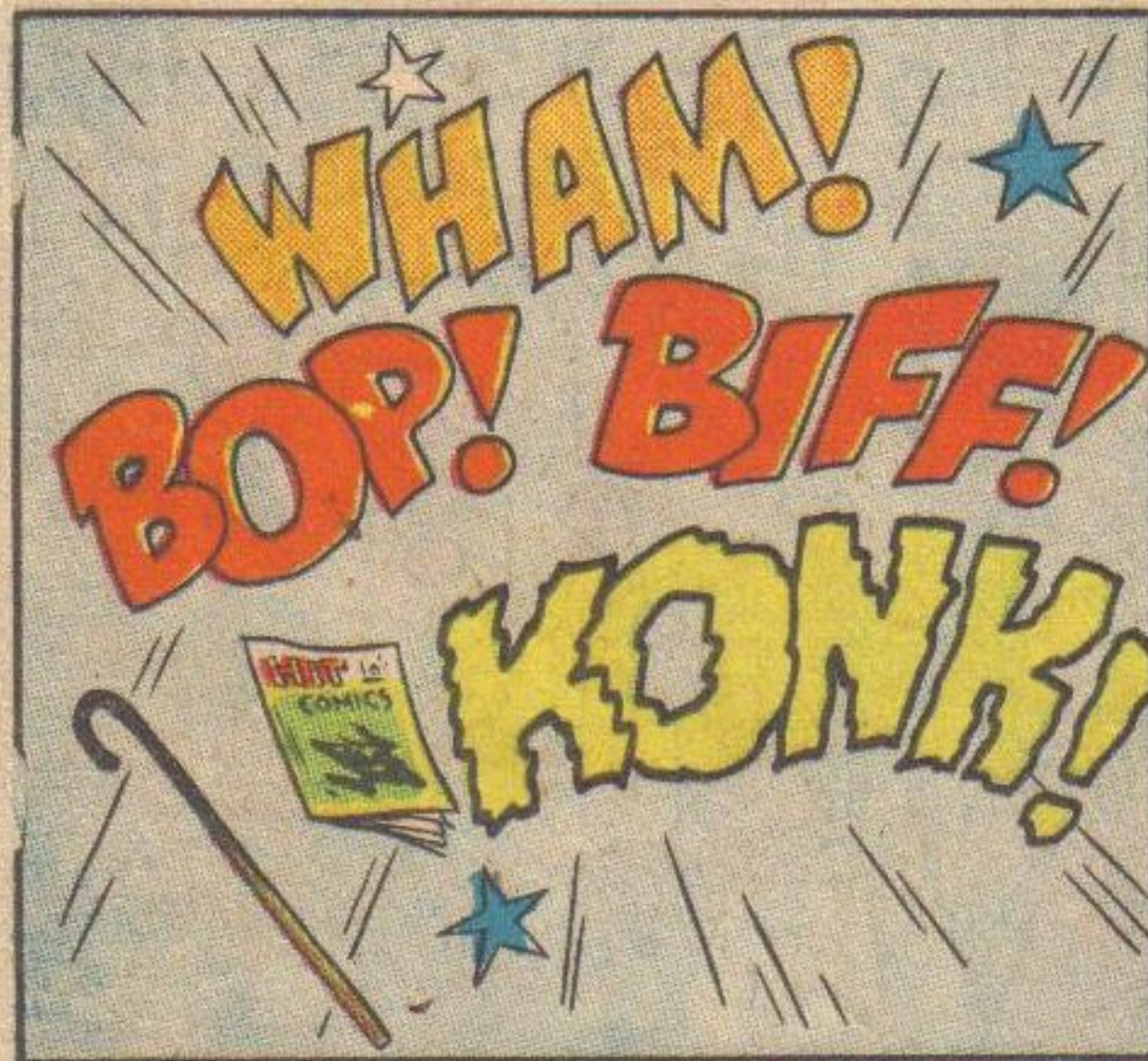
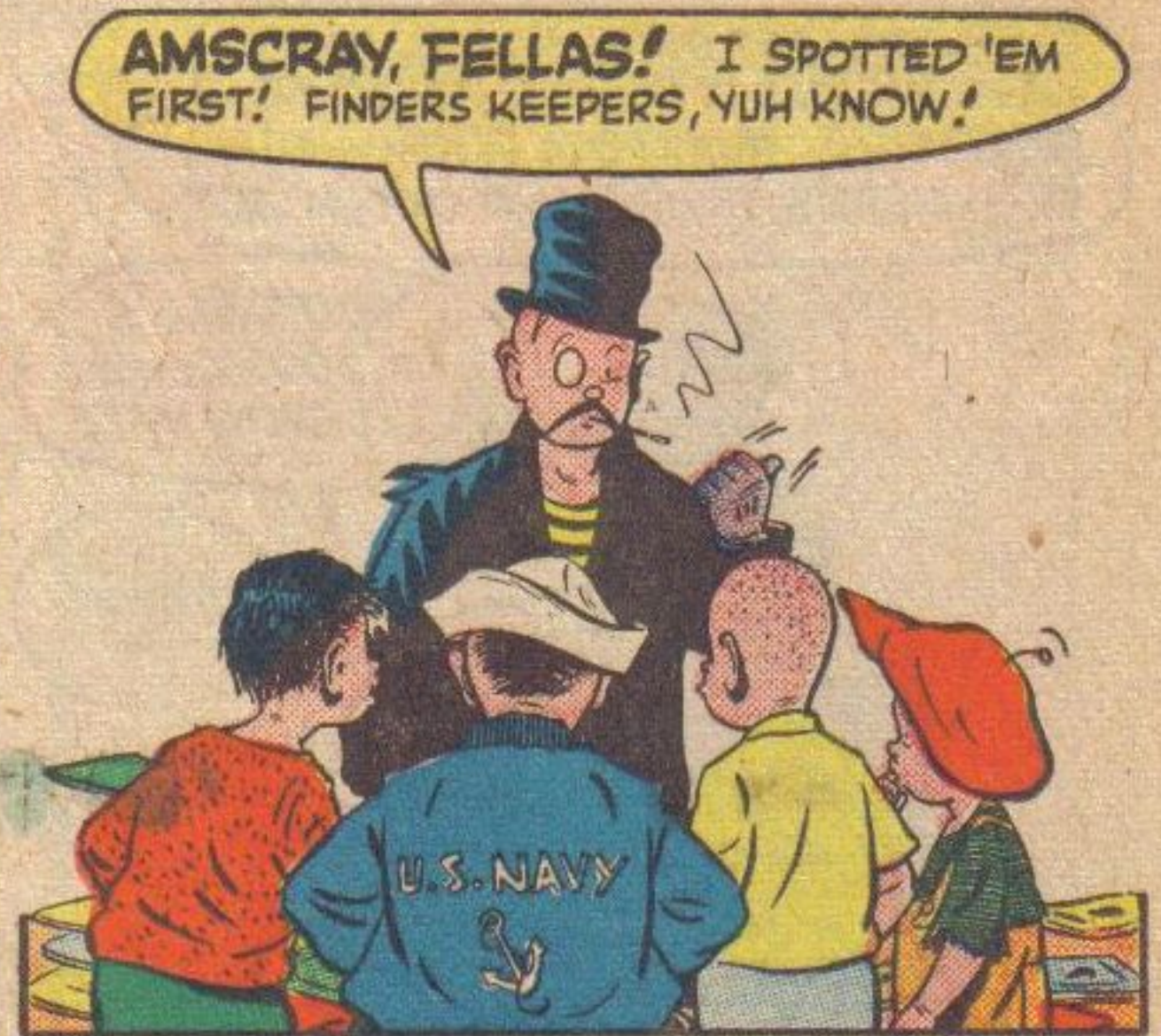






SIR ROGER





THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! WE'LL TEACH THOSE RASCALS IT DOESN'T PAY TO BE **SELFISH!** WHAT POOL ROOM ---AH--- ER---WHERE'S THEIR HANG-OUT, M'LAD?

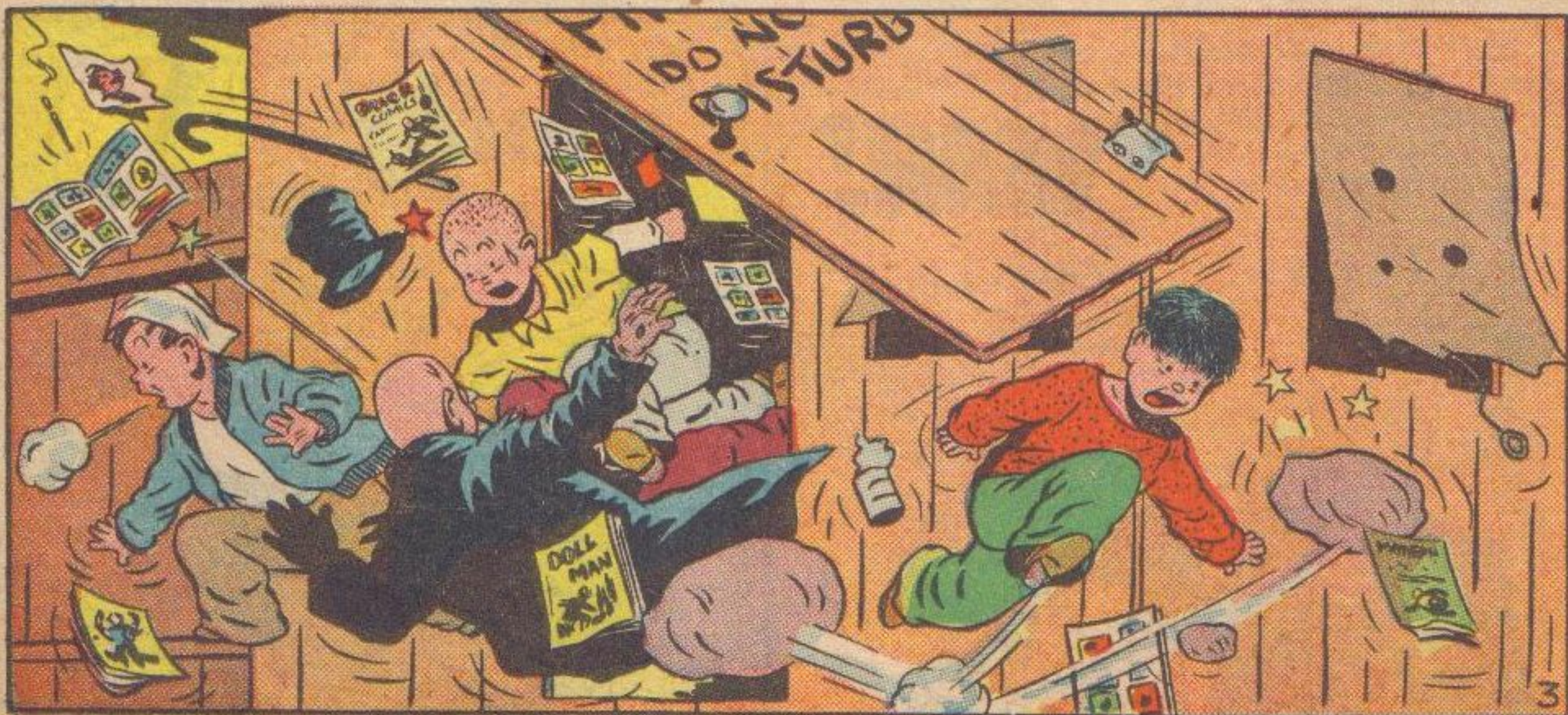
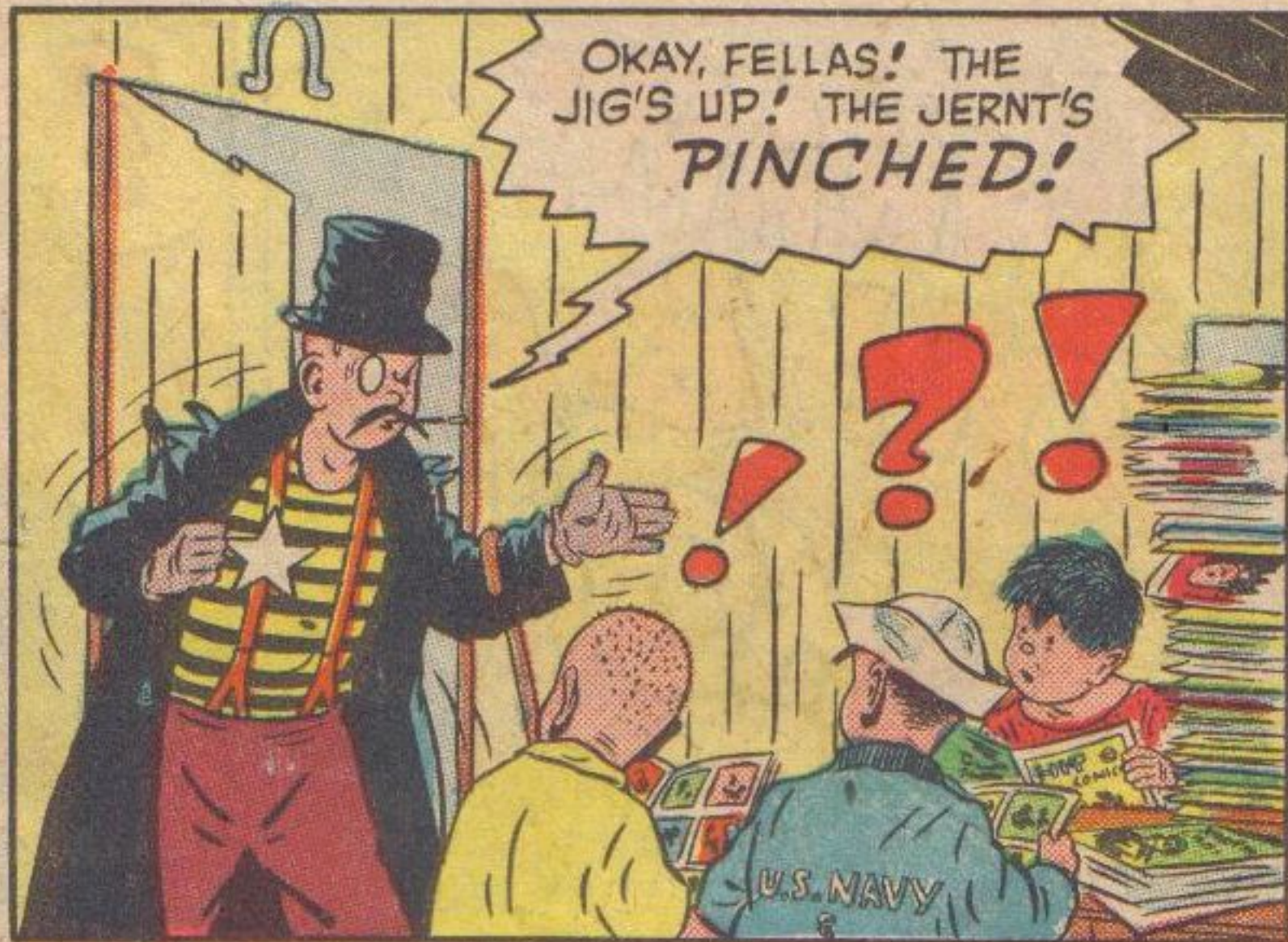
YOU WILL?
OH, BOY! COME---
I'LL SHOW YUZ!

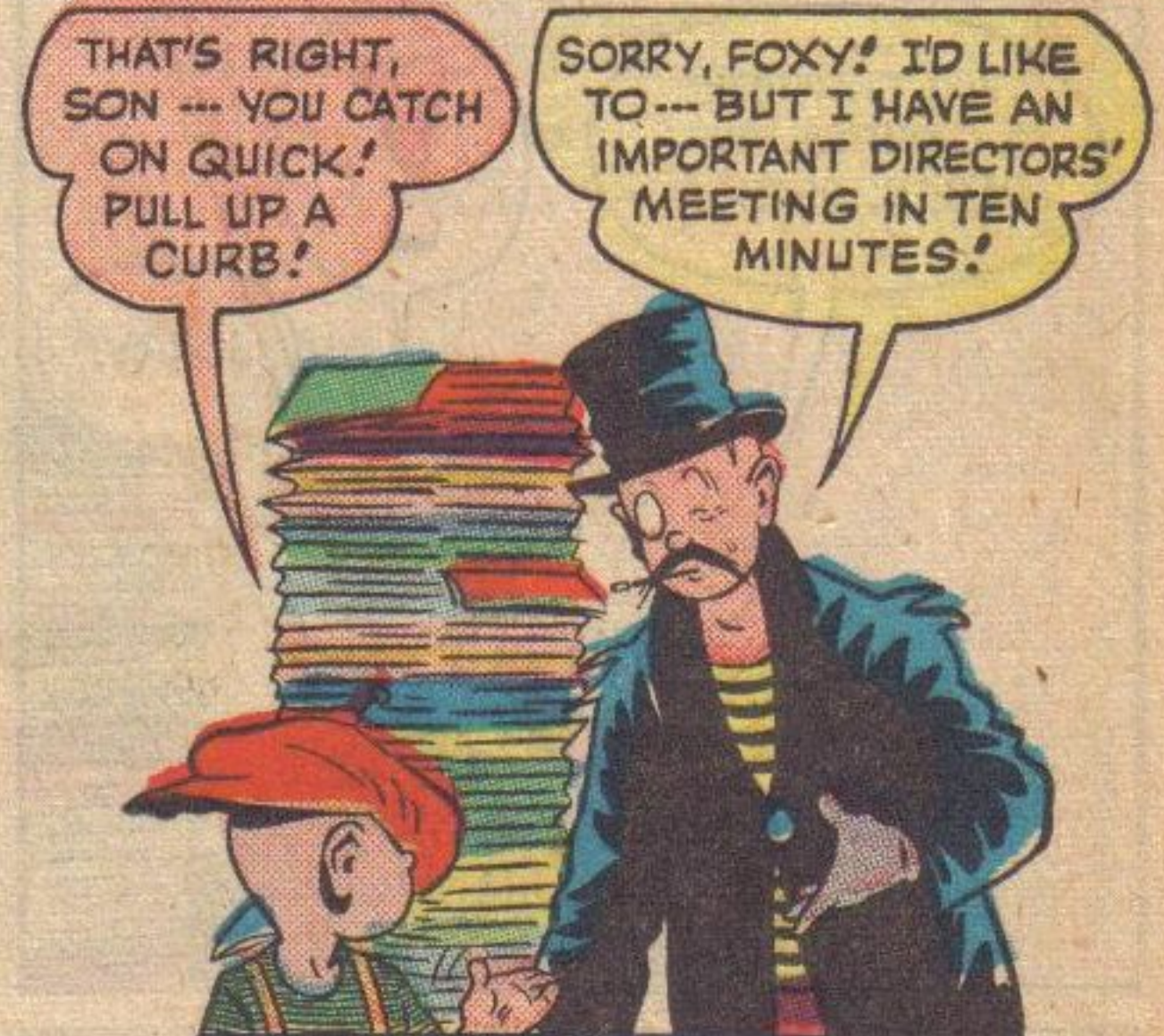
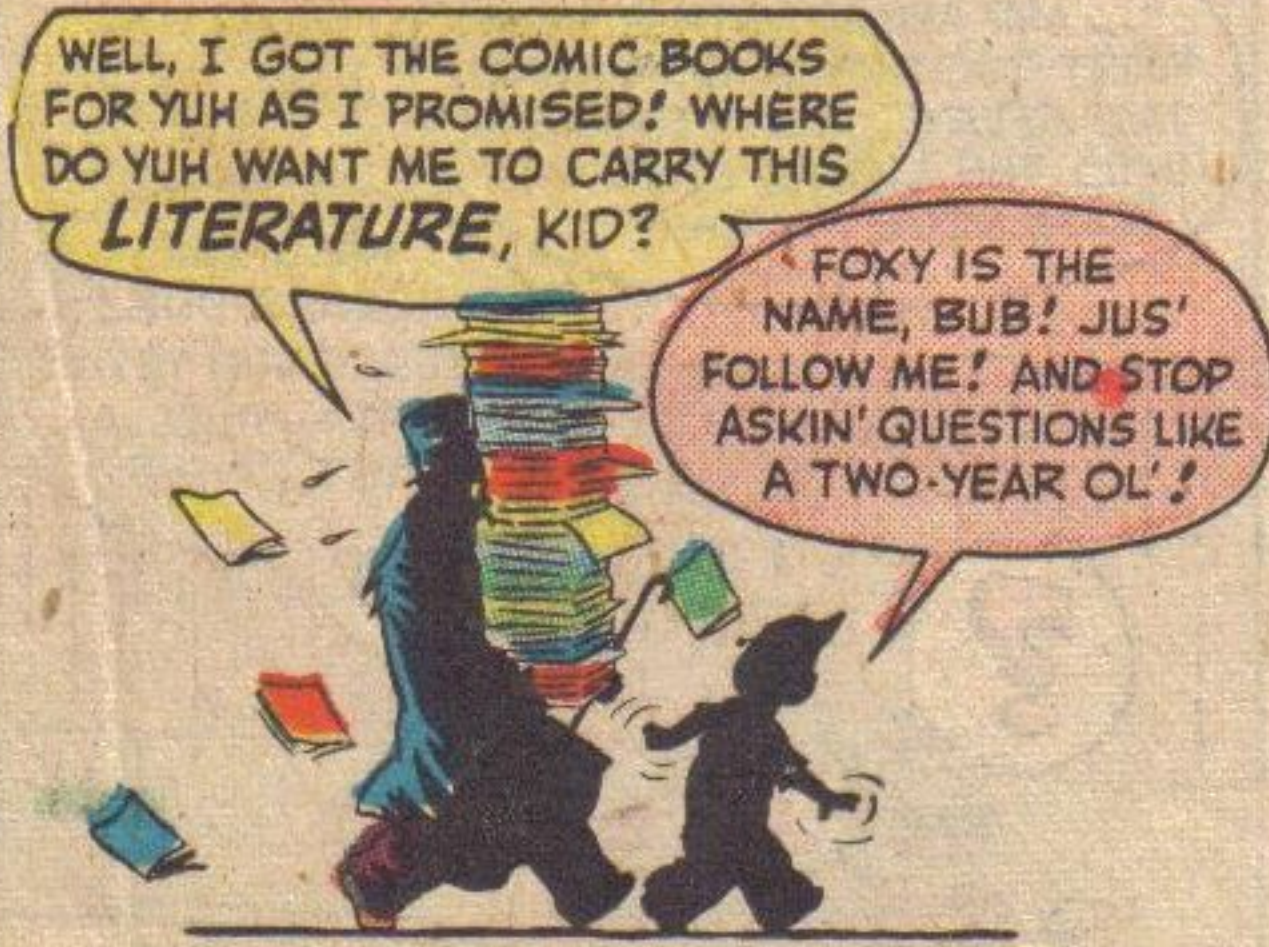
SNIFF!

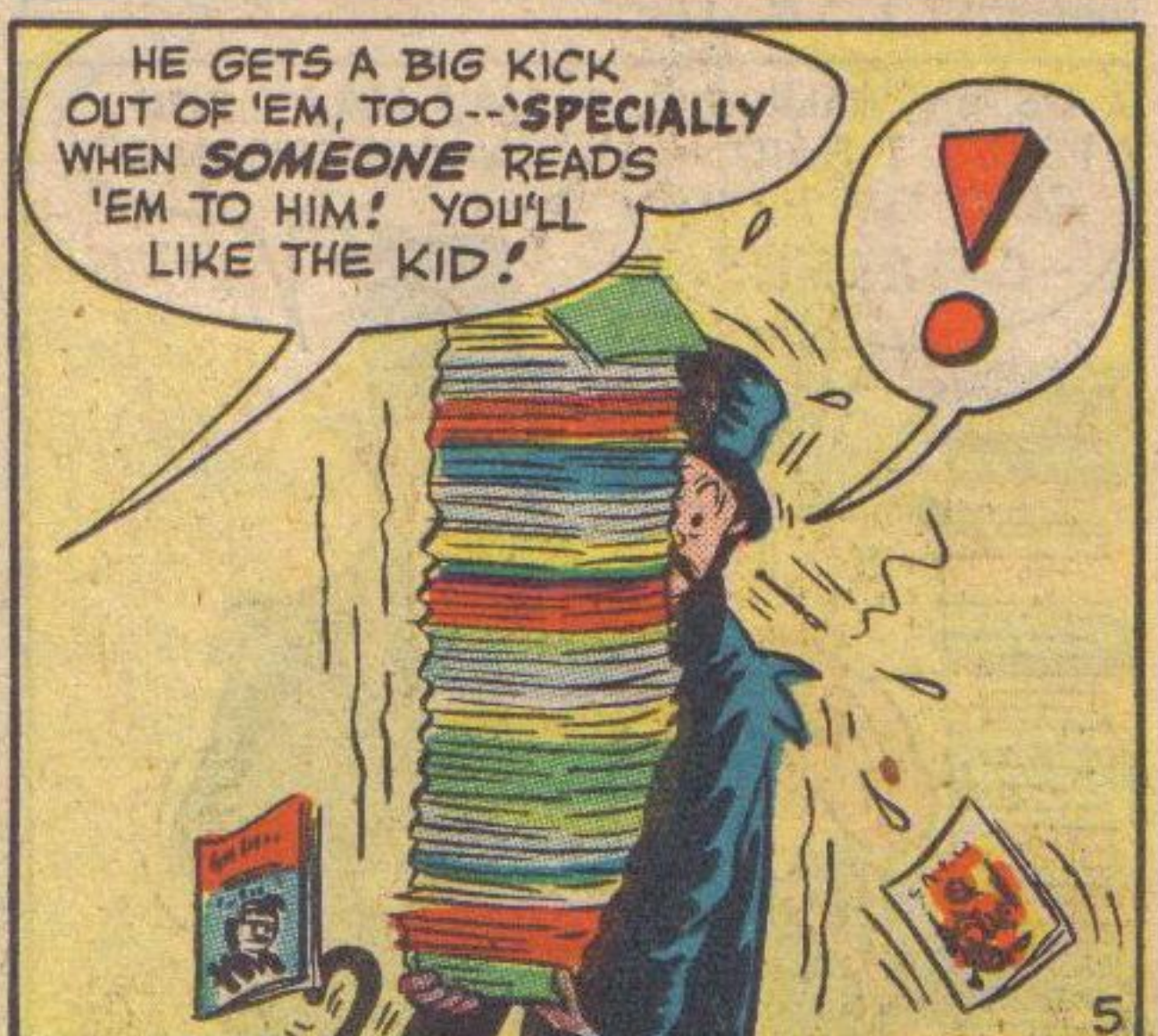
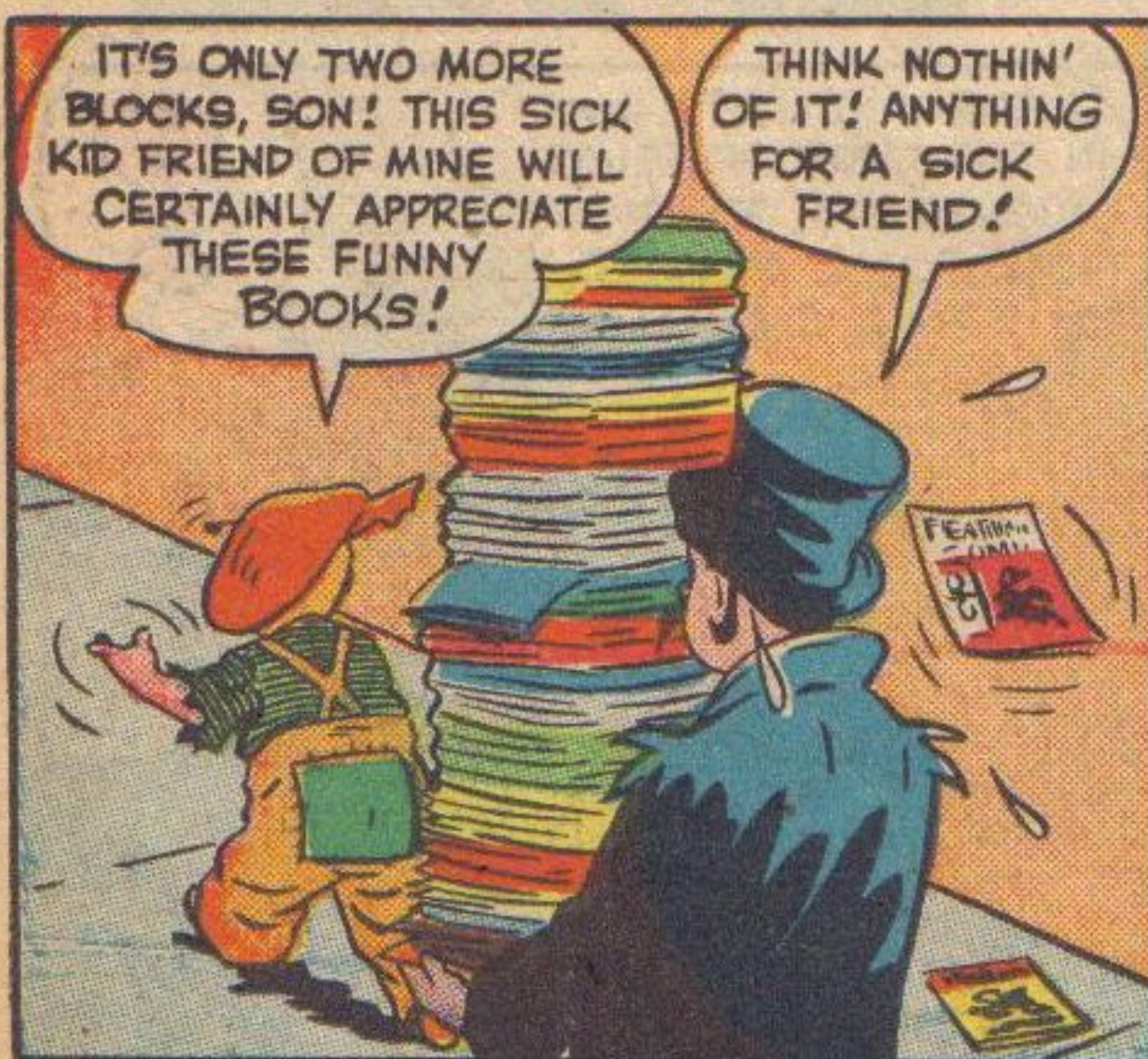
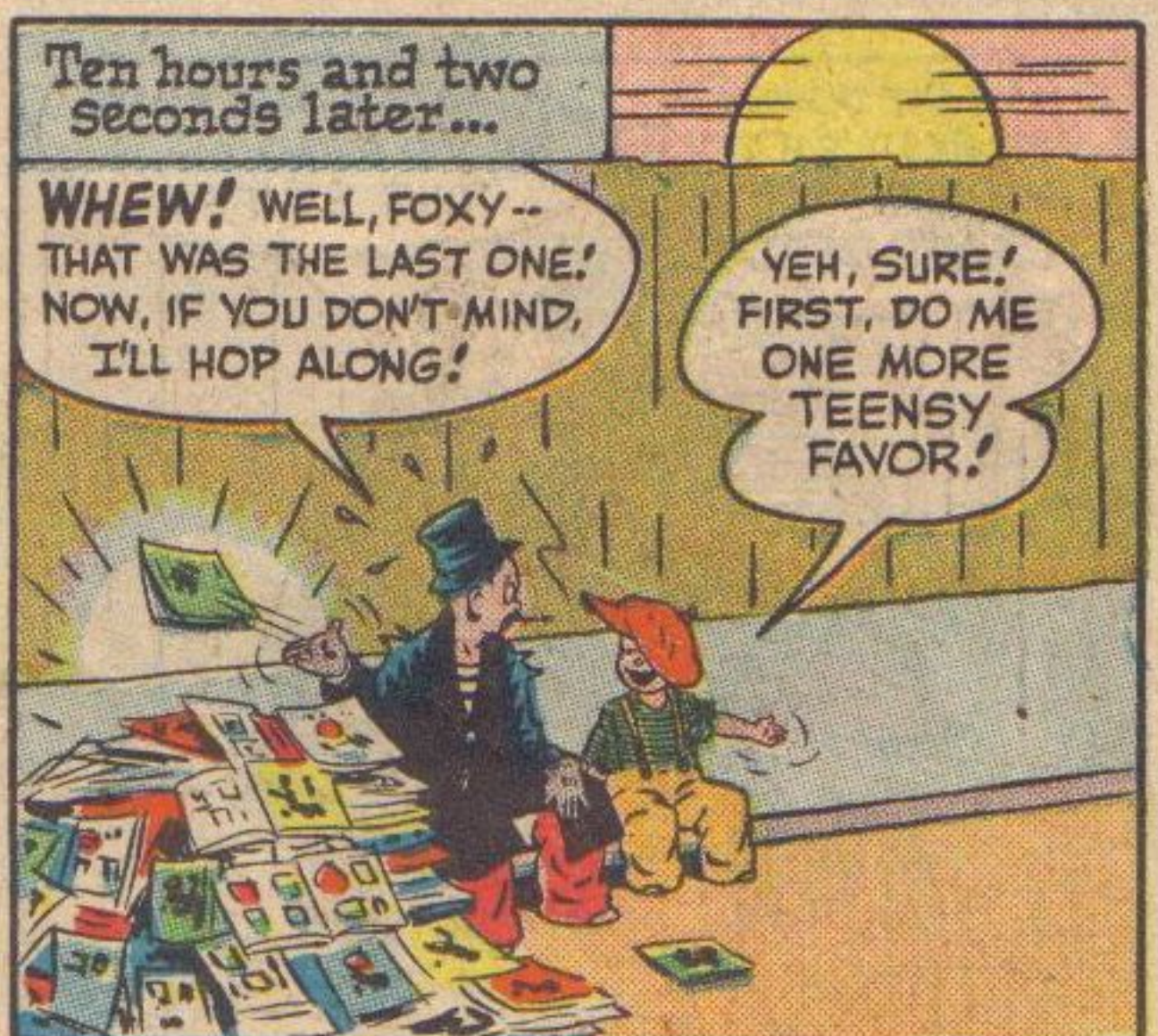


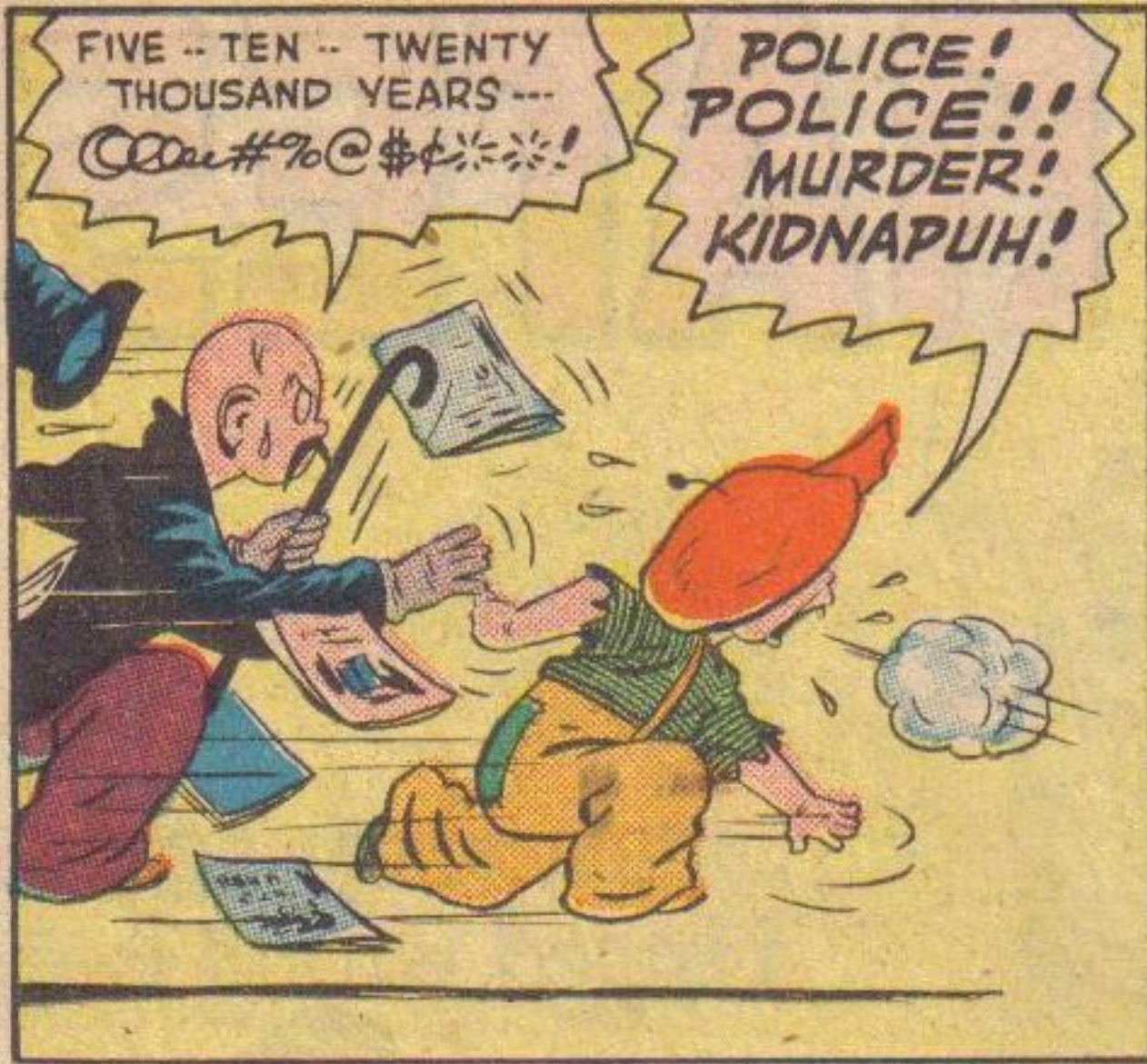
WAIT HERE, KID! I GOT AN IDEA! I'LL GET EVERY ONE OF THOSE COMIC BOOKS BACK FOR YUH!

HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HA! HA!









HIT COMICS

BETTY BATES

The SCALES
OF JUSTICE...

... can they be
tipped wrong?



Betty Bates, beautiful young district attorney, has an anxious moment as the balance seems to be going toward **EVIL!**

BETTY, MOST GLAMOROUS DISTRICT ATTORNEY IN THE KNOWN WORLD, HOW'S FOR A DATE --- A KIND WORD --- OR, AT LEAST, A HOT ITEM FOR MY PAPER?

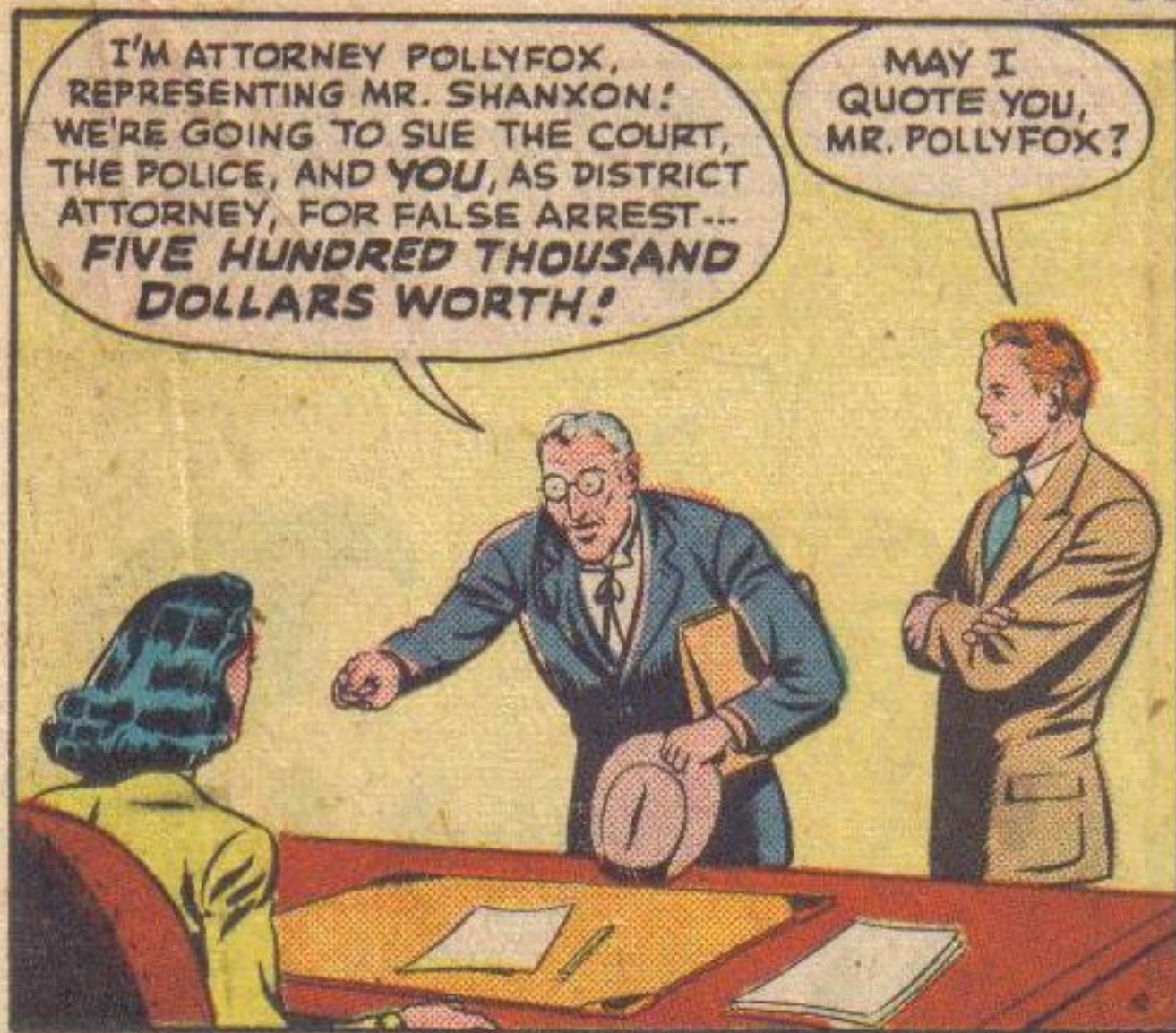
THE LAST, I CAN GIVE YOU, LARRY! WE'RE DISMISSING THE CHARGES AGAINST GILL SHANXON!

I STILL THINK HE'S THE BRAINS BEHIND THE RECENT MOVE TO ORGANIZE THE VARIOUS RACKETS INTO ONE BIG CRIME COMBINE! BUT WE CAN'T PROVE ---

YOU CERTAINLY CAN'T, MISS BATES!

BETTY BA

PRIVATE



I'M ATTORNEY POLLYFOX, REPRESENTING MR. SHAXON! WE'RE GOING TO SUE THE COURT, THE POLICE, AND **YOU**, AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY, FOR FALSE ARREST... **FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH!**

MAY I QUOTE YOU, MR. POLLYFOX?



PRAY, DO, YOUNG MAN! WE WANT THE PAPERS TO HAVE ALL THE TRUTH IN THIS DISGUSTING PERSECUTION OF MY CLIENT! GOOD DAY!

LARRY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY FRIEND! IF YOU PRINT THIS ---



SORRY, BETTY! I'VE A DUTY TO THE READING PUBLIC! GOTTA MAKE AN EDITION!

YOU'RE RIGHT AT THAT, LARRY... WHICH MAKES IT **GRIM!**



Later... a conference ---

THE CHIEF AND I AGREE THAT SHAXON HAS A STRONG CASE AGAINST US, MISS BATES! HE CAN SUE --- AND PROBABLY COLLECT!

THE FACT REMAINS, JUDGE, THAT WE'RE ALL **SURE** HE'S GUILTY OF A MOVE TO FORM A **RACKET CORPORATION!**



IF HE CAN WIN HIS SUIT, HIS ATTORNEYS WILL PROBABLY TRY TO REMOVE US **ALL** FROM OFFICE --- YOU, THE JUDGE AND ME!

BECAUSE HE KNOWS WE'RE HONEST--AND WITHOUT US HE CAN GET AWAY WITH **ANYTHING!** WELL, I'VE JUST BEGUN TO FIGHT! WATCH ME!



And, at the same time ---

IS THAT DICTAPHONE WORKING, WUPPY?

ENOUGH SO I CAN HEAR THAT DISTRICT ATTORNEY DAME, SHAXON! SHE SAYS SHE'LL GET NEW EVIDENCE TO SEND YOU UP!

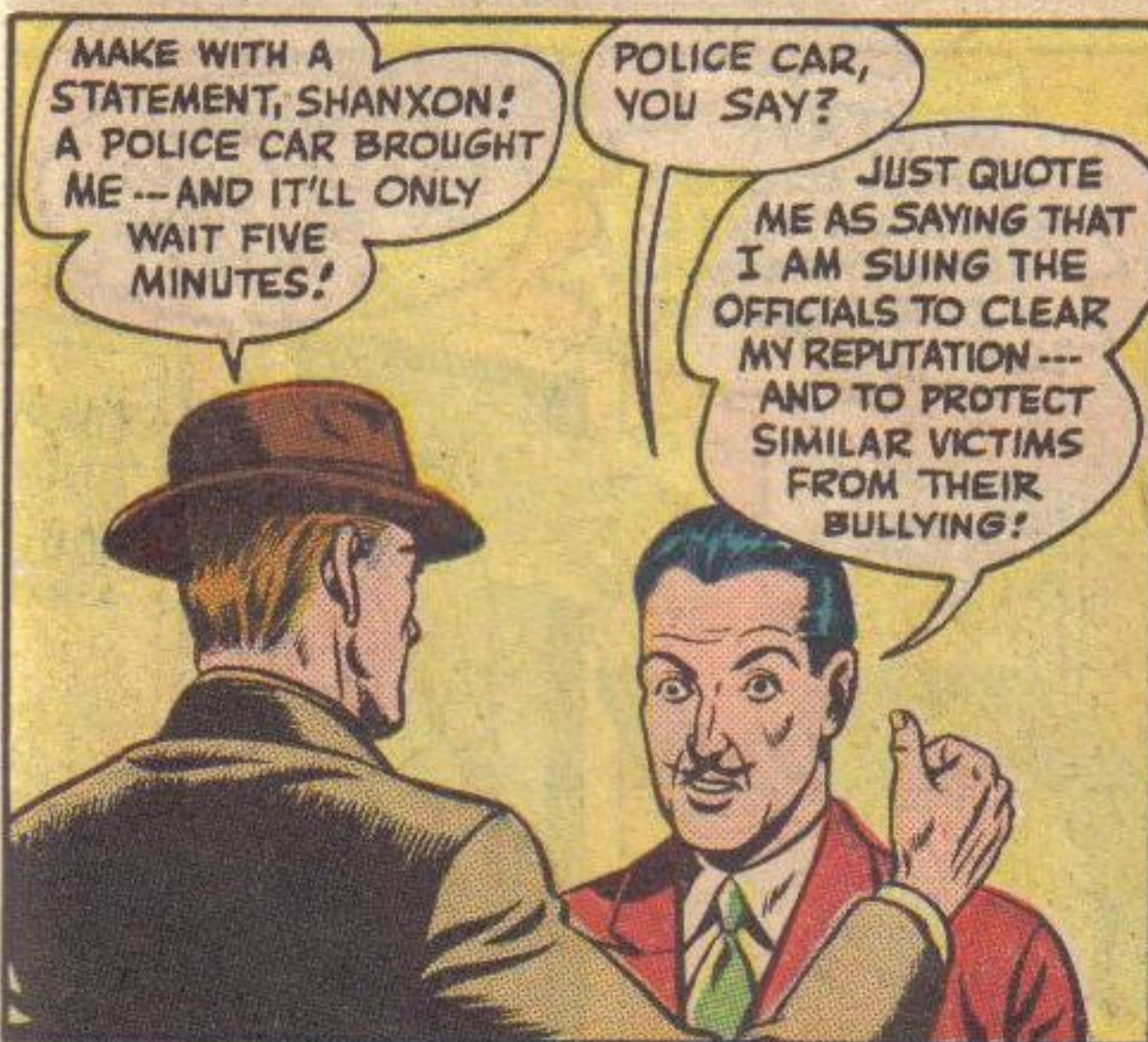


HMMM! I THOUGHT I'D FRIGHTENED HER INTO ACCEPTANCE!

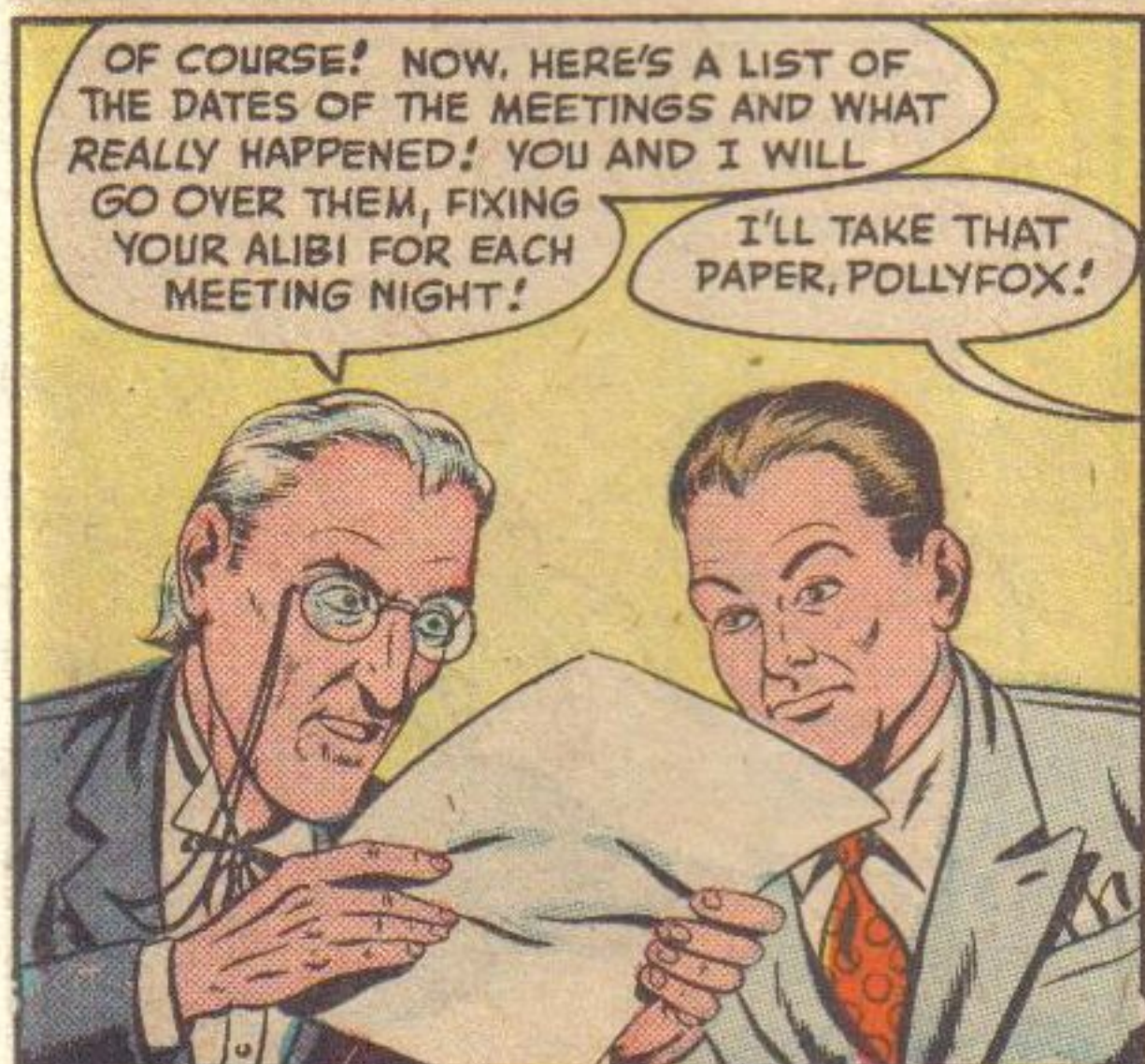
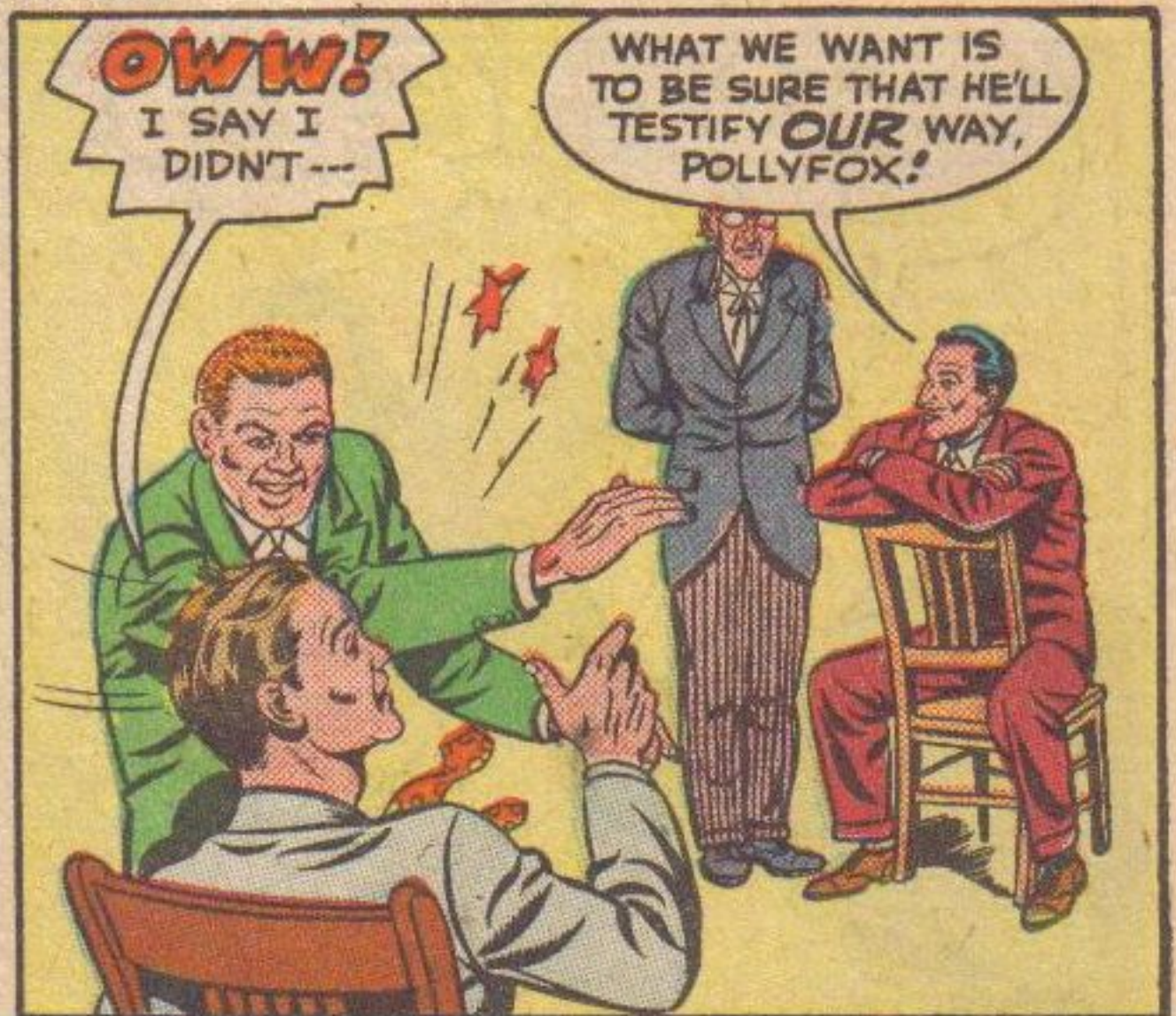
SHE NEEDS ANOTHER KIND OF SCARING, POLLYFOX! OR MAYBE SHE NEEDS MORE THAN THAT--- MAYBE WUPPY AND I SHOULD TAKE OVER!

HIT COMICS











HIT COMICS



LEAVE SOME OF HIM FOR THE DISBARMENT COMMITTEE, BETTY!

YOU'RE RIGHT, LARRY! AND THERE'S STILL MR. HODGE!



I'VE A NEW GRIP-AND-FALL I'VE BEEN ACHING TO TRY!

PLEASE, LADY! ALL THIS WAS NEW TO ME WHEN I SAW IT IN THE PAPER!



BUT SINCE THE PAPER SAID I'D TESTIFY FOR YOU, I DON'T WANNA MAKE A PATSY OUTA THE EDITOR! COUNT ME ON YOUR SIDE!

HERE WE ARE, BETTY --- JUST WHEN YOU TOLD US TO COME!



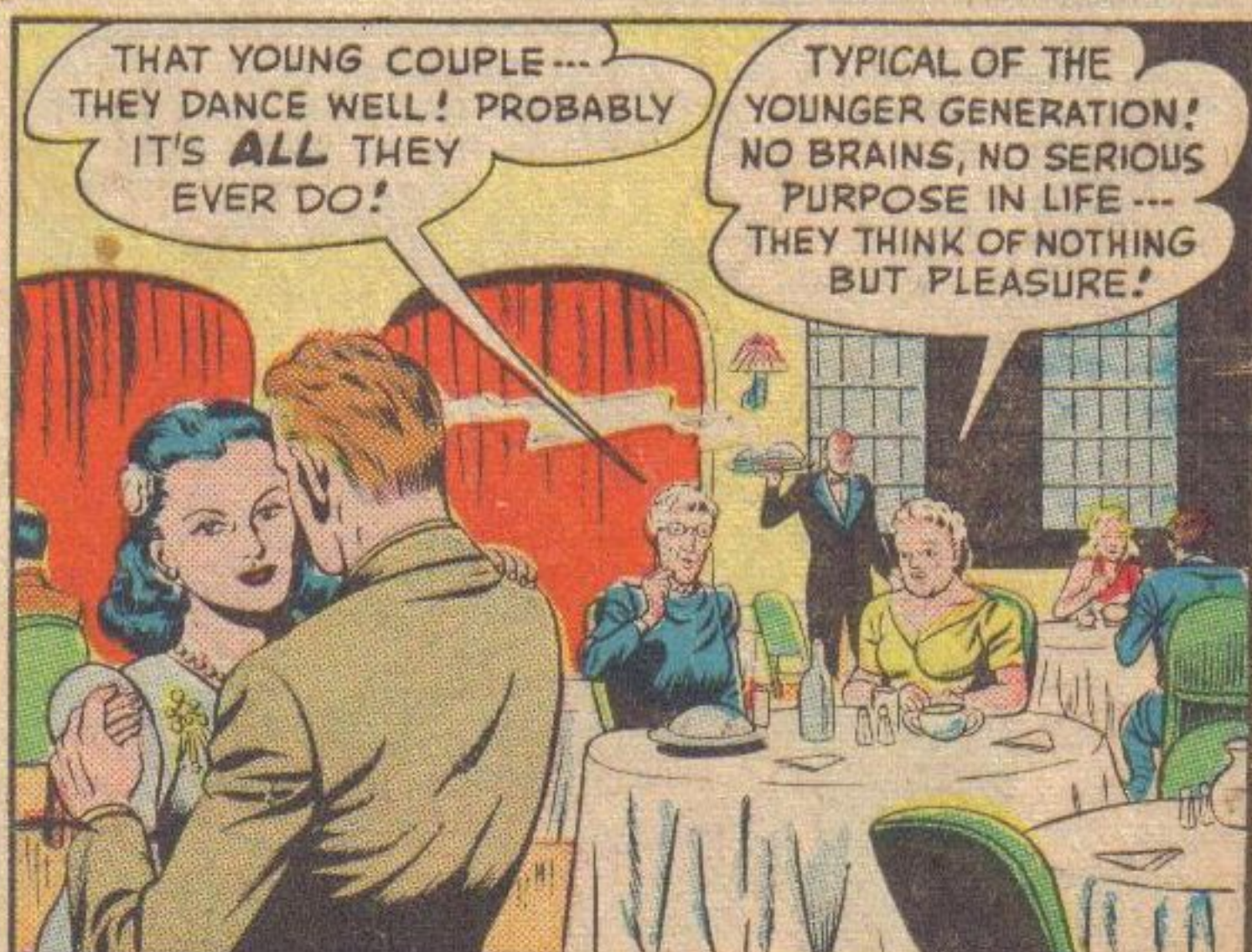
TAKE CHARGE OF THEM, CHIEF! WE HAVE THEM PRACTICALLY CONVICTED! IT WAS SMART OF YOU TO BRING ALONG THAT MACHINE GUN, LARRY!

SURE! IT WAS THE BEST I COULD BUY IN THE TOY STORE! LISTEN TO IT!



HERE, KID! I'M A SORT OF ADVANCE AGENT FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY!

AT THE BEGINNING OF ALL THIS, LARRY, YOU ASKED ME FOR A **DATE!** IF THAT OFFER STILL GOES, HOW ABOUT GOING DANCING?



THAT YOUNG COUPLE --- THEY DANCE WELL! PROBABLY IT'S **ALL** THEY EVER DO!

TYPICAL OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION! NO BRAINS, NO SERIOUS PURPOSE IN LIFE --- THEY THINK OF NOTHING BUT PLEASURE!

HIT COMICS

CHARLIE HORSE

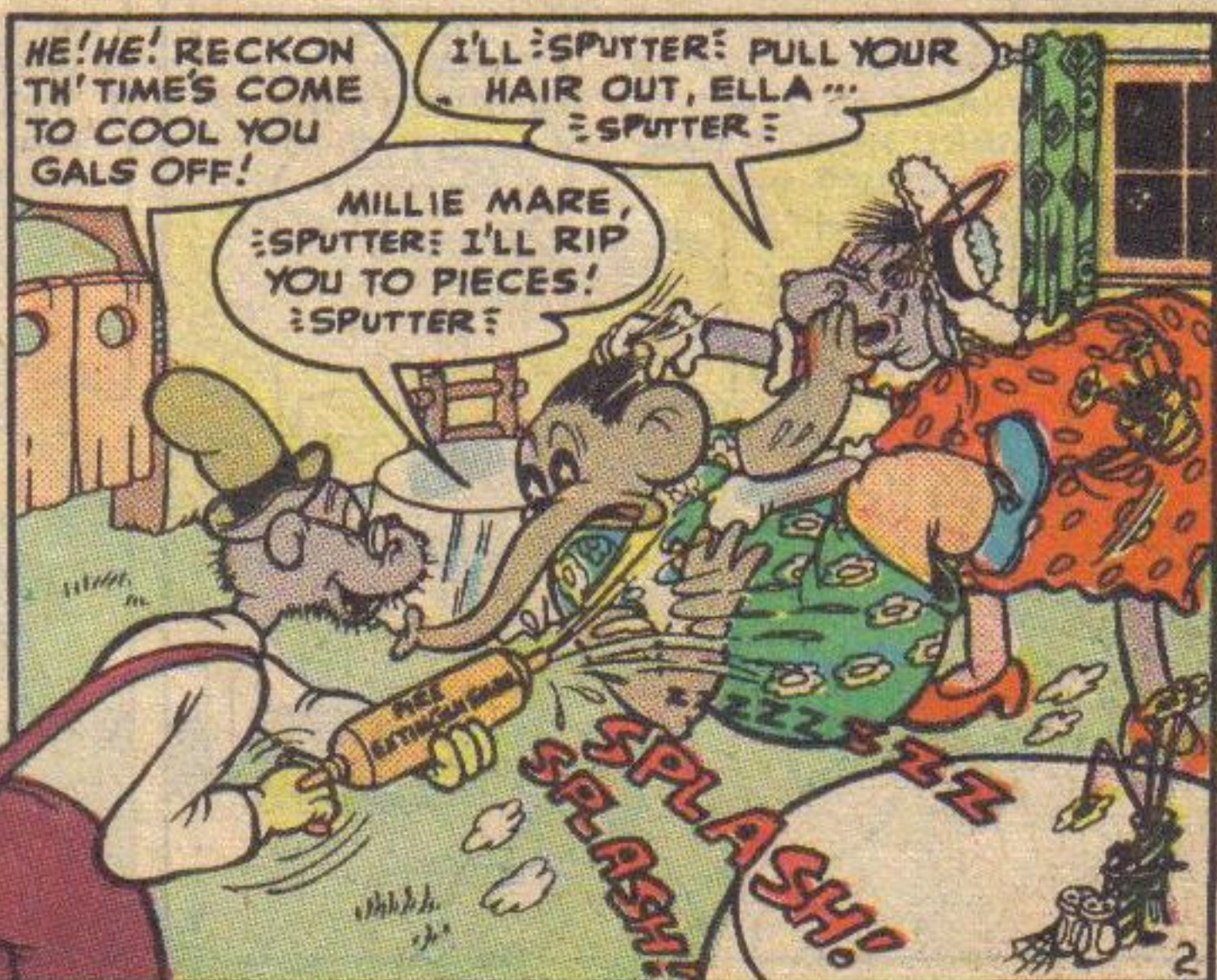
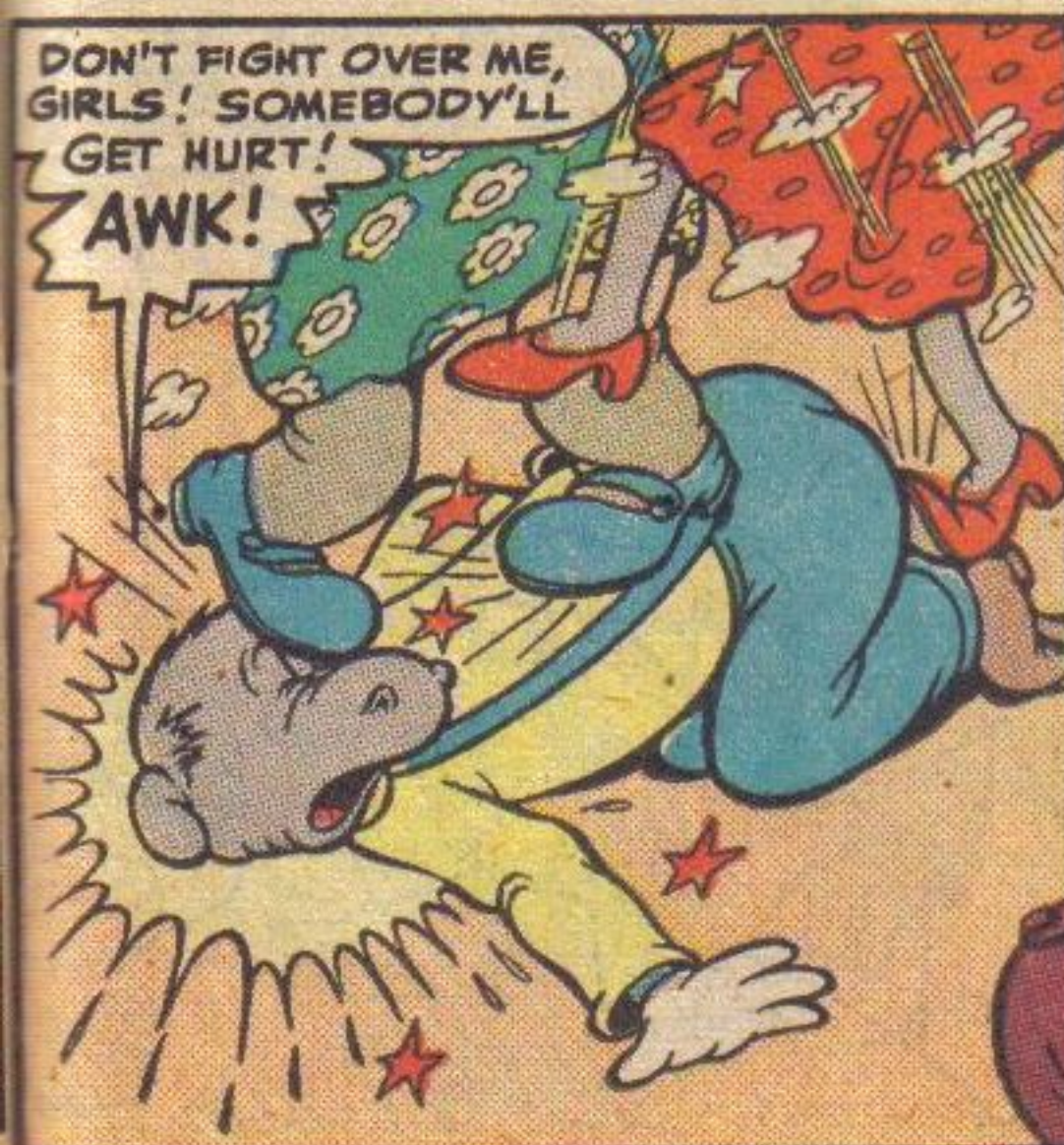
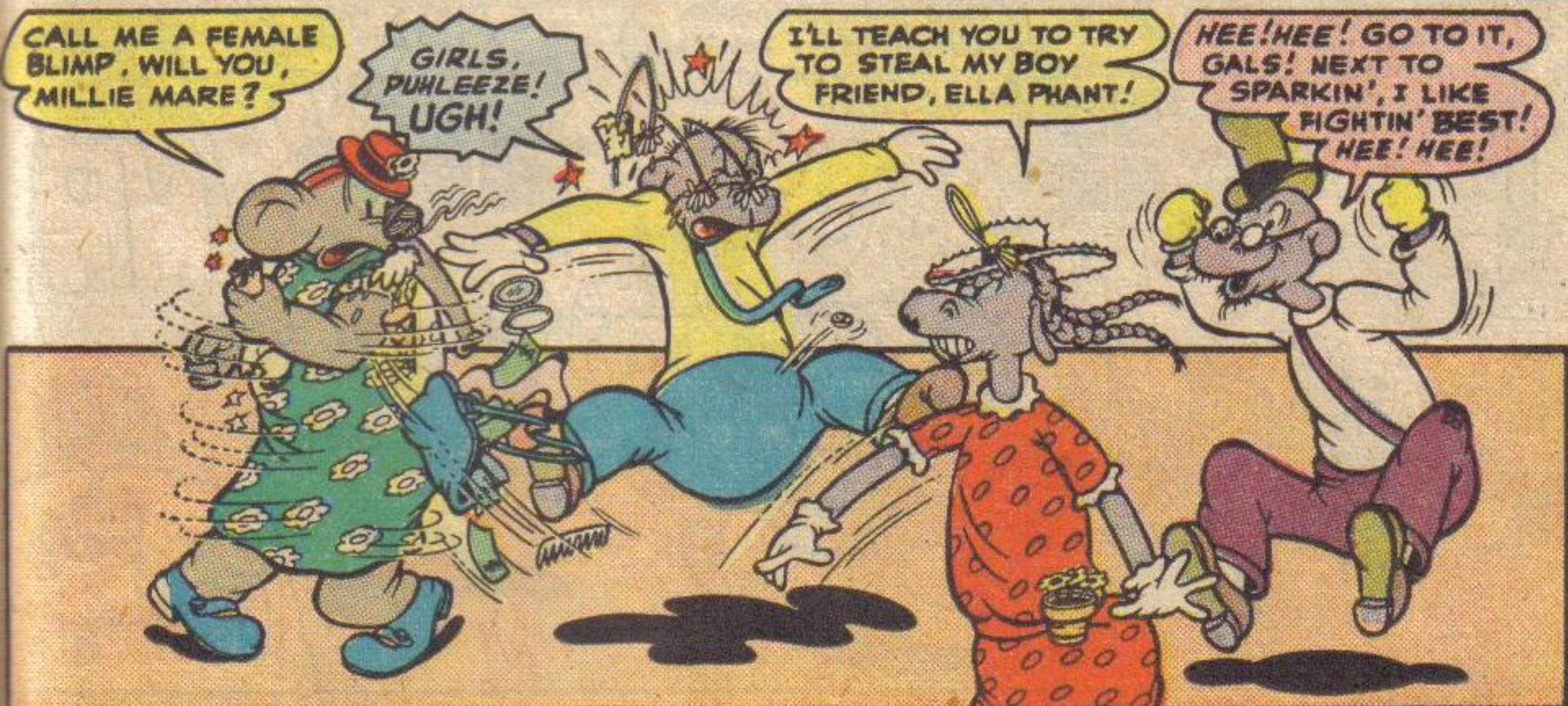
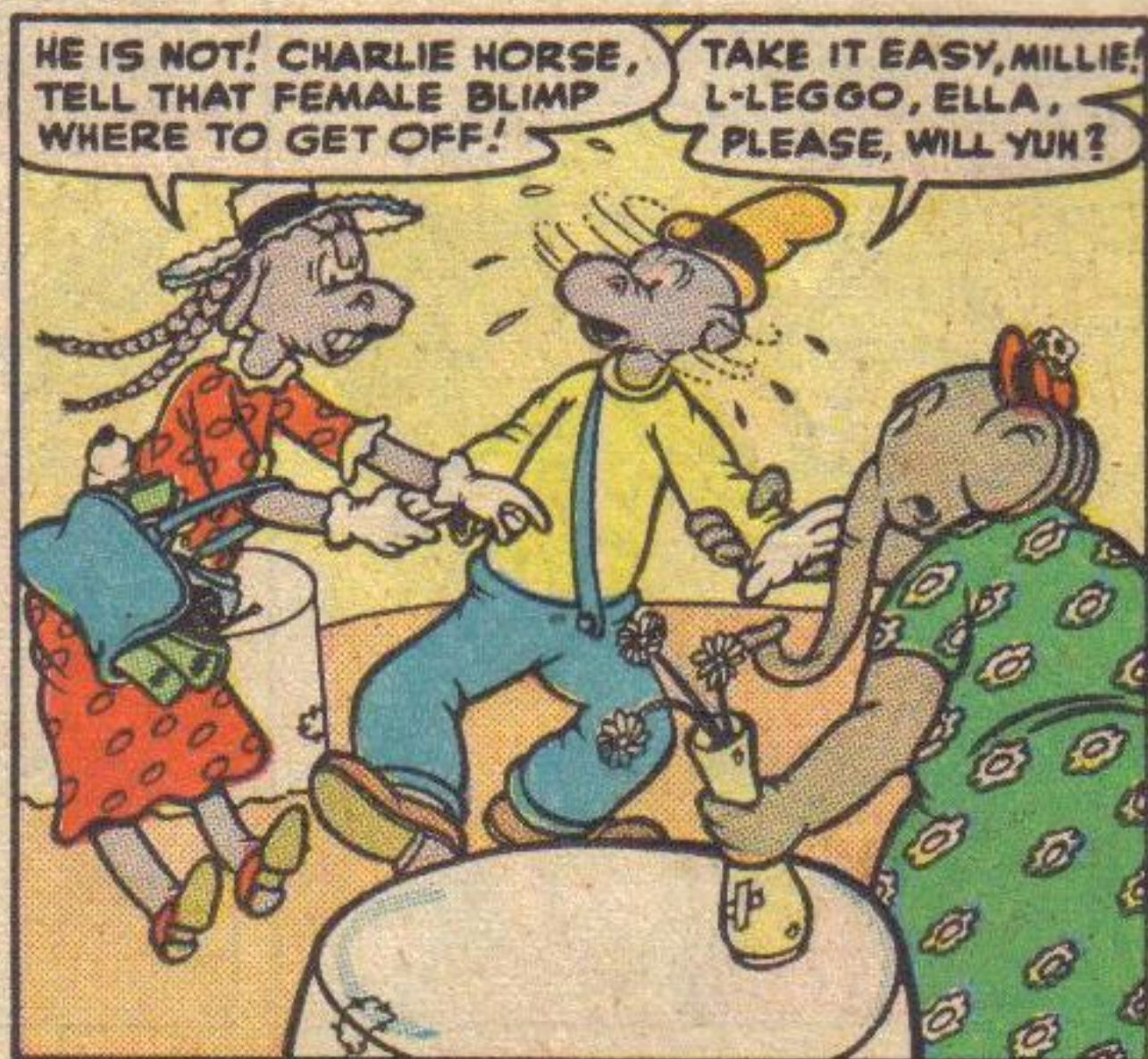


When Charlie Horse and his pal, Jeepers Creepers, mix love potions with hate potions, the result is an atomic bombshell...a burst of high-powered action and laughs in a hilariously crazy comedy of errors.....

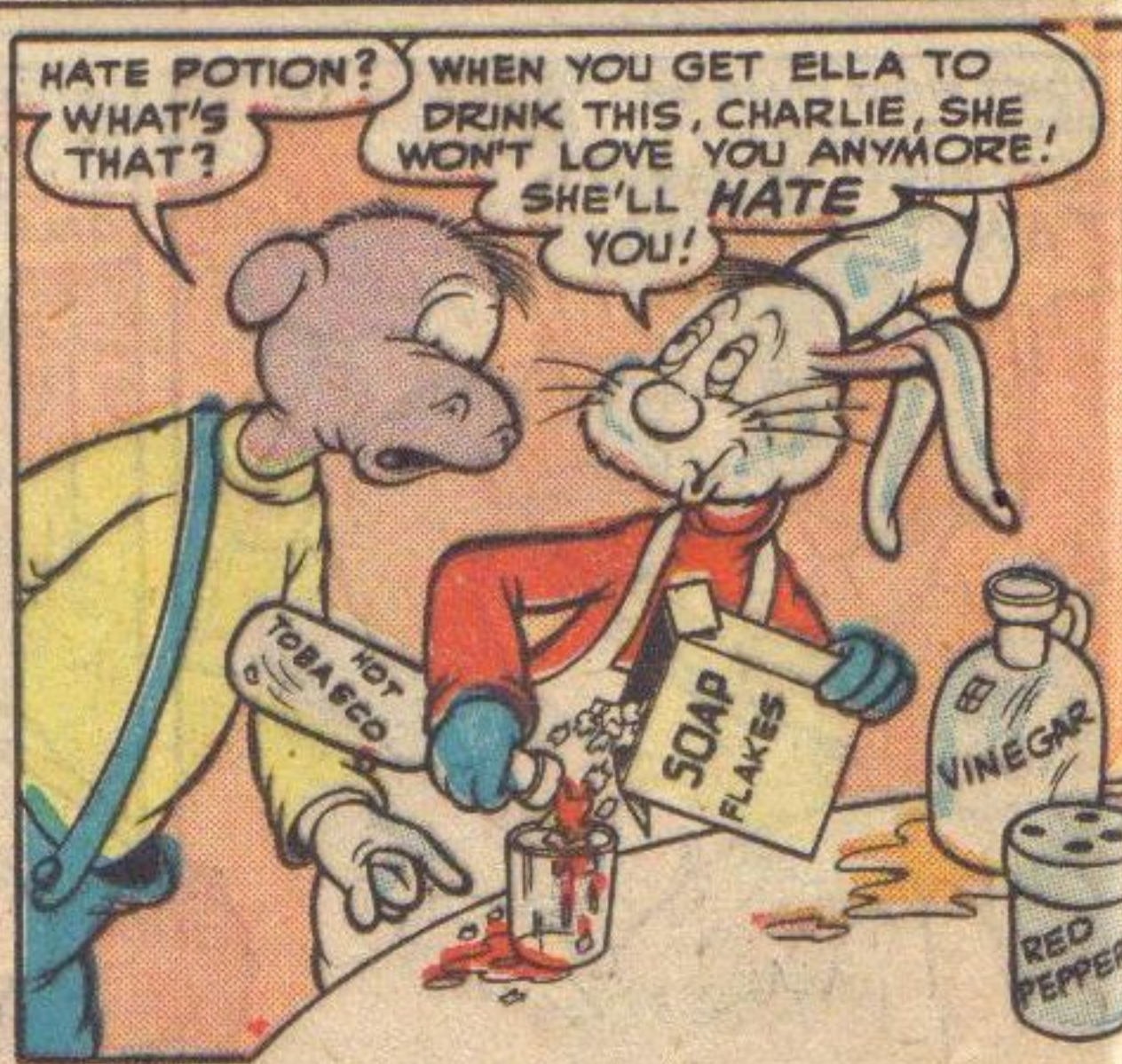
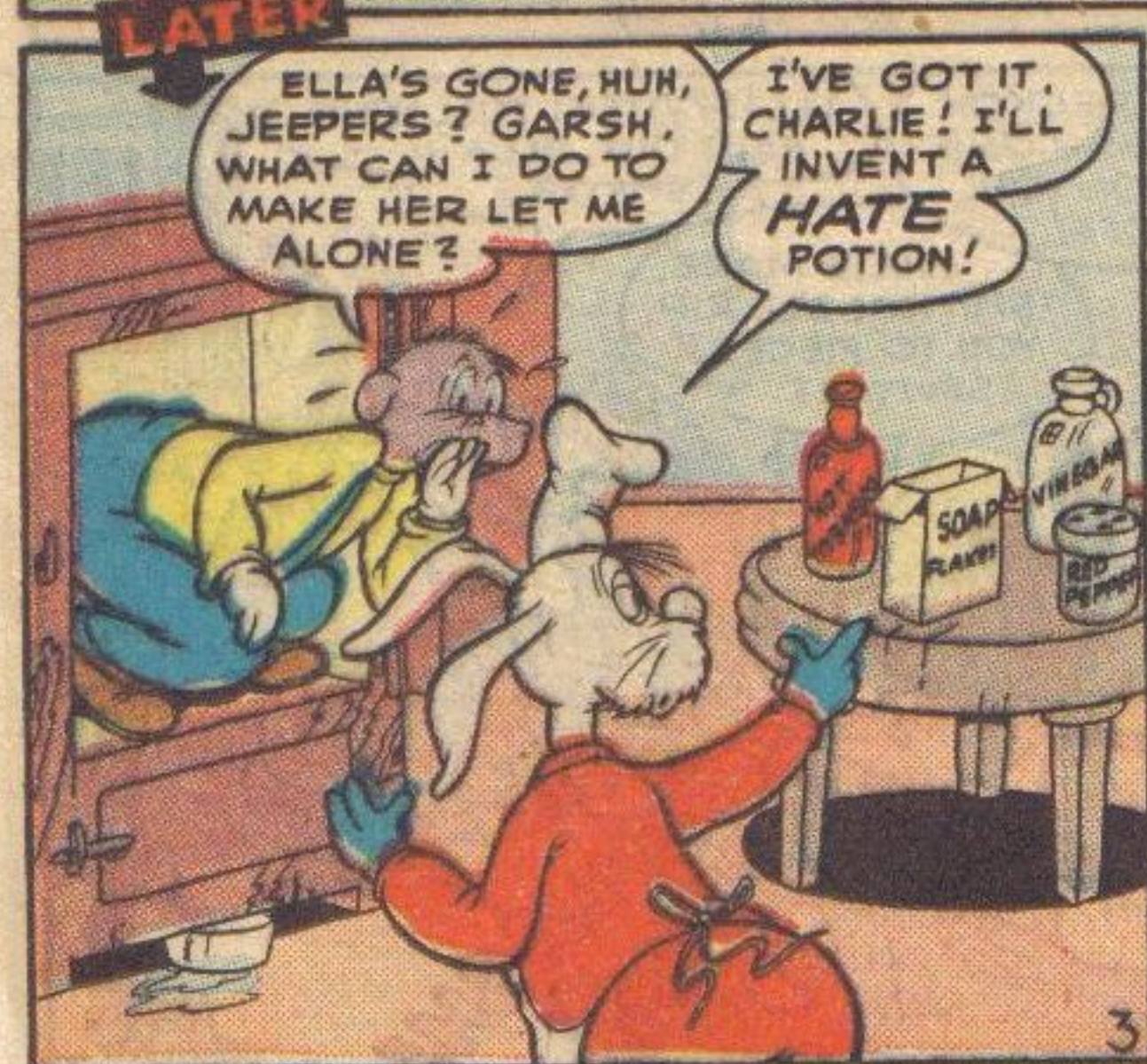
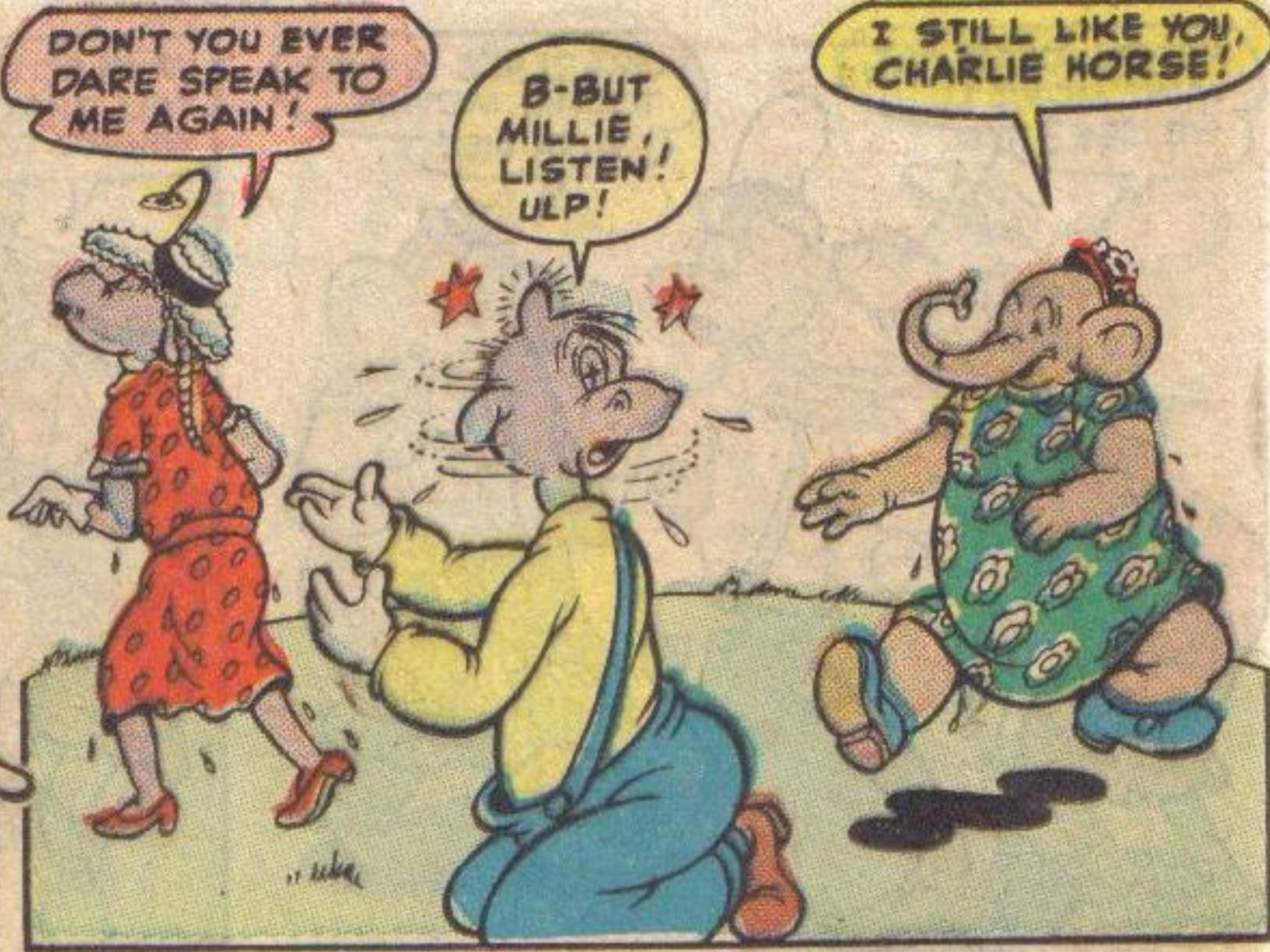
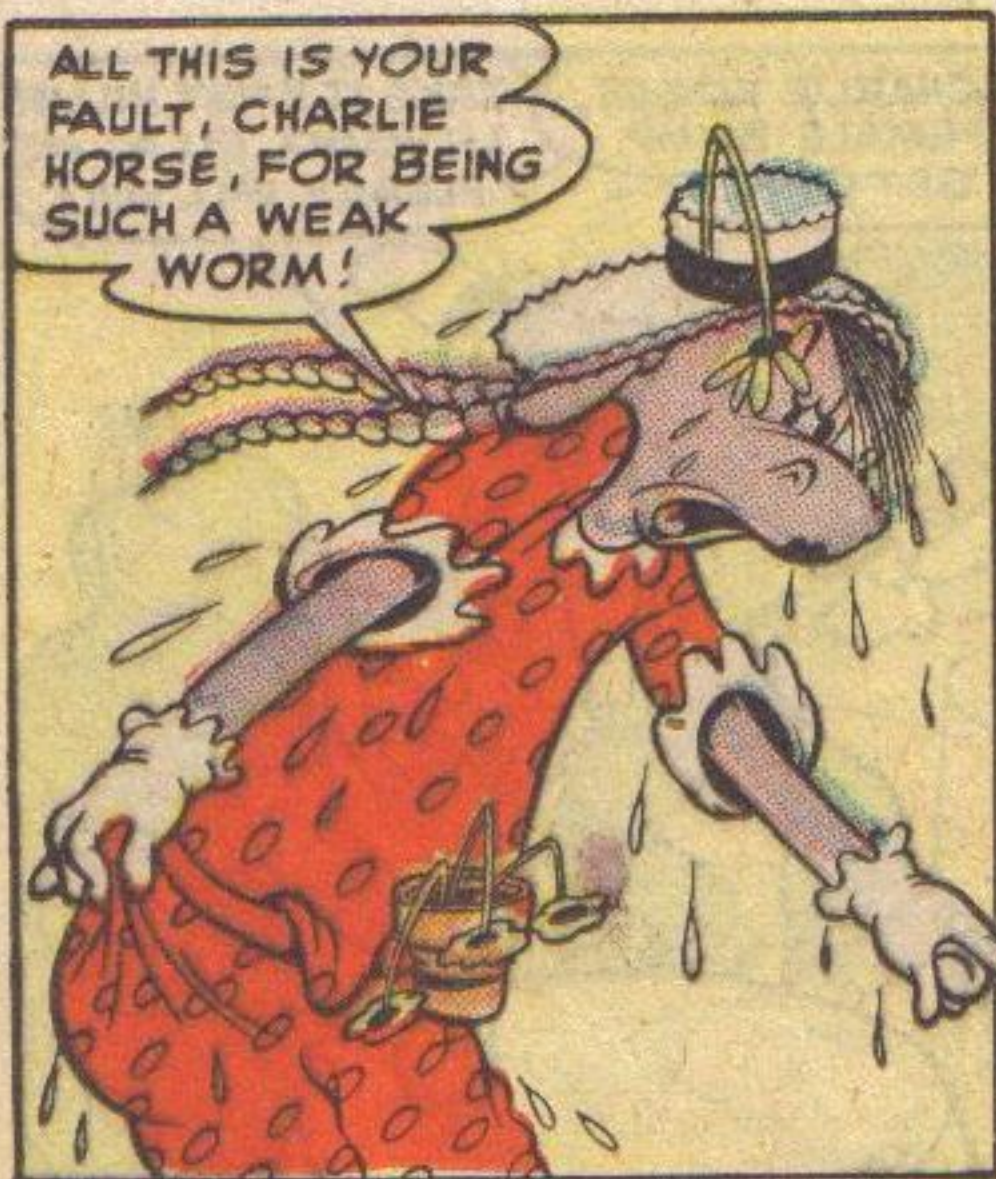
ROMANCE in the **ROUGH** starring *Charlie Horse!*



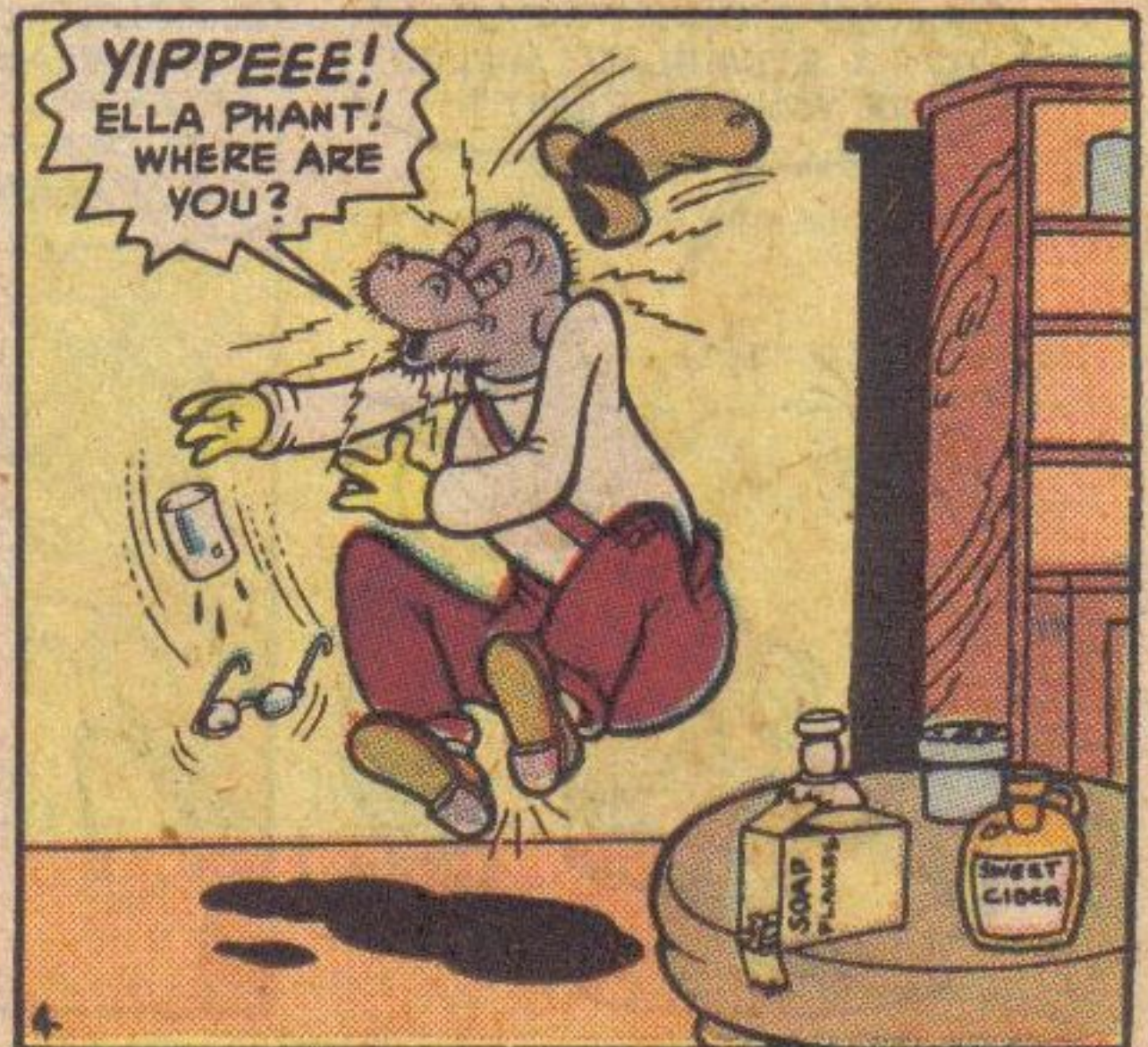
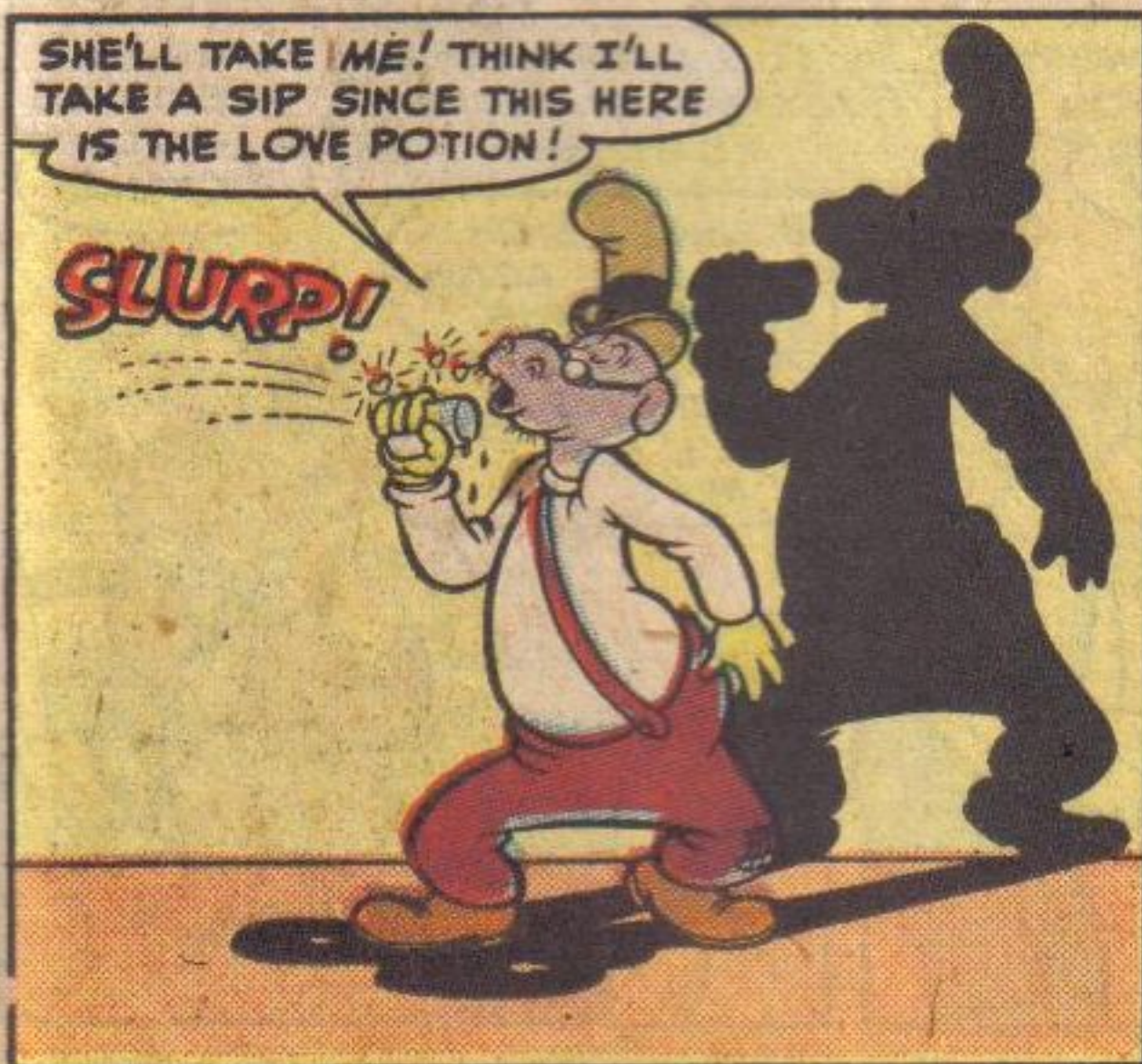
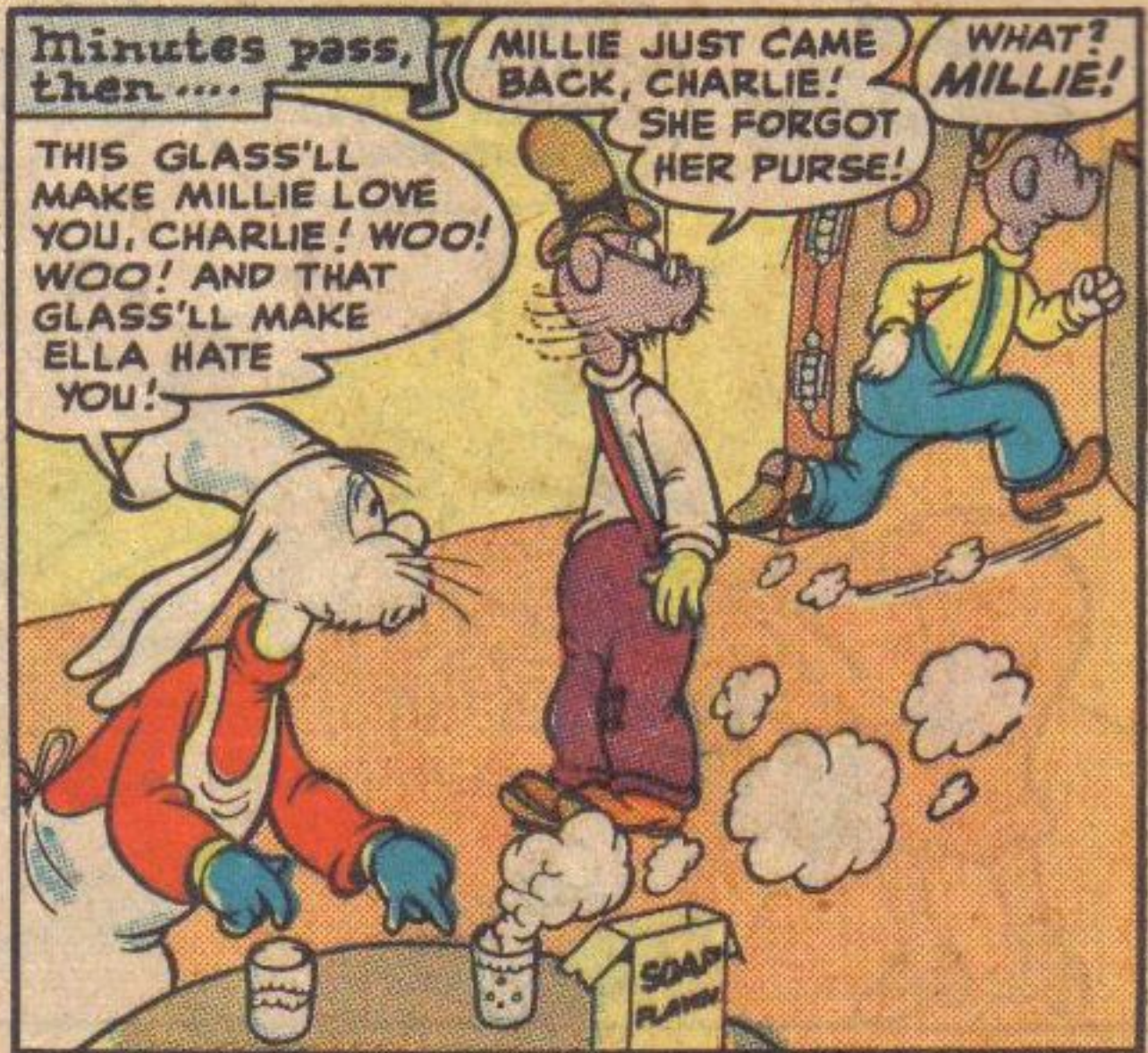
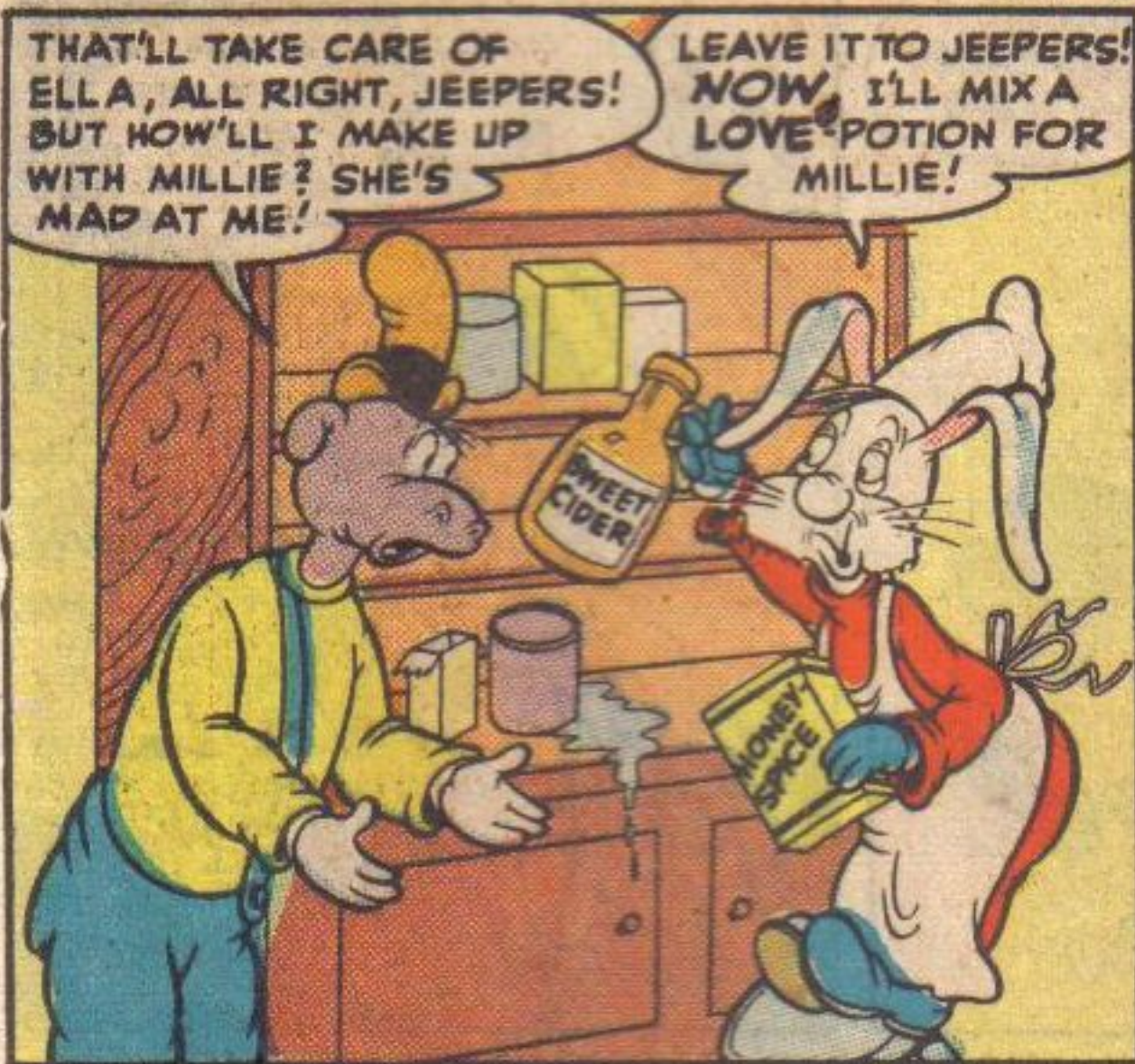
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Meanwhile..

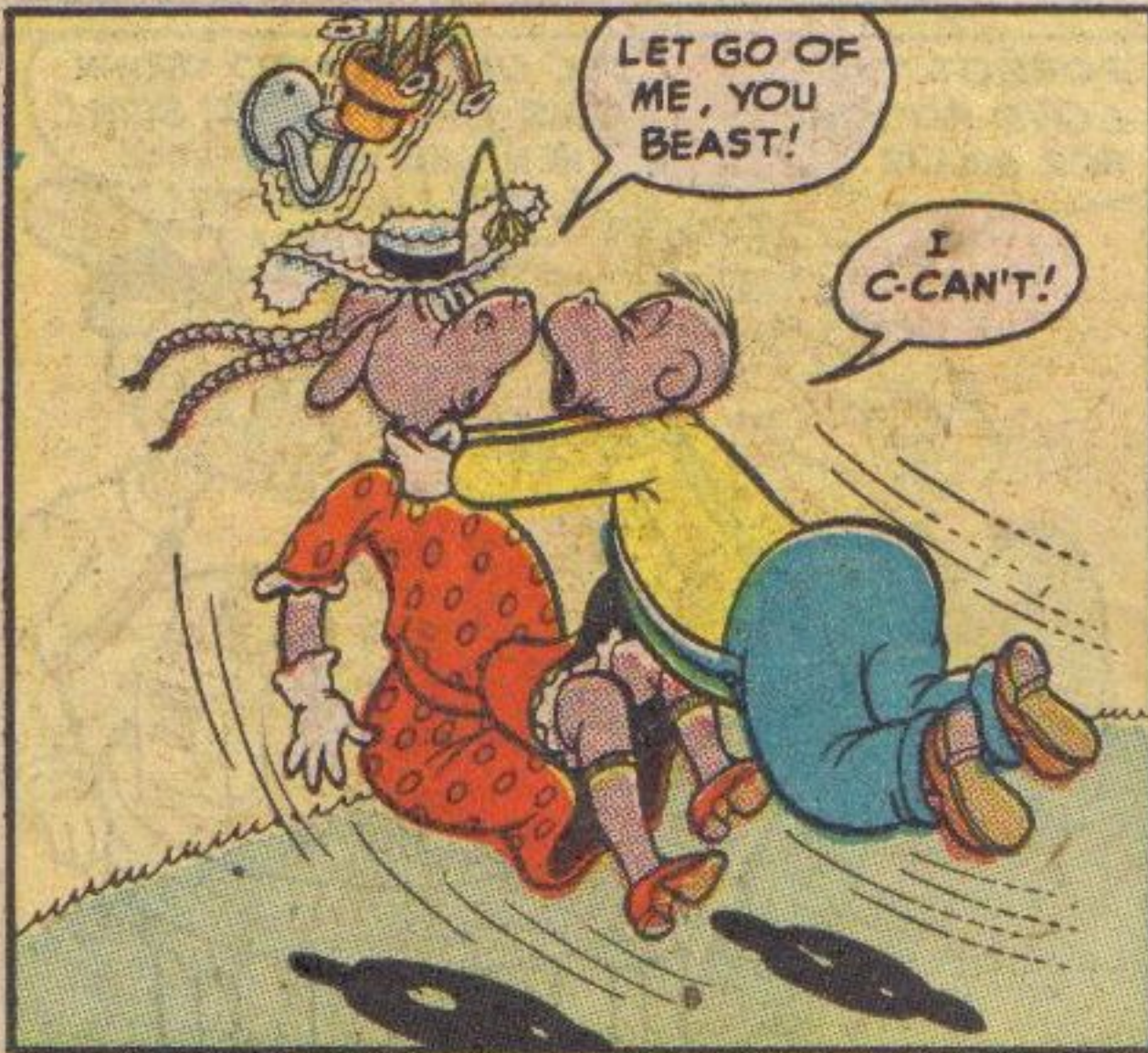
DON'T YOU DARE
COME NEAR ME,
CHARLIE HORSE!
I HATE YOU!

YOU WON'T
WHEN YOU TAKE
THIS ... OOPS!

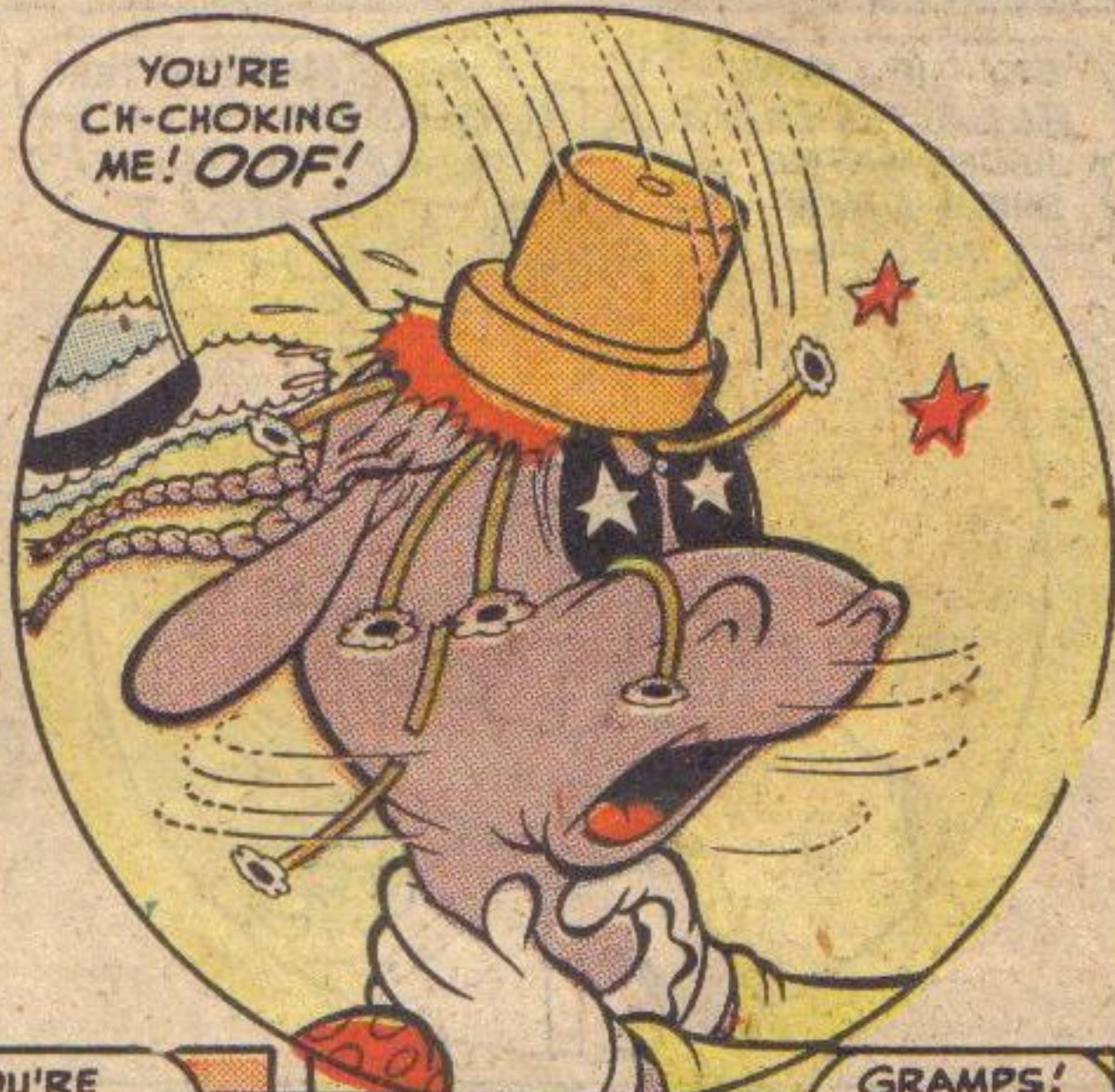


LET GO OF
ME, YOU
BEAST!

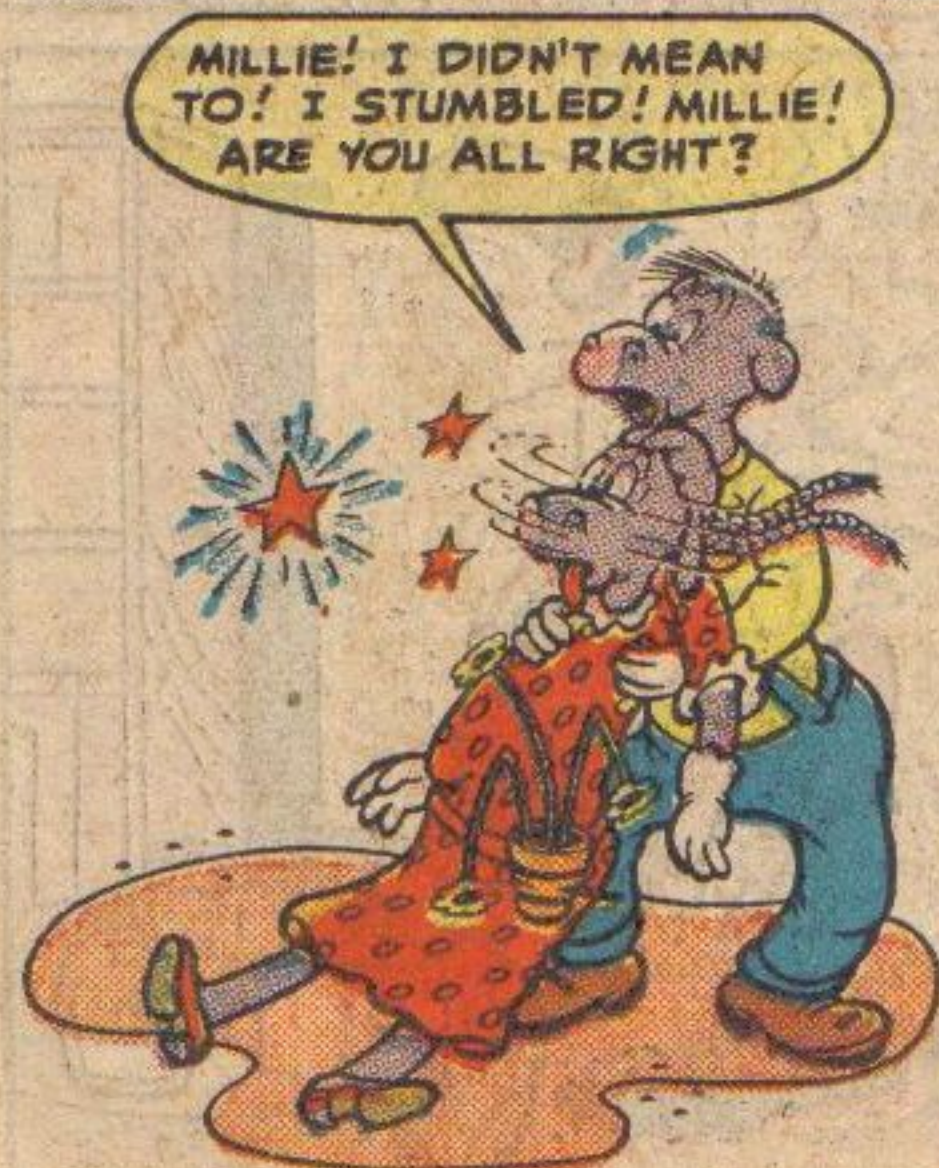
I
C-CAN'T!



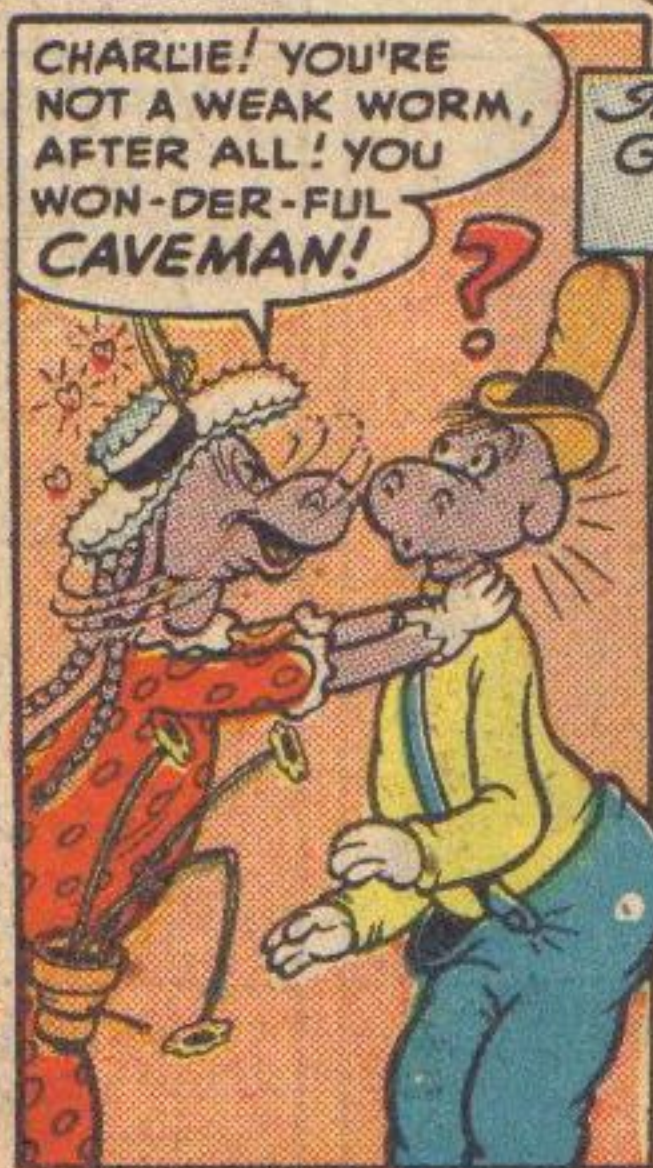
YOU'RE
CH-CHOKING
ME! OOF!



MILLIE! I DIDN'T MEAN
TO! I STUMBLED! MILLIE!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



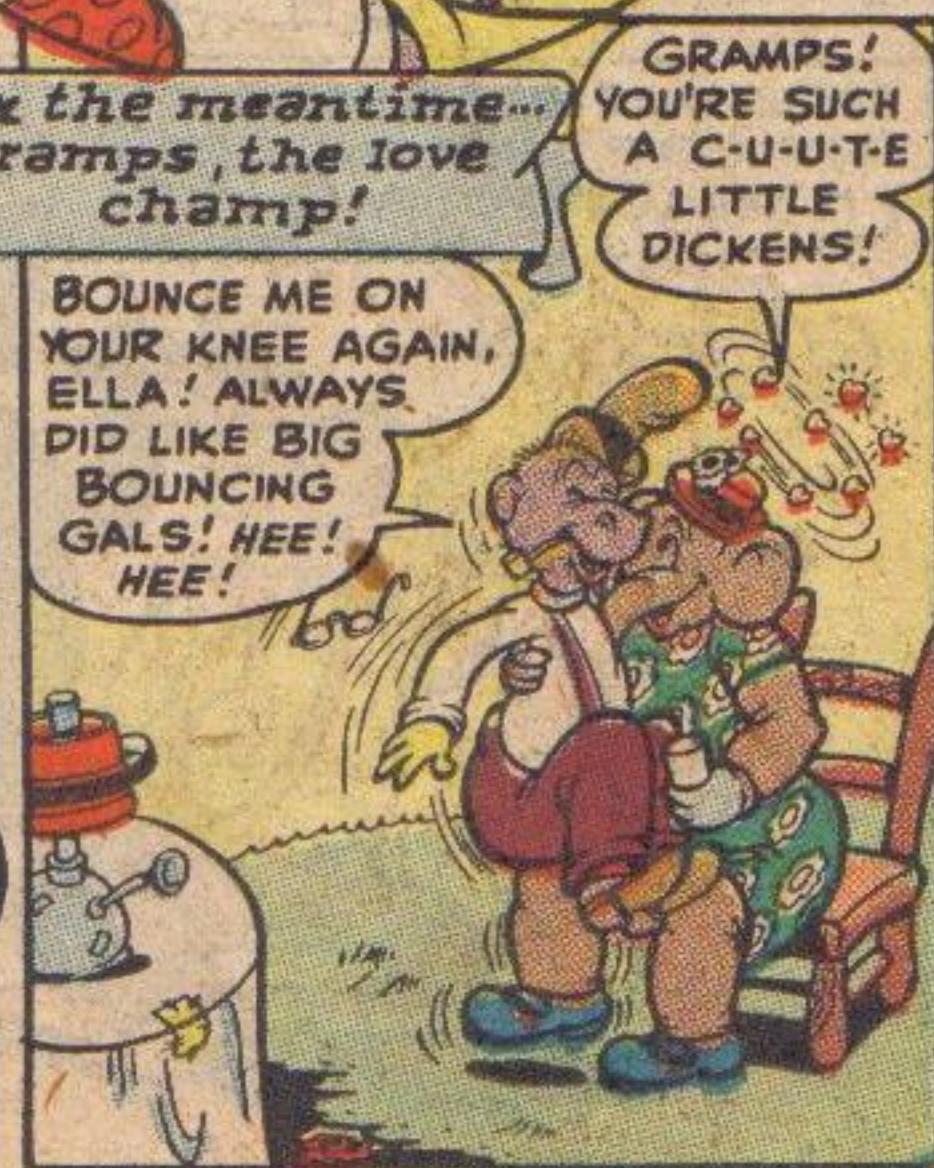
CHARLIE! YOU'RE
NOT A WEAK WORM,
AFTER ALL! YOU
WON-DE-R-FUL
CAVEMAN!



In the meantime...
Gramps, the love
champ!

GRAMPS!
YOU'RE SUCH
A C-U-U-T-E
LITTLE
DICKENS!

BOUNCE ME ON
YOUR KNEE AGAIN,
ELLA! ALWAYS
DID LIKE BIG
BOUNCING
GALS! HEE!
HEE!



THE DARKNESS

THE teeming thousands of people and cars that shuttled back and forth looked to Dick Blane like a story book creation. He had never seen this great city before, had no idea of its magnitude. It almost frightened him.

Dick was glad when he reached the building housing the giant laboratory where he had just landed a job as research chemist. From a mountain home to a great city is a broad jump for a young fellow who has known only the wide open spaces. Dick was glad of his chance. He'd make the best of it.

Unquestionably, Dick Blane was a "different" young man. A lifetime spent amid great ranches and forests hardly lends itself to chemistry—unless it is the natural chemistry prompted by the great outdoors. But Dick was different. He had always been interested in chemistry—had made several startling inventions that had to do with electronics. Now here he was.

Dick didn't have a great deal to do the first week in the big lab. Archer, the head of the organization, had told him to "get the feel" of the place first. There was plenty of time to start working.

The Archer Laboratories were famous the world over. And across town there was another laboratory where fame was an unwanted thing—at least the technicians working there shunned publicity of any kind. They were working on something calculated to destroy civilization, by first overthrowing democracy.

The head of this evil outfit was Serge K. Vossenn, a man so little known even to his assistants that he was often called simply "Mr. X." No one knew anything about Vossenn, only that he was a master chemist and physicist. Actually, Mr. X was the nearest approach to Satan himself that the earth has ever known.

Vossenn and his men had been working quietly for many months on a device that they hoped would lay the world in their laps.

So secret was this device that none of the assistants knew exactly what it was. Each one had his own work. Each man had a specific assignment. Only Mr. X knew the entire plan. To him was given the job of final assembling of the parts. Thus Mr. X was a valuable man to the country for which he worked.

It was on Tuesday, August 12, that the cloud

first appeared over the city. At first no one paid any attention to it. It grew as a faint black cloud in the east. It kept growing. Something like a storm cloud. By mid-afternoon that day the cloud had obscured the entire eastern half of the harbor and was crawling over the city. Pitch black it was.

The first stars that night were soon blacked out by the cloud. People began to wonder about this phenomenon. There was no lightning. No rain. It was rather ominous. There was no moon that night, although the sister planet was at the full.

"Oh, well, just a big storm cloud," people said, and went to sleep. But the next morning they changed their tune. Dawn came without any sun. The morning was jet black. Even at nine o'clock, when the sun should have been blazing down, there was utter darkness. The chickens in the rural sections stayed on their perches.

Traffic was snarled. The gleaming headlights failed to penetrate the strange darkness perfectly. By mid-afternoon it was discovered that the effect of headlights, and even those inside buildings, was growing less effective. By dinner time it was impossible to see the brightest lights.

Thousands of people thought they had gone blind. Screams and wailings began to be heard in the poorer sections of the city. The end of the world was here. Optimistic drivers still tried to get their cars through the thick stalled traffic. There were thousands of terrible crashes.

The radio news was frightful. What horrible calamity had descended upon one of the world's largest cities?

The horror spread—one great metropolitan center after another, six in all. Hundreds of thousands of people were killed in accidents. Other thousands killed themselves in emotional frenzies.

And then the first message came through the ghostly blackness of the ether:

"The darkness will remain until you have surrendered. If you refuse to surrender, your entire country will be electrocuted. The substance of the darkness is metallic. It can easily be charged with high voltages. That would result in instant annihilation of the race. Warn-

HIT COMICS

ing! Broadcast your surrender immediately—before it is too late. The world king has spoken.”

Consternation was great after this eery broadcast, which was received in every city of the nation. The cities not yet darkened were skeptical. Those in darkness were ready to accede to the demands of whatever madman it was who controlled this terrible agency of blindness.

And into this dilemma stepped young Dick Blane. Over the city's most powerful radio station he broadcast an impassioned plea to the citizens to hold off a while. “We don't know as yet what this curse is, but we are working on it. Give us a few hours before you surrender.”

Back from the void came the voice of the world king:

“Within twelve hours, all of your cities will be in total darkness. Unless you have surrendered by that time, I'll wipe you all out!”

There was no temporizing with this monster. He meant business. He was evidently using a stratoplane to fly over the country, releasing whatever Agency he employed to create the darkness. There was no trapping him via the air. Then how to stop him?

That was the problem Dick Blane set himself to solve. First, it was necessary to find out what made the fog of blackness that now shrouded almost the entire country. Fog? Smoke? Analysis showed none of these things in the strange substance. The *world king* had mentioned that he could electrocute everybody by using his darkness as a medium. Ah, then!

“I think I have it,” said Dick to one of his assistants. “It's metallic—some kind of fine metal dust. With some way to disintegrate—” Dick halted his speech when a big idea hit him. Yes, he'd try it.

Dick hurried out to the airport and stumbled into the flight control tower. He had learned

his way in the darkness long since. Now if he could get a plane.

There was no pilot who would venture up in any ship, so Dick got in touch with the Army and borrowed a robot plane. After two hours spent in fitting the small plane with various instruments that would record and send their messages to a ground receiving set, Dick was ready for his experiment.

He sent the plane aloft. At three thousand feet the instruments sent the information that the cloud of darkness began at about that elevation.

Now how to break it up! Dick tried exploding shells at various altitudes. He thought one explosion let through a bit of light, but shells were not the answer.

He dared not employ electric current because of the danger of electrocuting everybody. Would the stuff burn? And if so—

The next two hours Dick spent making certain that the fog didn't exist any closer to the surface than 2800 feet. His experiment might thus be safe enough.

In total darkness, and with the help of many young Army technicians, Dick got an anti-aircraft gun loaded with a shell containing magnesium. It was set to explode at 3000 feet. What would happen? Even if a few persons were killed, the experiment must take place.

The gun was fired. Almost instantly a vast blinding sheet of flame enveloped the upper air. When the astonished people could see anything, they were overjoyed to find the blessed sunshine beaming down once more. The results of the experiment were radioed all over the nation. At the same time thousands of jet planes took off in a vast manhunt in the sky.

The *world king* met his end over the ocean, in an attempt to escape. And that was the last of a terrible scourge!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of HIT COMICS, published bi-monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1946

State of Connecticut } ss
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the HIT COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point,

Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Comic Magazines, Inc. 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1946.
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949.)

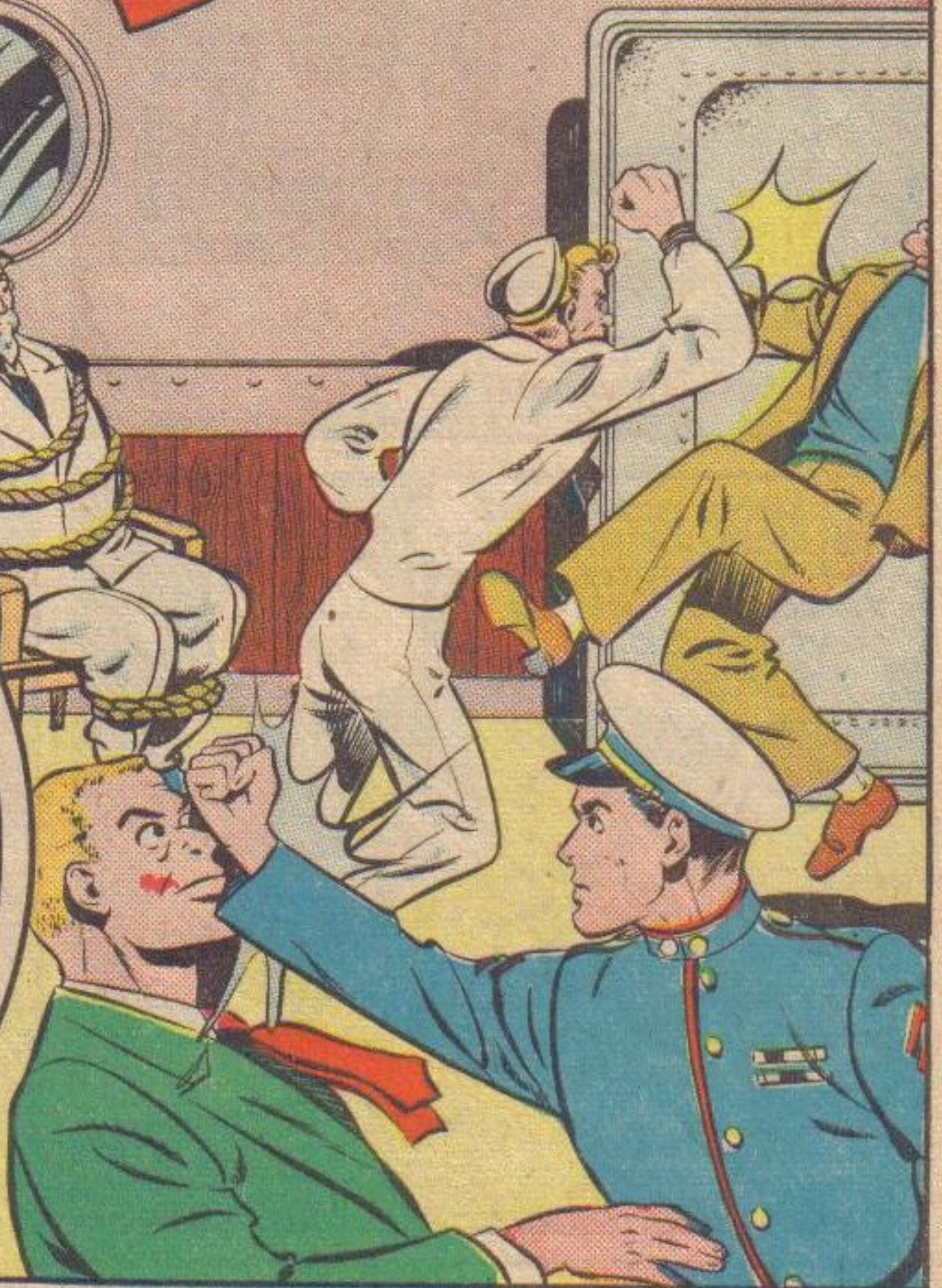
BOB & SWAB

IF YOU EVER SEE THE U.S.S. BRIMSTONE, DON'T MISTAKE THAT DARK SHAPE ABOVE IT FOR A STORM CLOUD! IT'S ONLY A FLOCK OF **TROUBLE** HANGING AROUND, READY TO POUNCE ON ITS FAVORITE VICTIMS... SEAMAN **SWAB** DECKER AND MARINE **BOB** MASTERS!

PICK UP THOSE BIG FEET! WE'VE GOT THREE AND A HALF MINUTES TO MAKE THE LIBERTY LAUNCH!

IF YOU HADN'T SPENT SO LONG GASSING WITH THAT BLONDE, WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO RUN!

SEASIDE TAVERN



PUFF: HERE WE ARE AND... HEY! THE LAUNCH IS GONE!

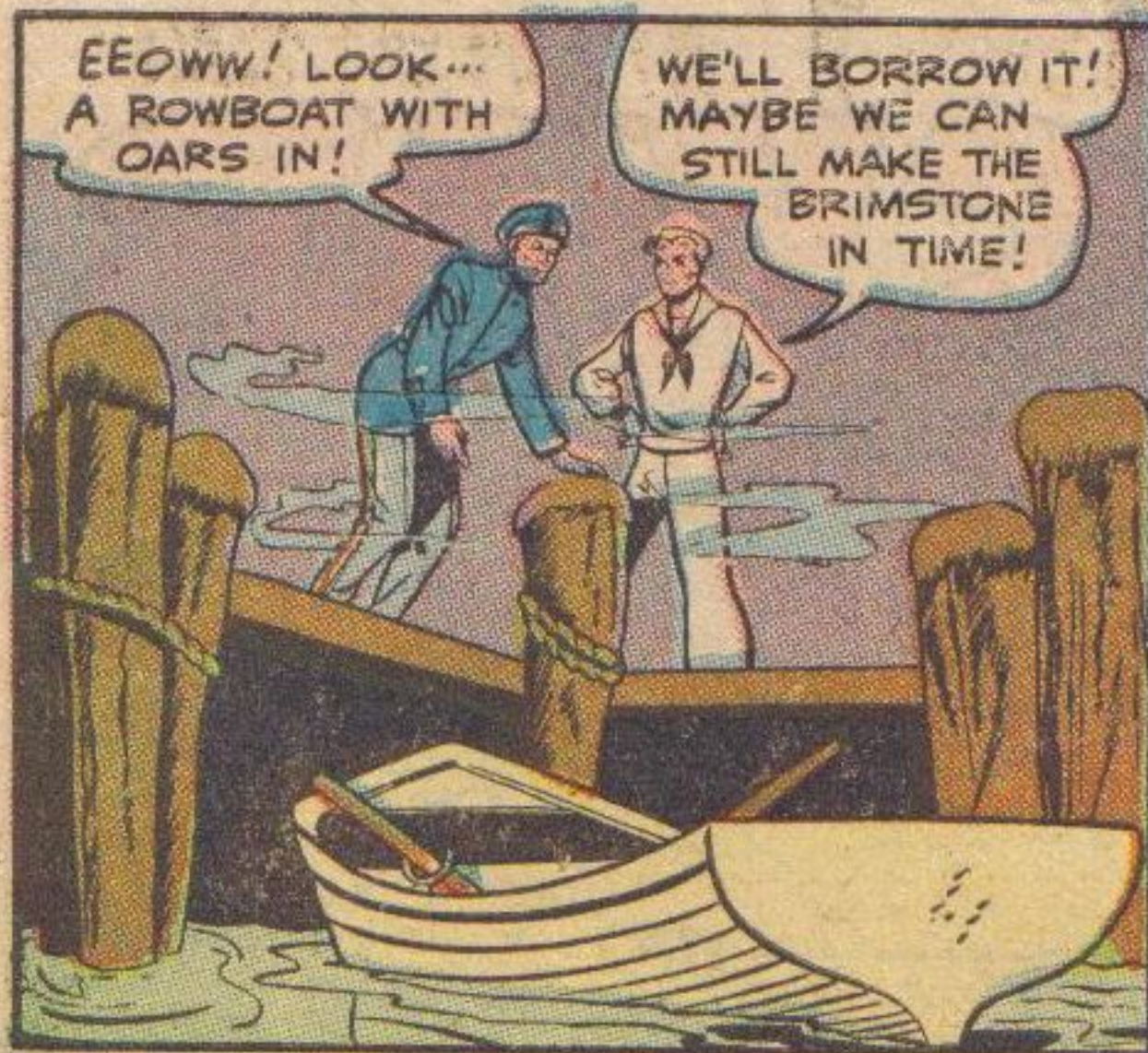
OMIGOSH! I FORGOT... MY WATCH WAS FIVE MINUTES SLOW! THEY SHOVED OFF ON TIME... WITHOUT US!

MY PAL! YOU HEARD THE C.P.O. SAY WE'D DRAW PERMANENT DECK-MOP DUTY IF WE WERE LATE ONCE MORE!

EASY WITH GAB! I'M DUE TO DRAW IT, TOO, REMEMBER?



HIT COMICS



EEOWW! LOOK...
A ROWBOAT WITH
OARS IN!

WE'LL BORROW IT!
MAYBE WE CAN
STILL MAKE THE
BRIMSTONE
IN TIME!



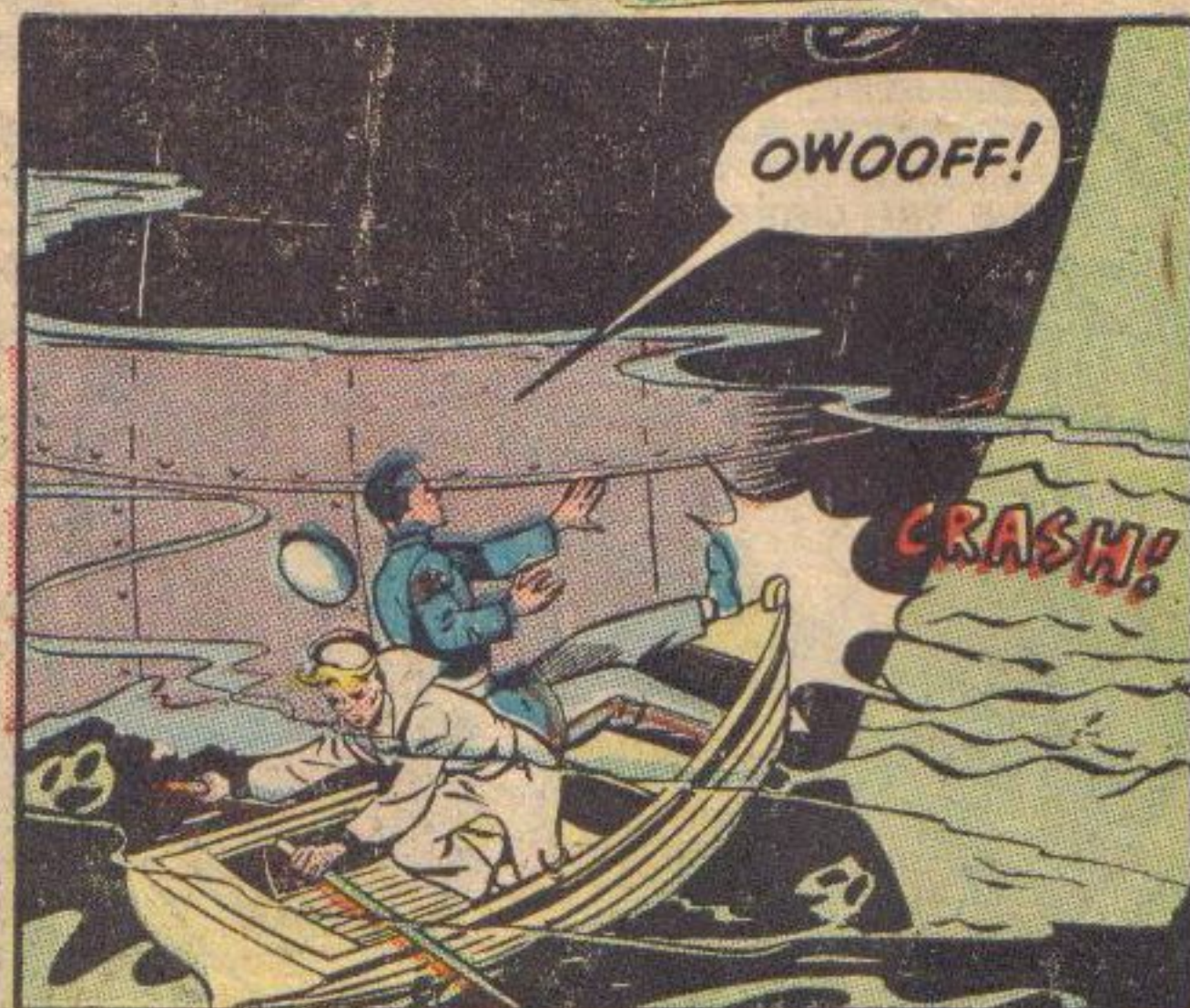
ARE YOU SURE YOU
CAN FIND THE
BRIMSTONE IN
THIS FOG?

DON'T BE STUPID! I'M
A SAILOR, AIN'T I?
EVER HEAR OF THE
NAVY GOING OUT
OF BUSINESS
BECAUSE OF A
LIGHT MIST?



IN FACT, I GUARANTEE
TO LAND RIGHT AGAINST
THE OLD BATTLE
WAGON BEFORE YOU
CAN SAY **SWAB
DECKER!**

UULP!
SWA...



OWOOFF!

CRASH!



YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO
BE SO @#%!!?!!
LITERAL!



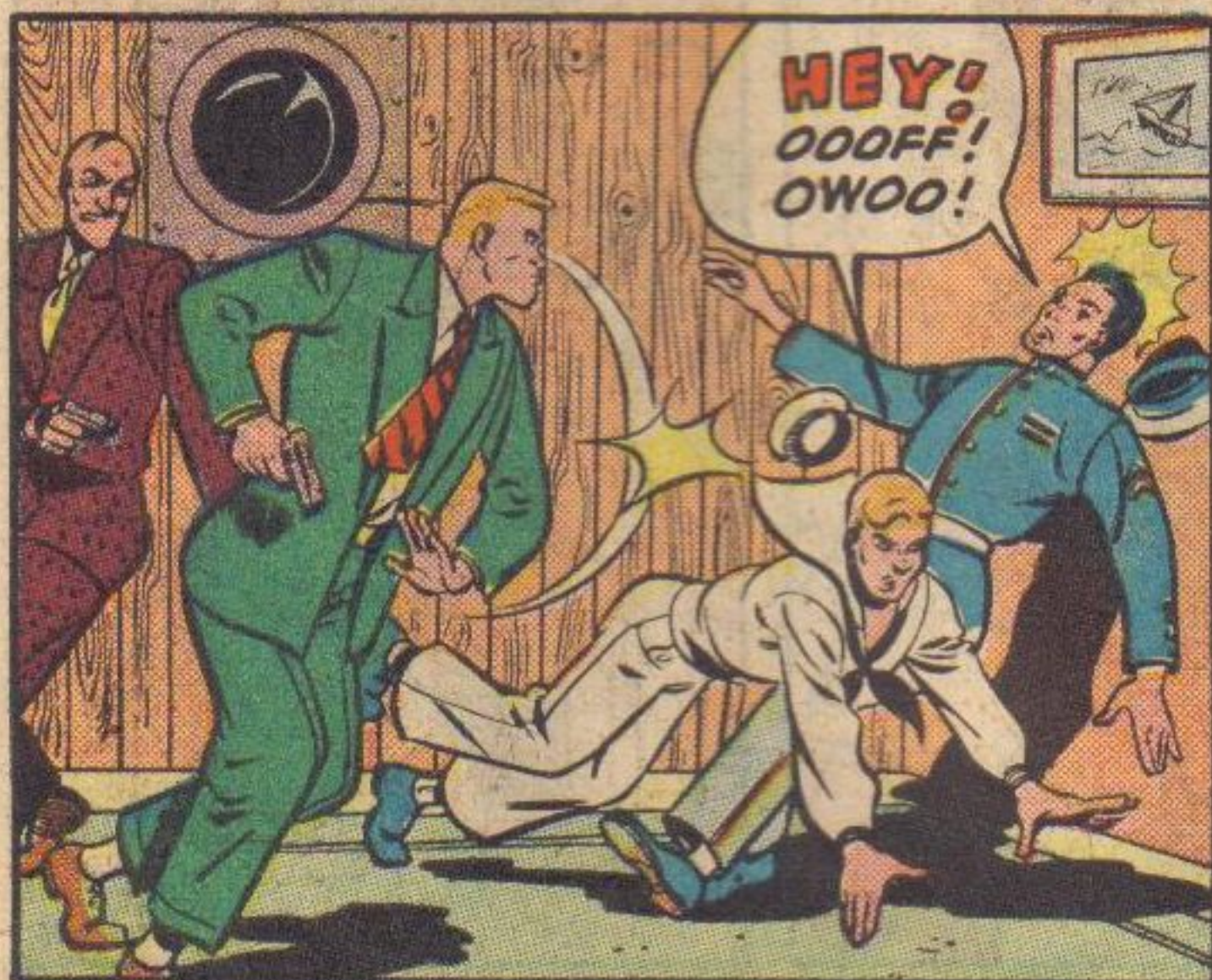
AWRIGHT, NOW
TRY TO KEEP
YOUR BIG FEET
QUIET AND WE
MAY GET BY
WITH THIS!

MY BIG
FEET? MOST
OF THE TROUBLE
I GET INTO
COMES FROM
YOUR BIG
MOUTH!



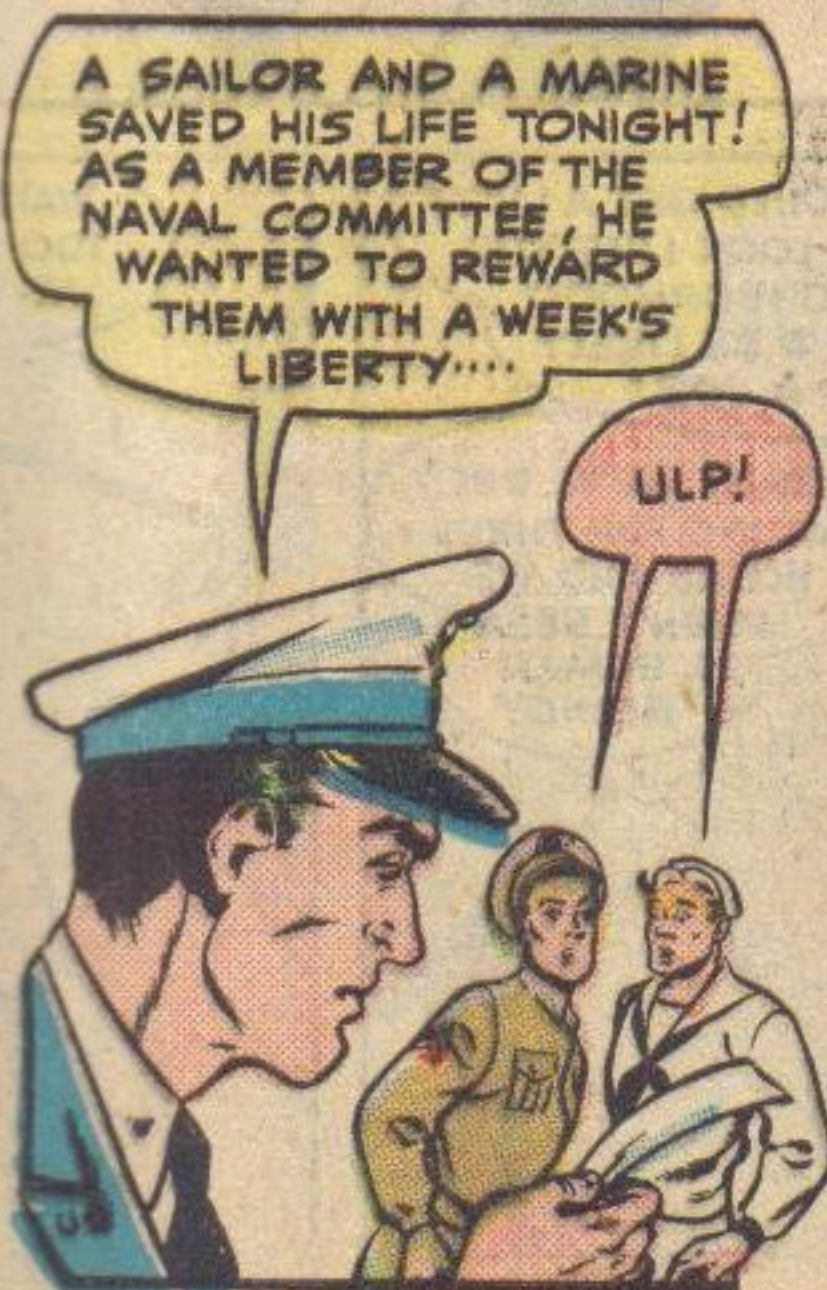
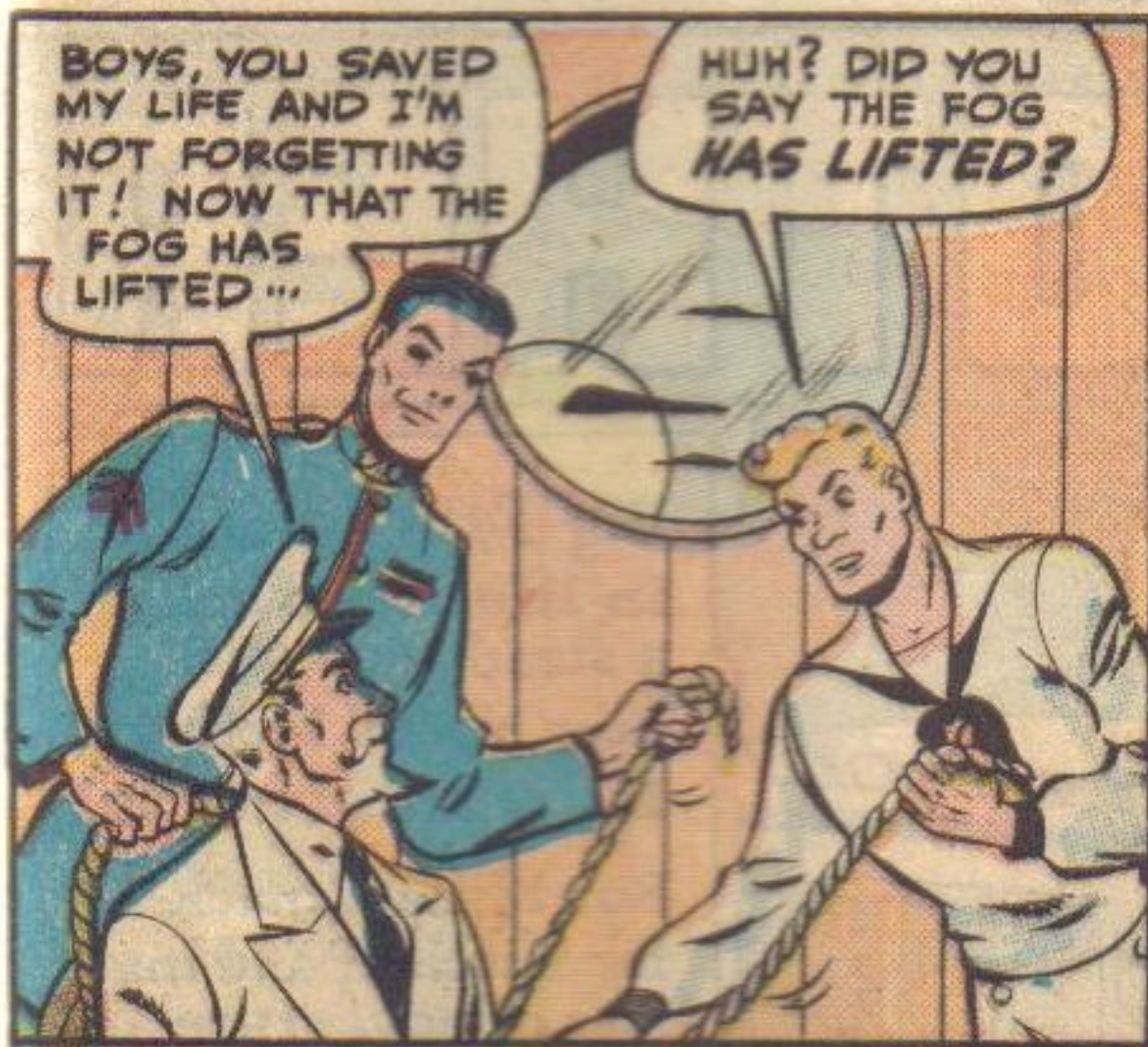
SH-H! WAIT'LL
THE WATCH
PASSES AND
WE'LL SLIP
BELOW!

Y'KNOW, I
GOT A VERY
FUNNY
FEELING
SUMP'N'S
WRONG ABOUT
THIS!



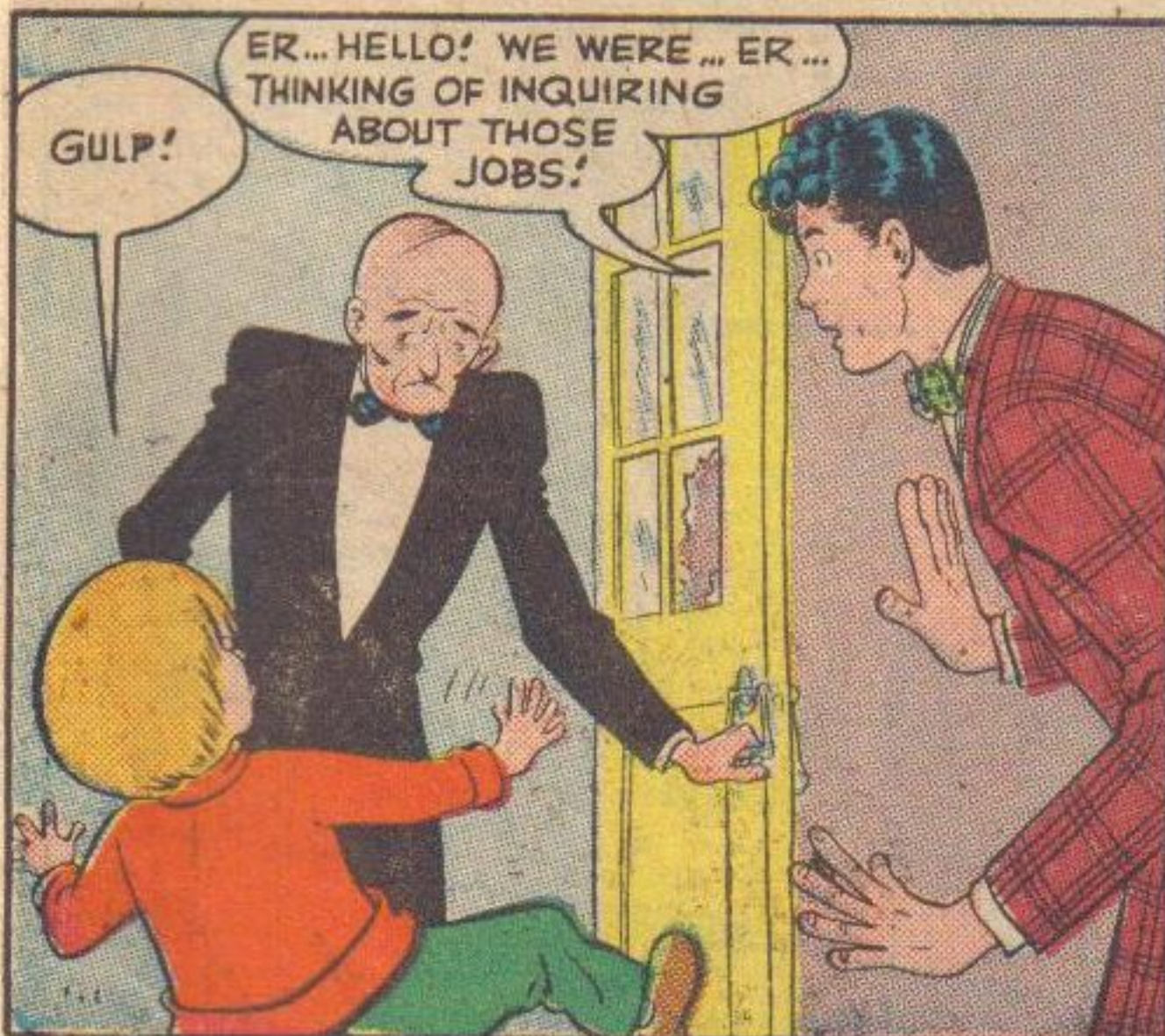
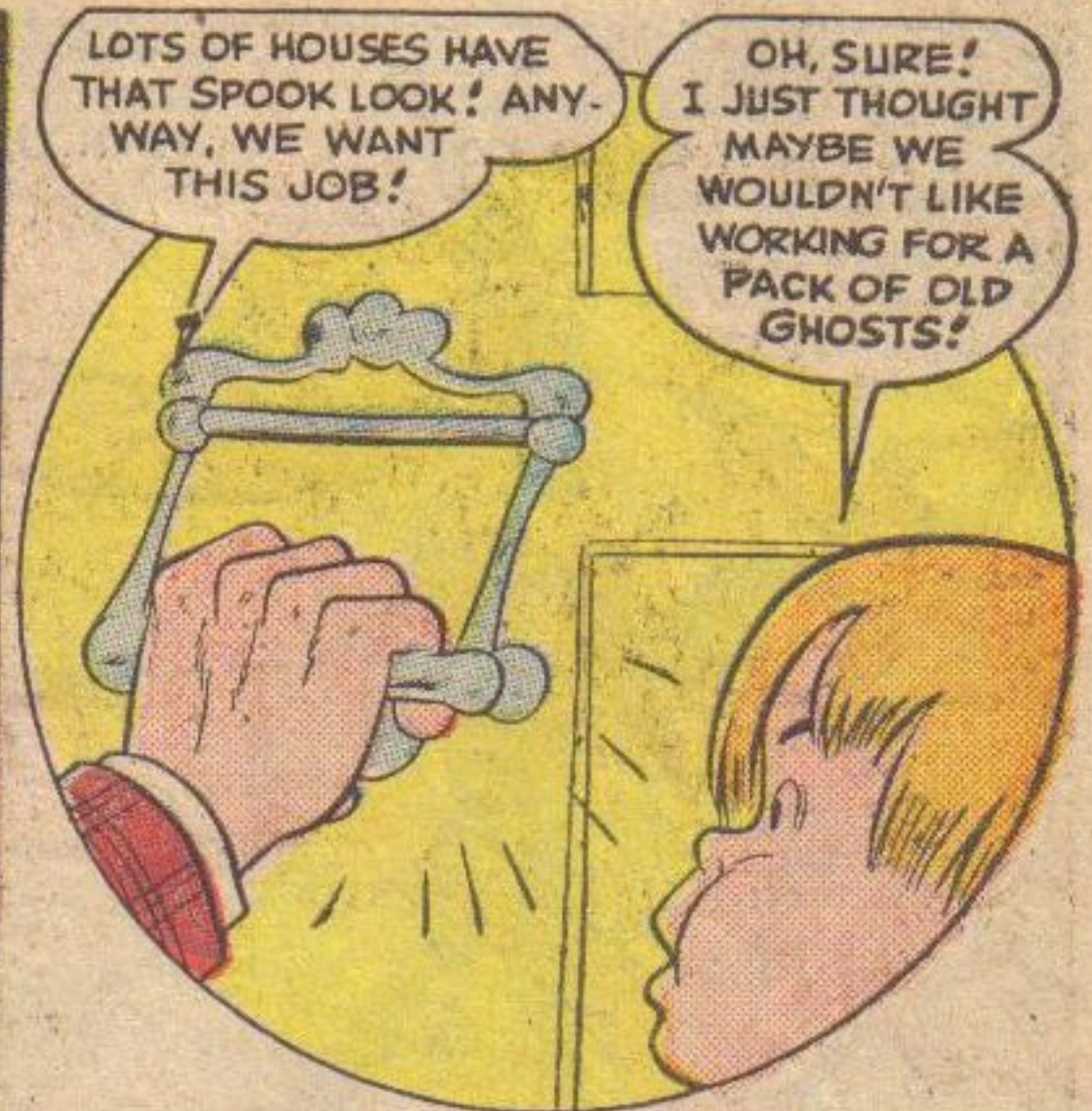
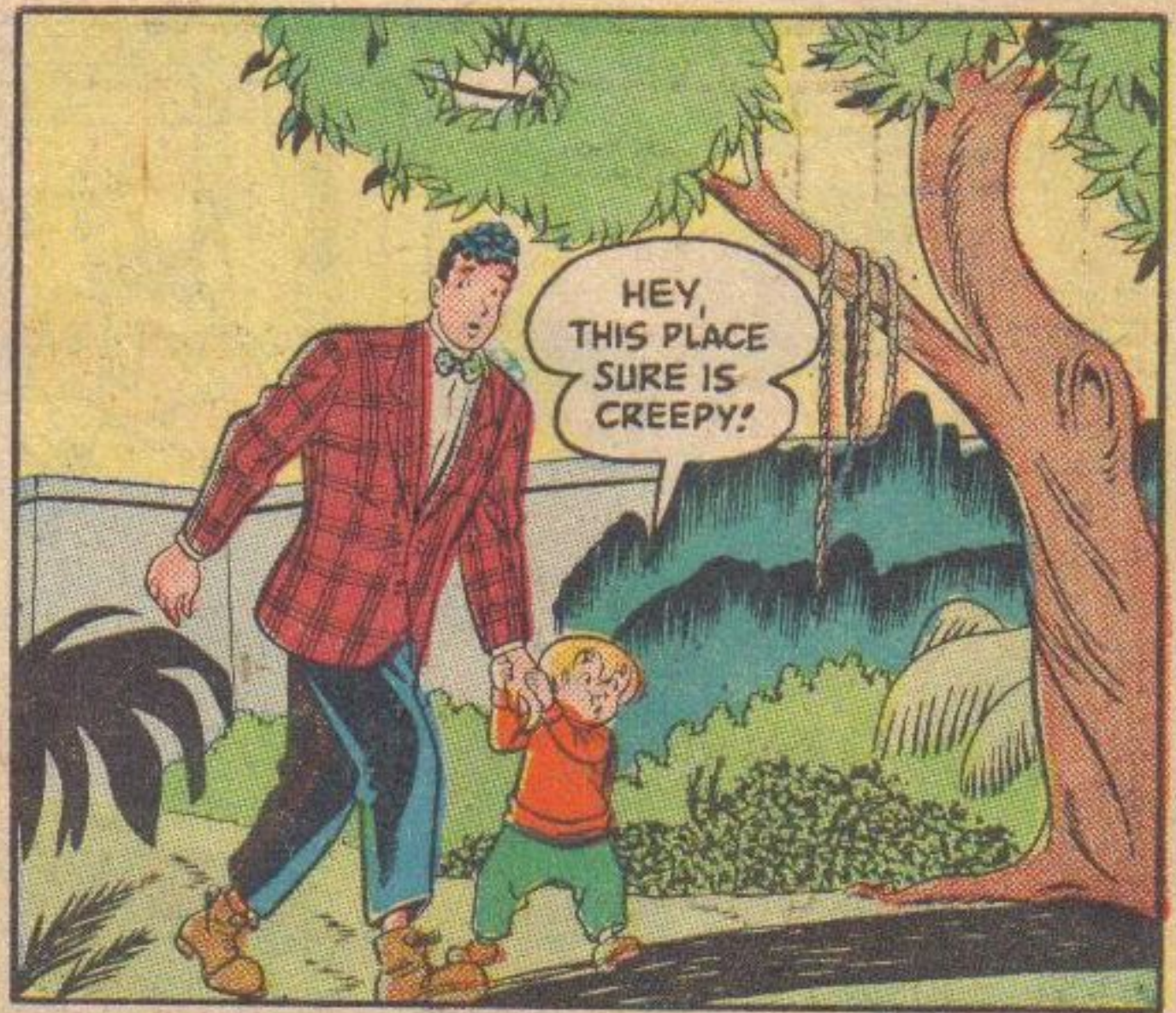
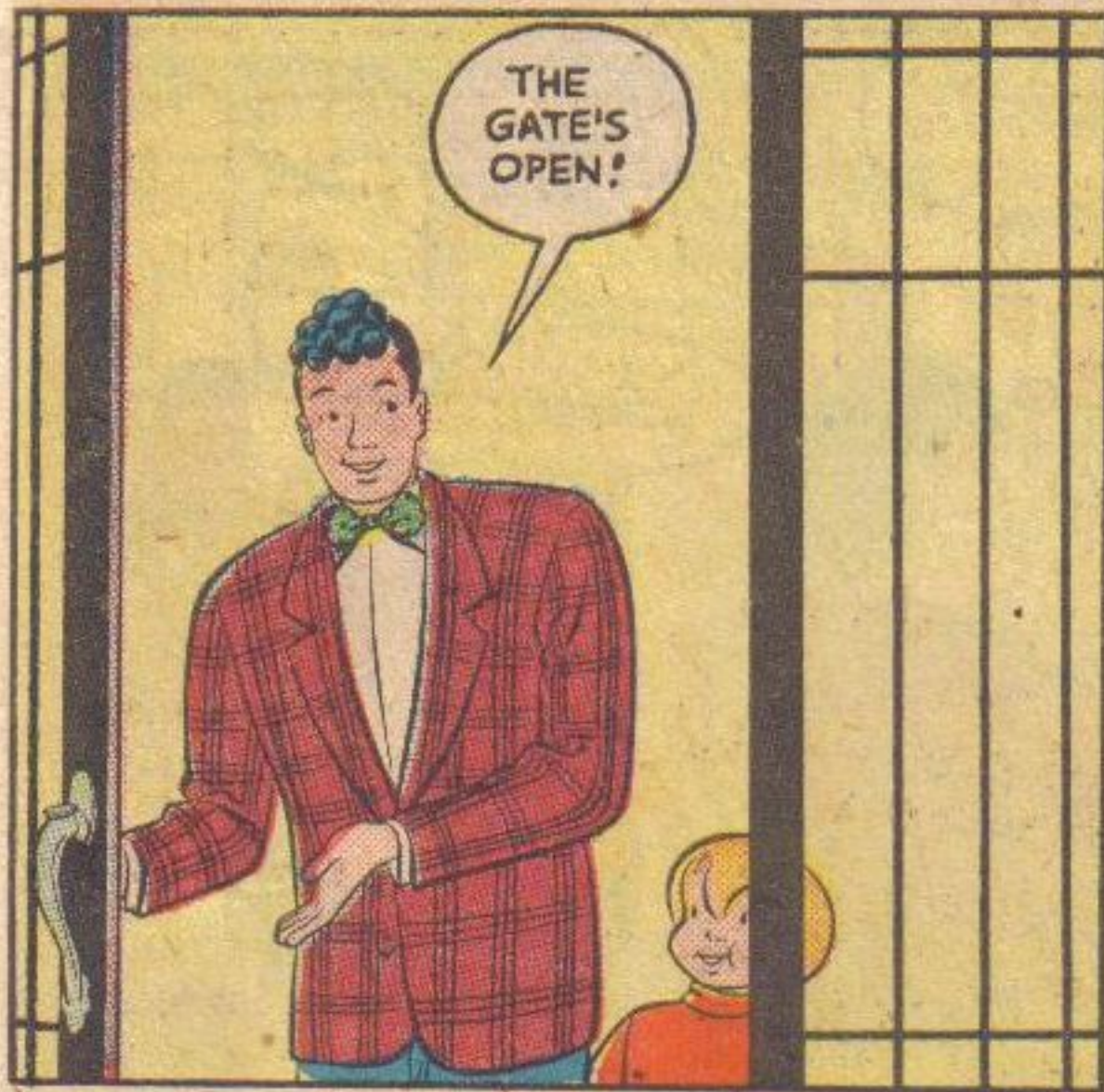


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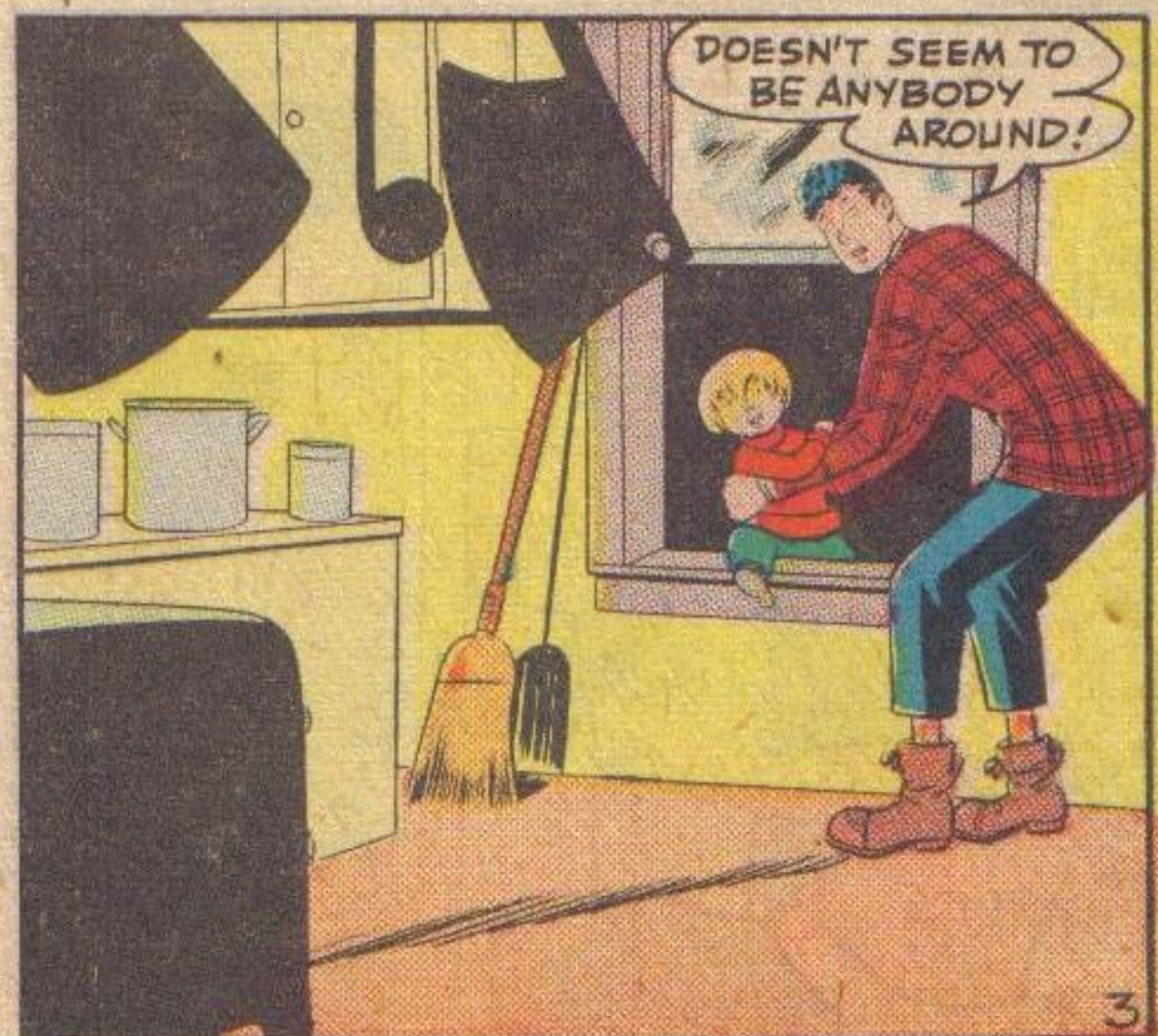
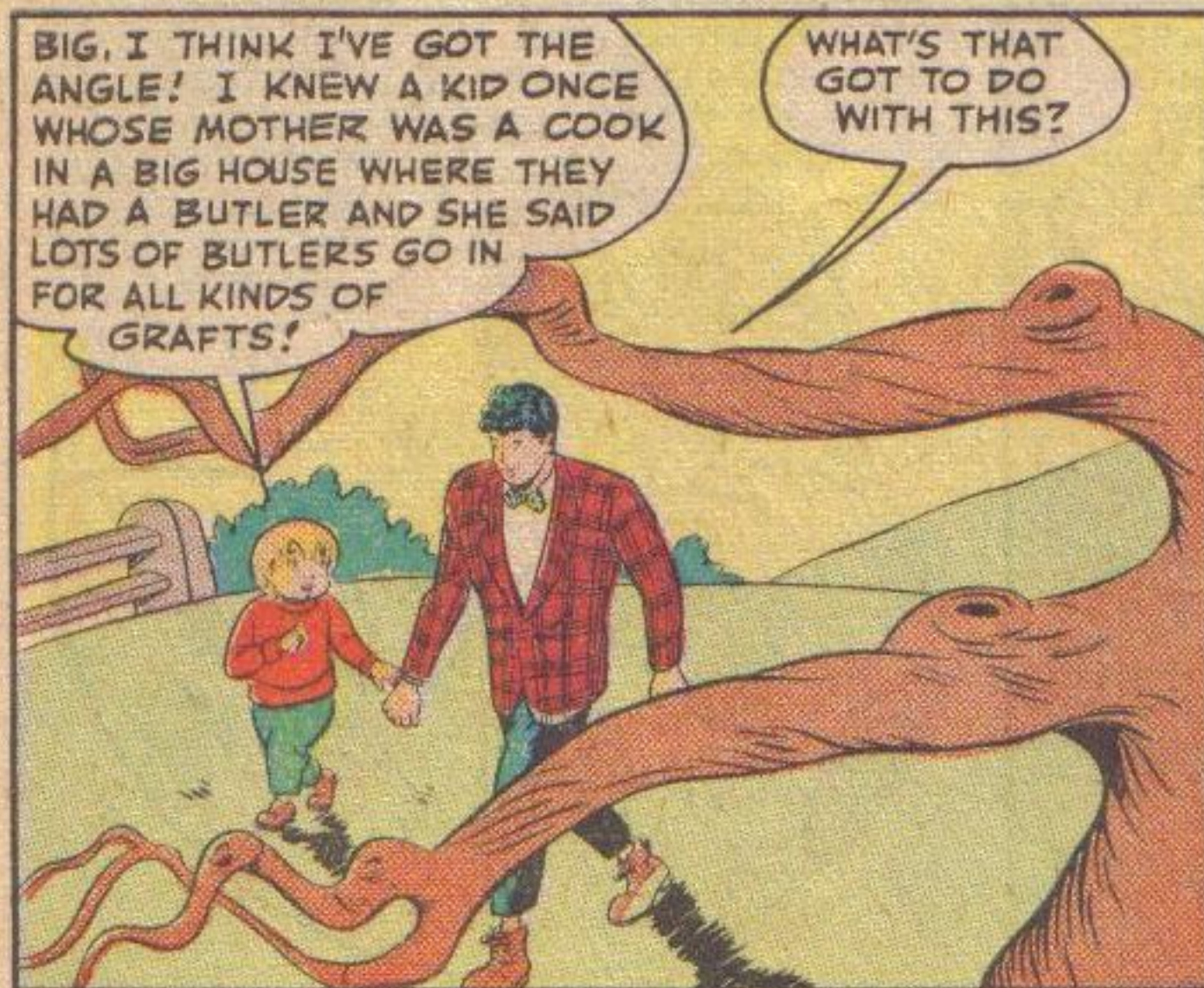


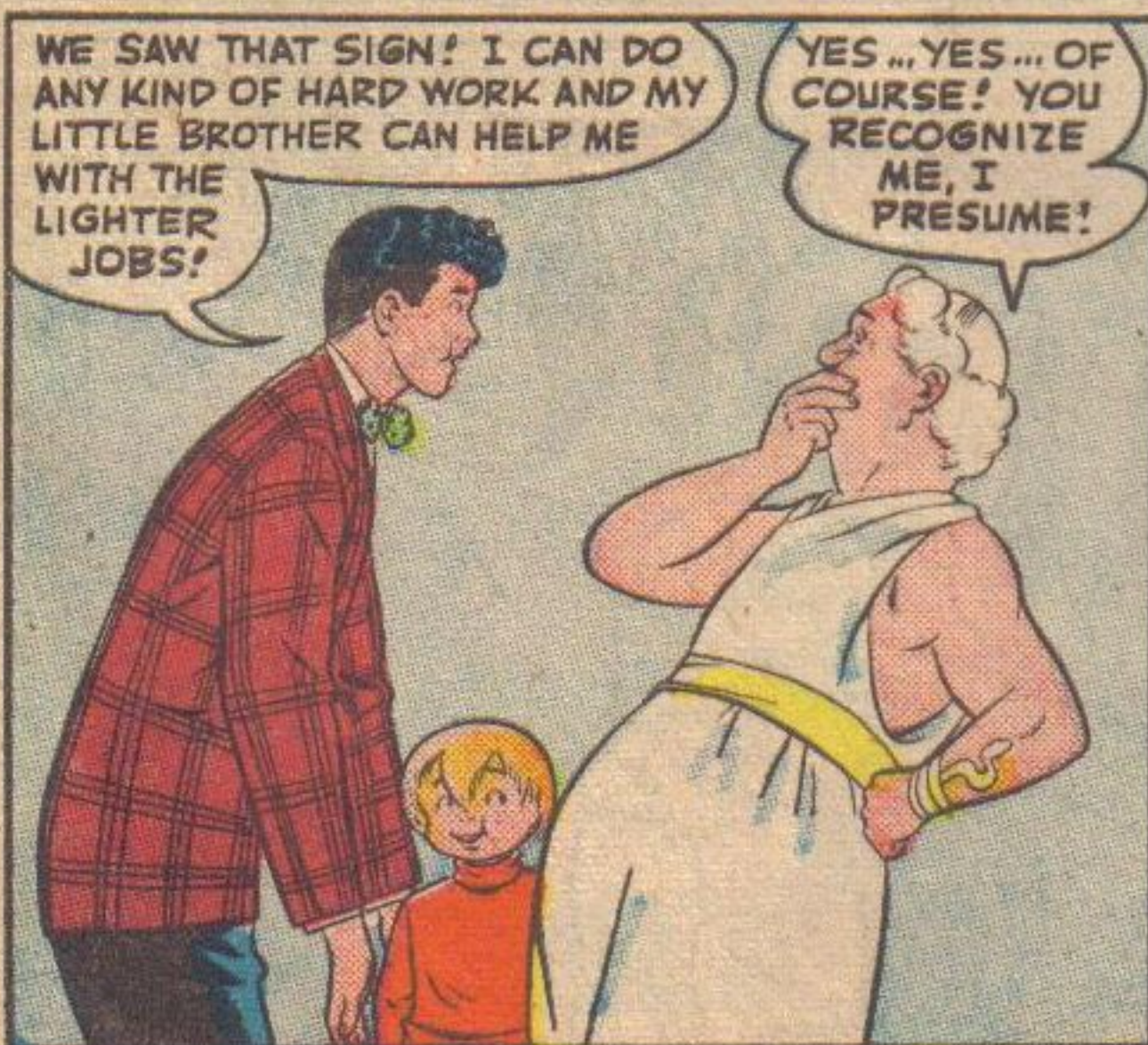
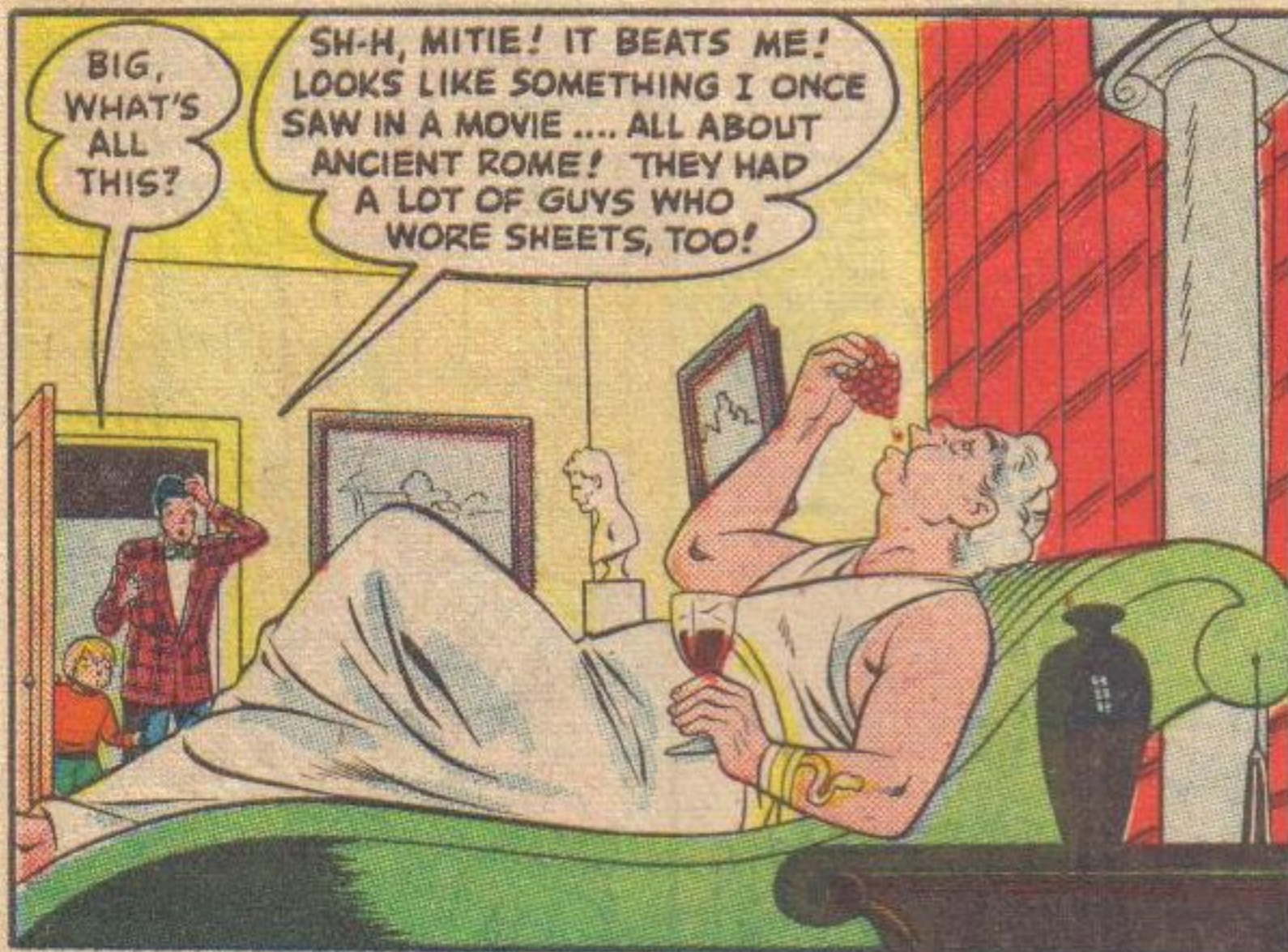
BIG BROTHER



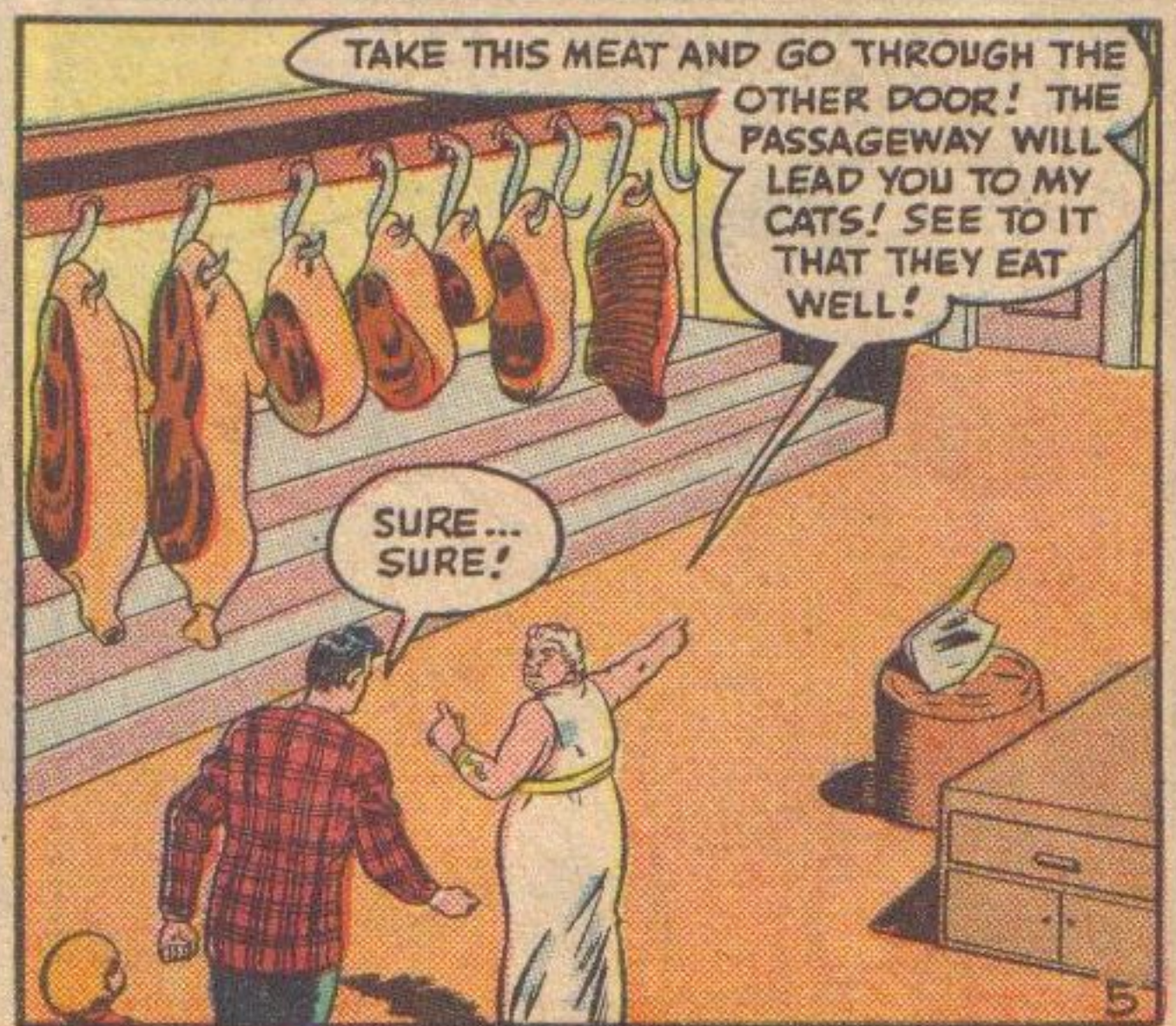


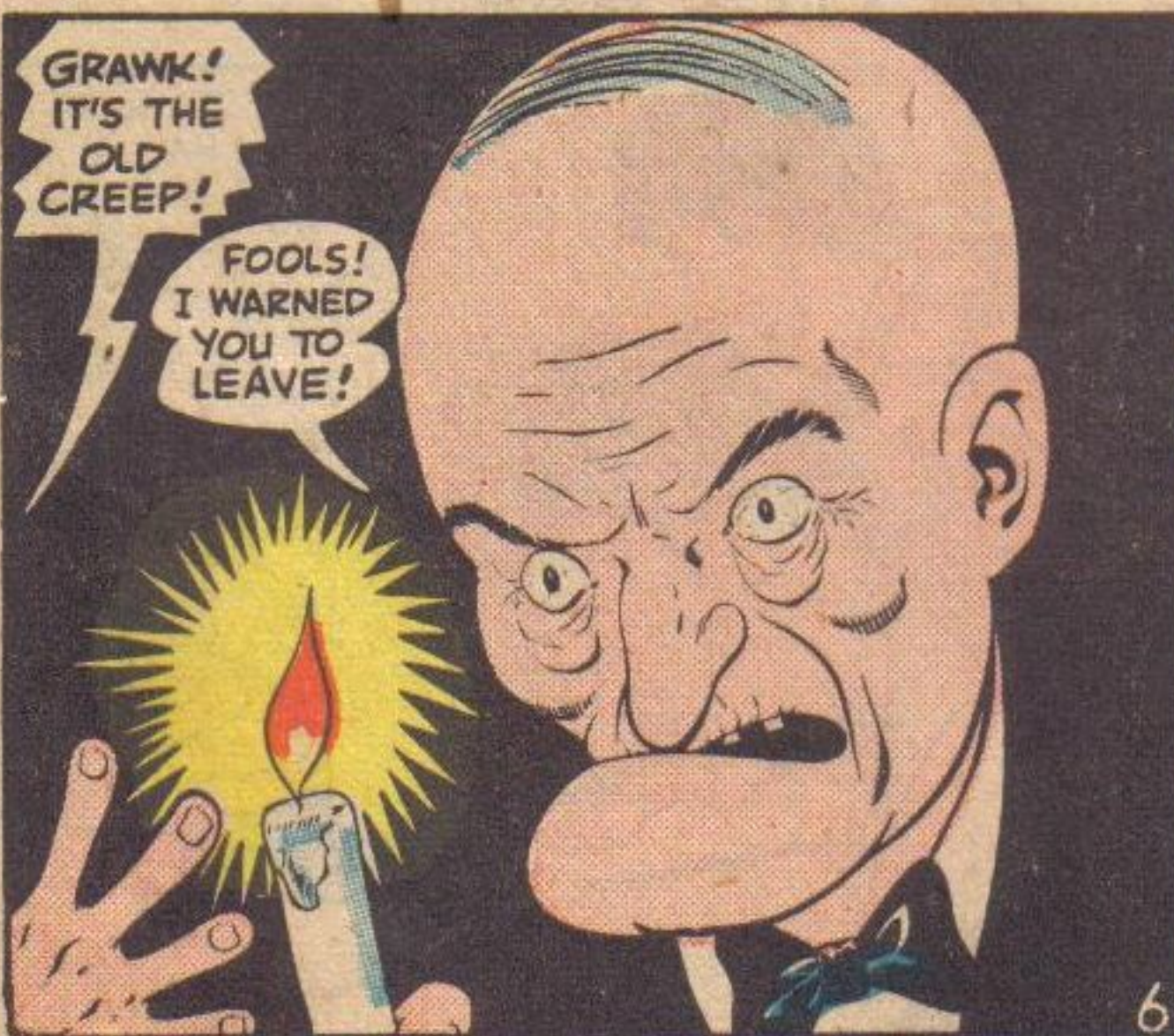
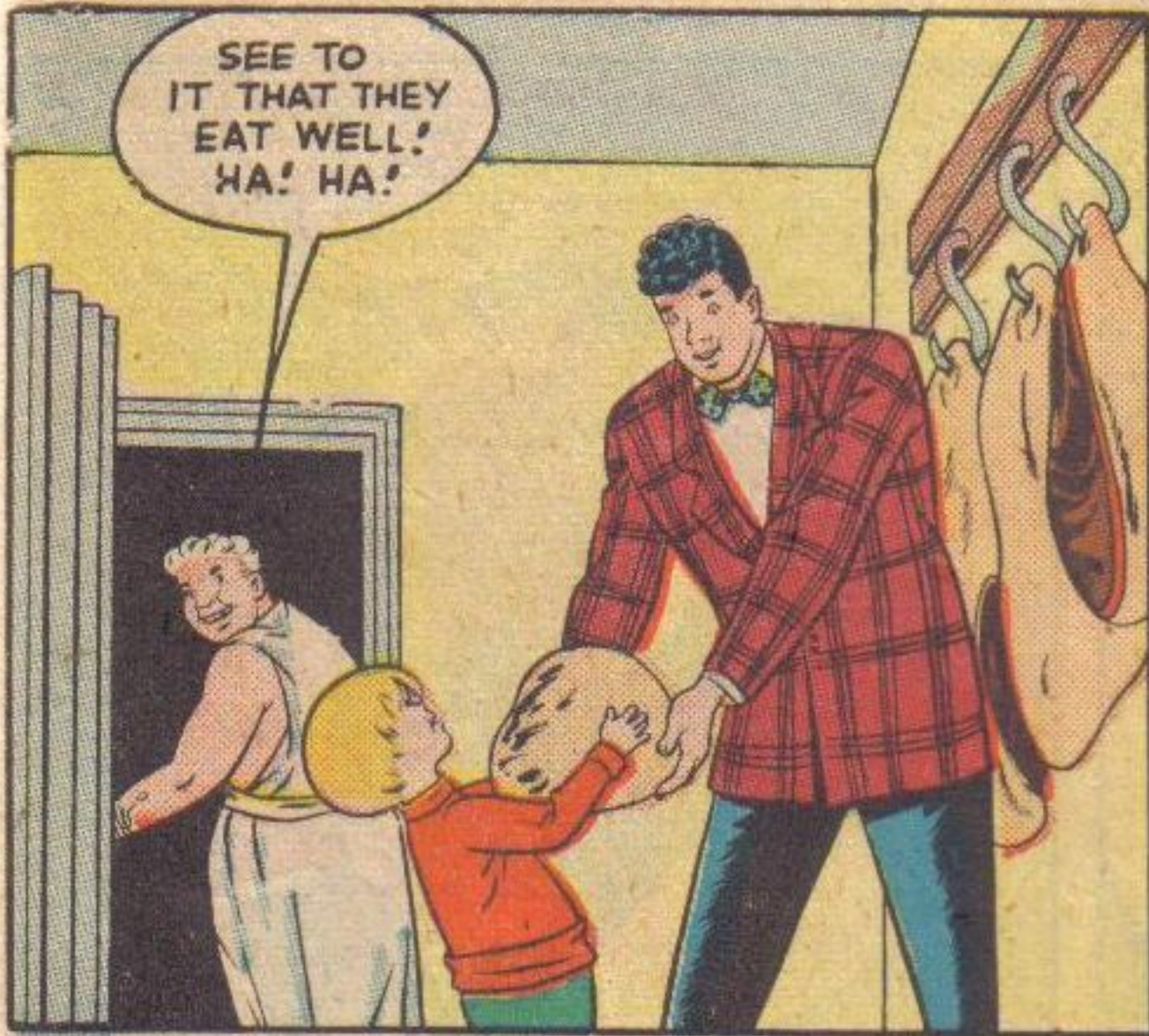
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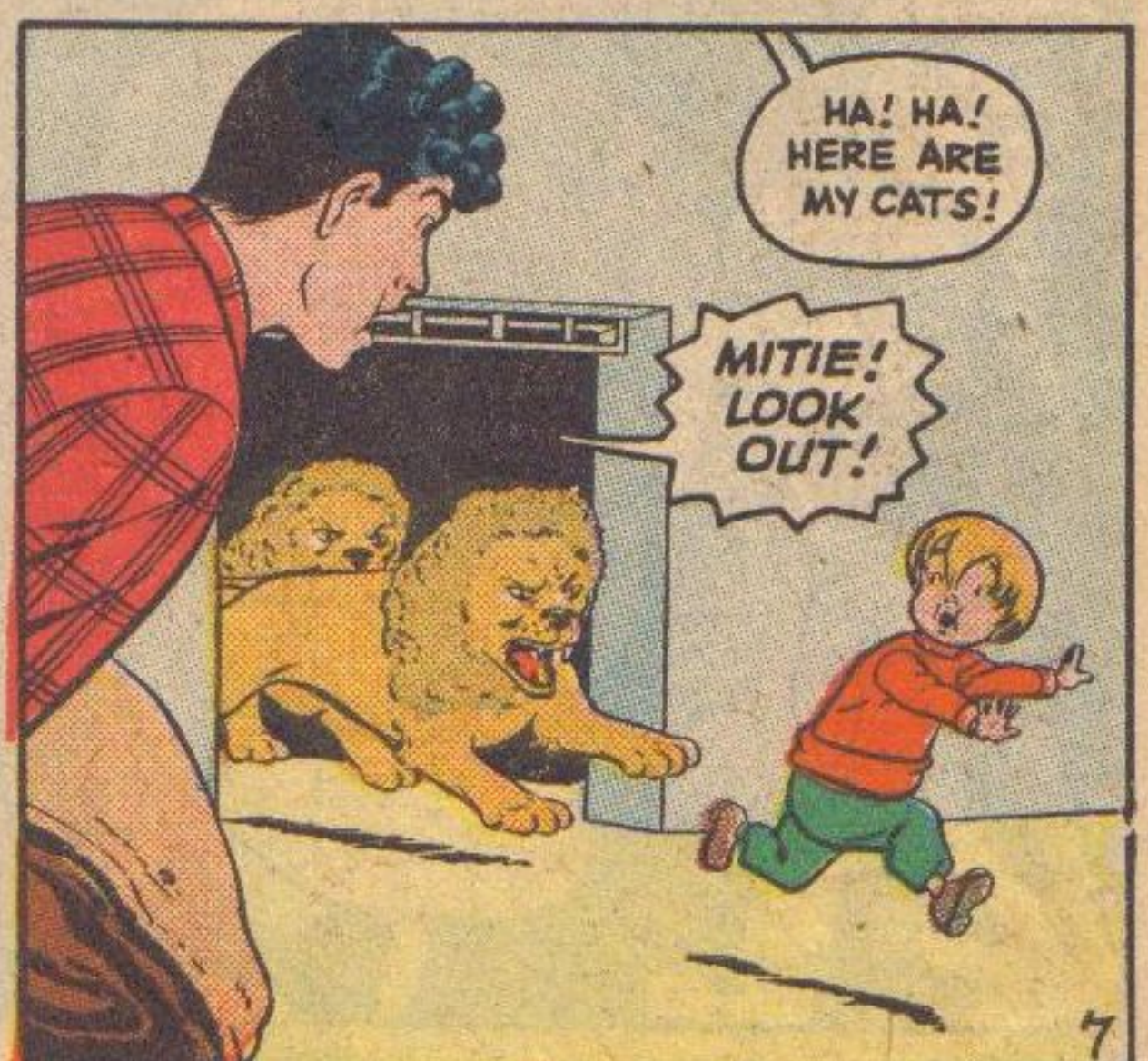
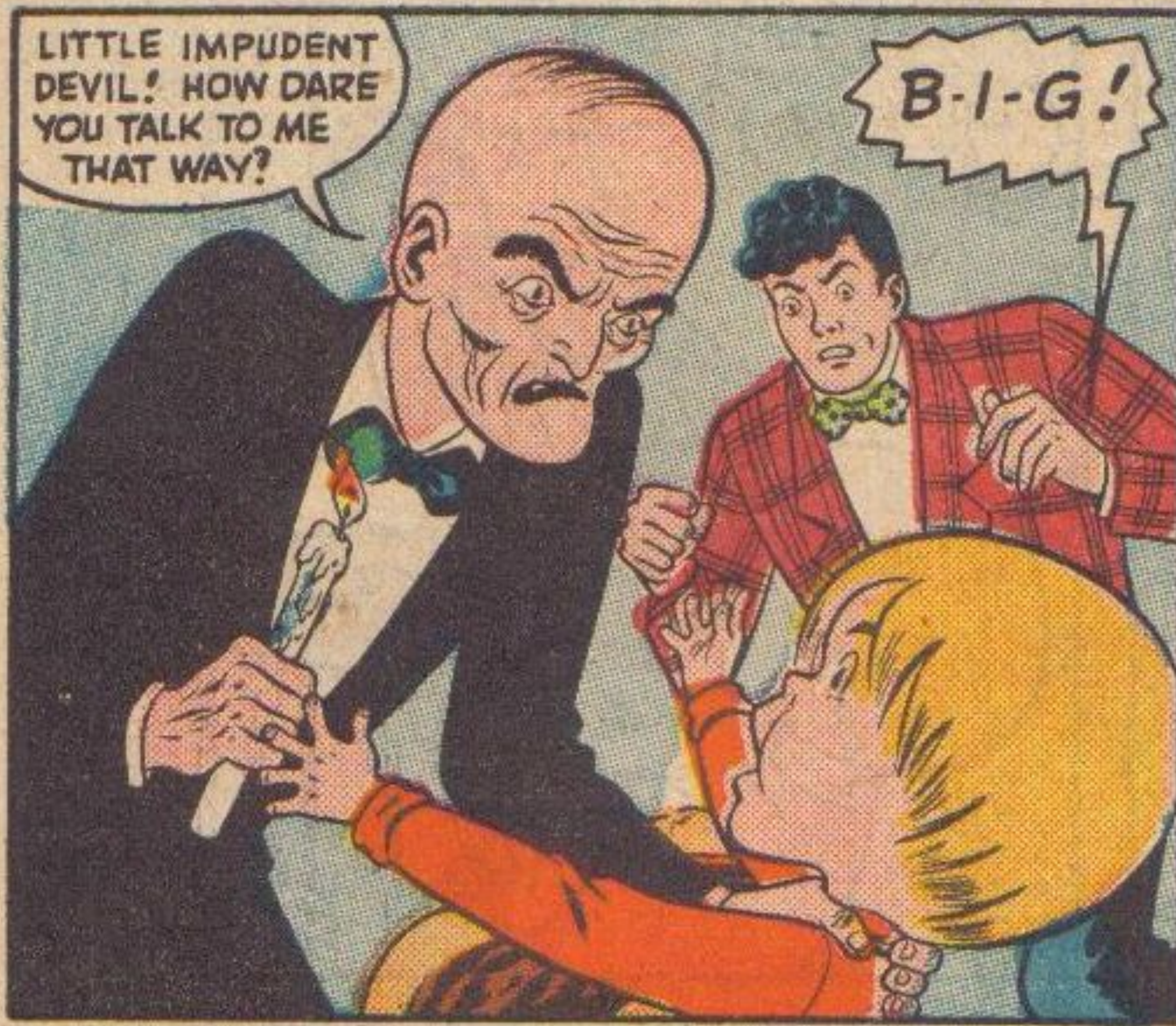




HIT COMICS









HIT COMICS

DAN TOOTIN

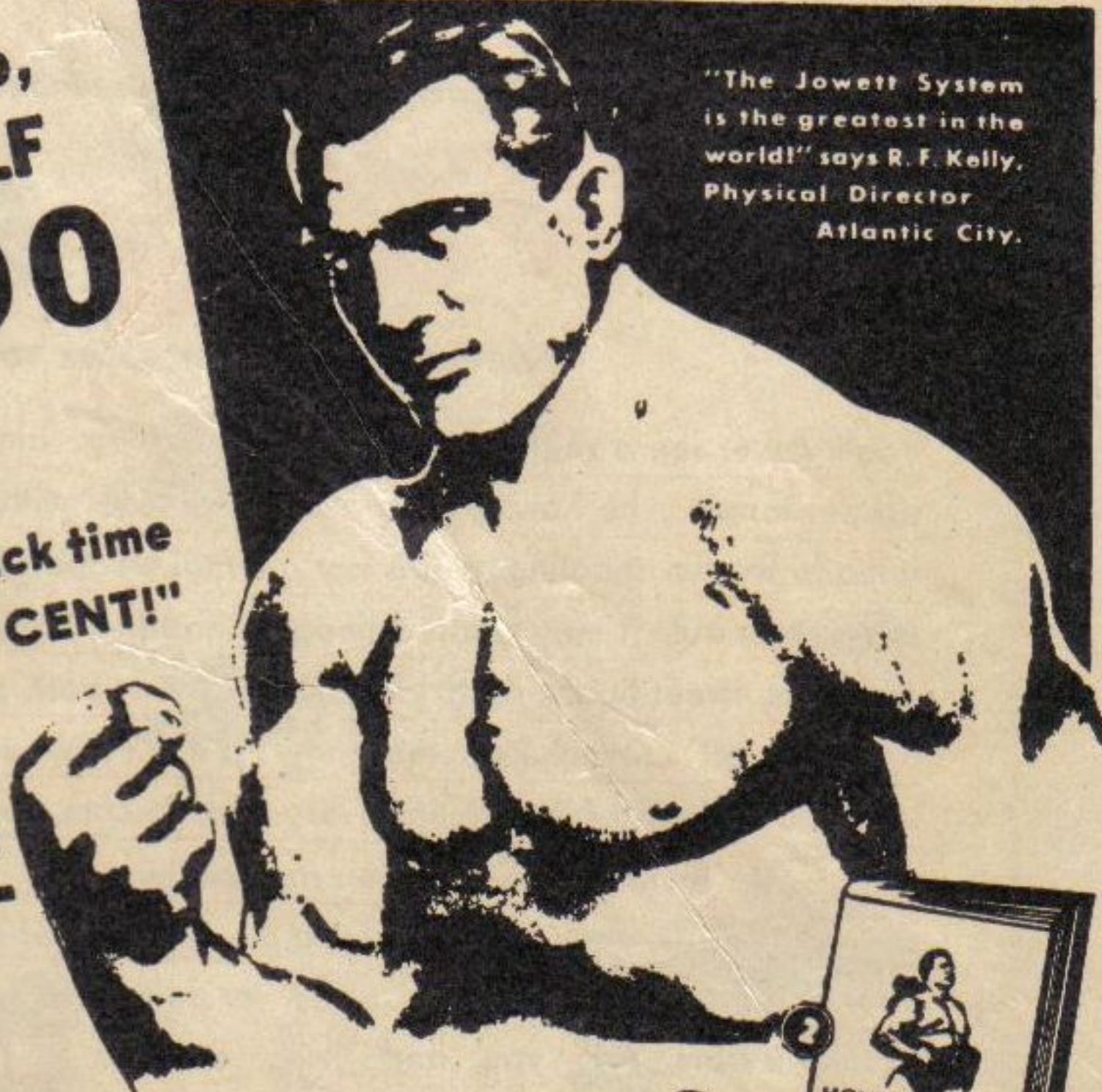


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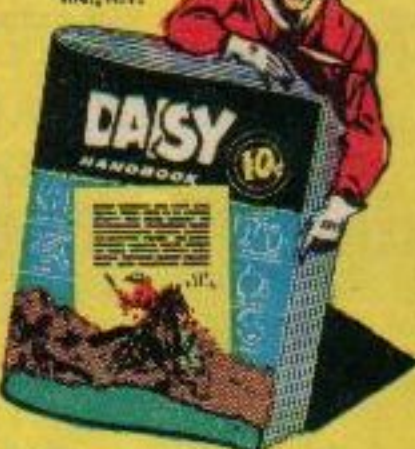
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Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.



DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run . . . walk!

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in
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